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THE

BRITISH CLASSICS:

VOLUME THE FIFTY-FOURTH.

CONTAINING THE

TENTH VOLUME

OF

SWIFT'S WORKS.

1812.

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

ARRANGED BY

THOMAS SHERIDAN, A. M.

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.

A NEW EDITION, IN TWENTY-FOUR VOLUMES.

CORRECTED AND REVISED

BY JOHN NICHOLS, F. A. S.

EDINBURGH AND PERTH.

VOLUME X.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE TENTH VOLUME.

Ode to Dr. William Sancroft, late Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, ... 1
Ode to Sir William Temple, ... 10
Ode to King William, on his success in Ireland, ... 17
Ode to the Athenian Society, ... 19
To Mr. Congreve, ... 29
Occasioned by Sir William Temple's late Illness and Recovery, 37
Written in a Lady's Ivory Table Book, ... 42
Mrs. Harris's Petition, ... 43
A Ballad on the Game of Traffic, ... 47
A Ballad—To the tune of the Cut-purse, ... 49
The Discovery, ... 50
The Problem, ... 52
The Description of a Salamander, ... 54
To the Earl of Peterborow, ... 56
On the Union, ... 58
On Mrs. Biddy Floyd, ... 59
Apollo Outwitted, ... 60
Vanbrugh's House, ... 62
The History of Vanbrugh's House, ... 67
Baucis and Philemon, ... 69
Elegy on Partridge the Almanac maker, ... 74
His Epitaph, ... 77
Merlin's Prophecy, ... 78
A Description of the Morning, ... 79
A Description of a City Shower, ... 80
On the Little House by the Churchyard of Castlenock, . . 82
The Virtues of Sid Hamet's Rod, ... 85
Atlas, or the Minister of State, ... 88
A Town Eclogue, ... 89
Epitaph on the Earl of Berkeley, ... 91
Lines on Mr. Harley's being stabbed, ... 92
An excellent new Song on the Earl of Nottingham, . . ib.
The Windsor Prophecy, ... 95

Epigram, ... 97
Corinna, ... 98
The Fable of Midas, ... 99
Toland's Invitation to Dismal, ... 102
Peace and Dunkirk, an excellent new Song, ... 104
Imitation of Horace, Book i. Ep. 7, addressed to Lord Oxford, 106
Imitation of Horace, Book ii. Sat. 6, ... 110
The Author upon himself, ... 116
The Faggot, ... 119
Catullus de Lesbia, ... 121
On a Curate's Complaint of Hard Duty, ... ib.
Epigram from the French, ... 122
Cadenus and Vanessa, ... 123
To Love, ... 149
A Rebus, by Vanessa, ... 150
The Dean's Answer, ... 151
Horace, Book ii. Ode 1, paraphrased. To Mr. Steele, . . 152
John Dennis's Invitation to Mr. Steele, in Imitation of Horace, Book i. Ep. 5, ... 156
To Lord Harley on his Marriage, ... 161
In Sickness, ... 164
The Fable of the Bitches, ... 165
Horace, Book iii. Ode 2, sent to the Earl of Oxford in the Tower, ... 166
Phyllis, or the Progress of Love, ... 167
Ad Amicum eruditum Thomam Sheridan, ... 170
Horace, Book iv. Ode 9, addressed to Abp. King, . . . 172
A Motto for Jason Hasard, ... 173
To Mr. Delany, ... ib.
A left-handed Letter to Dr. Sheridan, ... 177
To Dr. Sheridan, ... 178
Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift, ... 179
Dr. Sheridan's Reply to the Dean, ... 181
To the same, by Dr. Sheridan, ... 182
Stella's Birthday, 1718-19, ... 183
To Dr. Sheridan, ... ib.
Dr. Sheridan's Answer, ... 185
Dr. Swift's Reply, ... ib.
Stella's Birthday, 1719-20, ... 188
To Stella, on transcribing his Poems, ... 189
To Stella visiting me in my Sickness, ... 194
An Elegy on the Death of Demar the Usurer, ... 198
Epitaph on the same, ... 199
To Mrs. Houghton of Beaumont, ... 200
Verses written on a Window at the Deanery, ... ib.
On another Window, ... 201
Apollo to the Dean, ... ib.

News from Parnassus, by Dr. Delany, - - - - 205
Apollo's Edict; occasioned by the foregoing, - - - 208
The Run upon the Bankers, - - - - - 210
The Description of an Irish Feast, - - - - 213
An excellent new Song on a Seditious Pamphlet, - - 217
The Progress of Beauty, - - - - - 218
The Progress of Poetry, - - - - 222
The South Sea Project, - - - - - - 224
The Dog and Shadow, - - - - - - 232
To a Friend, on being Libelled, - - - - 233
Billet to a Company of Players, - - - - ib.
Epigram, - - - - - - - - 235
Prologue to a Play for distressed Weavers, by Dr. Sheridan, 236
Epilogue by the Dean, - - - - - - 237
Answer to the Prologue and Epilogue, by Dr. Delany, - 239
On Gaulstown House, by Dr. Delany, - - - - 241
The Country Life, - - - - - - 242
Thomas Sheridan, Clerk, to George-Nim-Dan-Dean, Esq. - 246
George-Nim-Dan-Dean's Answer, - - - - 247
George-Nim-Dan-Dean's Invitation to Thomas Sheridan, - 249
Verses to George-Nim-Dan-Dean, Esq. by Dr. Delany, - 251
Verses by Dr. Swift to Mr. T. Sheridan, on his Verses in Circles, - - - - - - - - - 253
On Dr. Sheridan's Circular Verses, - - - - 254
On Dan Jackson's Picture, by Dr. Delany, - - - 255
On the same, by Dr. Sheridan, - - - - - 256
On the same, by Mr. Rochfort, - - - - - ib.
On the same, by Dr. Swift, - - - - - 257
Dan Jackson's Defence, - - - - - - 258
Mr. Rochfort's Reply, - - - - - - 260
Dr. Delany's Reply, - - - - - - 262
Dr. Sheridan's Reply, - - - - - - 264
A Rejoinder, by the Dean, in Jackson's Name, - - 265
Another Rejoinder, by the Dean, in Jackson's Name, - 267
Sheridan's Submission, by the Dean, - - - - 268
To the Rev. Daniel Jackson, - - - - - 269
To Dr. Sheridan on his Art of Punning, - - . 272
The original of Punning. From Plato's Symposiacs. By Dr. Sheridan, - - - - - - - - 273
From my much honoured friend at Heldelville. [Dr. Delany.] 275
Stella to Dr. Swift on his Birthday, - - - - 276
Stella's Birthday, 1721-2, - - - - - 278
On the great buried Bottle, by Dr. Delany, - - - 279
Epitaph, by the same, - - - - - - ib.
Stella's Birthday: a great Bottle of Wine, long buried, being that Day dug up, 1722-3, - - - - - ib.
A Satirical Elegy on the Death of a General, - - 282

Dean Smedley's Petition, - - - - - - 283
The Duke's Answer, by Dr. Swift, - - - - 286
Verses by Stella, - - - - - - 288
Dr. Delany's Villa, - - - - - - ib.
On one of the Windows at Delville, - - - - 290
Carberiæ Rupes, - - - - - - ib.
Translated by Dr. Dunkin, - - - - - 292
Upon the horrid Plot discovered by Harlequin, - - 293
Stella at Wood Park, - - - - - - 294
Birthday Verses on Mr. Ford, - - - - 299
Joan cudgels Ned, - - - - - - 303
A Quibbling Elegy on Judge Boat, - - - - ib.
Pethox the Great, - - - - - - 305
Mary the Cookmaid's Letter to Dr. Sheridan, - - 308
A New Year's Gift for Bec, - - - - - 310
Dingley and Brent, - - - - - - 311
To Stella, - - - - - - - 312
On Dreams, - - - - - - - 313
Verses occasioned by Whitshed's Motto on his Coach, - 315
From Dr. Delany to Dr. Swift, - - - - 316
The Answer, - - - - - - - ib.
A quiet Life and a good Name, - - - - 318
The Birth of Manly Virtue, - - - - - 320
Verses on the upright Judge who condemned the Drapier's Printer, - - - - - - - 324
On the same, - - - - - - - 325
On the same, - - - - - - - ib.
Riddles, - - - - - - - 326-352

POEMS

BY

DR. SWIFT.

ODE TO DR. WILLIAM SANCROFT,

LATE LORD BISHOP OF CANTERBURY,*

WRITTEN IN MAY 1689, AT THE DESIRE OF THE LATE LORD BISHOP OF ELY.

I.

TRUTH is eternal, and the Son of Heav'n,
Bright effluence of th' immortal ray,
Chief cherub, and chief lamp, of that high sacred Seven,
Which guard the throne by night, and are its light by day:
First of God's darling attributes,
Thou daily seest Him face to face.
Nor does thy essence fix'd depend on giddy circumstance
Of time or place,
Two foolish guides in ev'ry sublunary dance:
How shall we find Thee then in dark disputes?
How shall we search Thee in a battle gain'd,
Or a weak argument by force maintain'd?

* This poem, with that addressed to Mr. Congreve, and the one on Sir William Temple's Illness and Recovery, were first published, in 1789, from an authentic manuscript, fairly and correctly written out as if intended for the press; and from the dates, it is supposed that these were among the first, if not the earliest productions of the Dean's Muse. N.

In dagger contests, and th' artillery of words,
(For swords are madmen's tongues, and tongues are madmen's swords)
Contriv'd to tire all patience out,
And not to satisfy the doubt?

II.

But where is e'en thy Image on our earth?
For of the person much I fear,
Since Heaven will claim its residence as well as birth,
And God himself has said, He shall not find it here.
For this inferior world is but Heaven's dusky shade,
By dark reverted rays from its reflexion made;
Whence the weak shapes wild and imperfect pass,
Like sunbeams shot at too far distance from a glass:
Which all the mimic forms express,
Though in strange uncouth postures, and uncomely dress;
So when Cartesian artists try
To solve appearances of sight
In its reception to the eye,
And catch the living landscape through a scanty light,*
The figures all inverted shew,
And colours of a faded hue;
Here a pale shape with upward footstep treads,
And men seem walking on their heads;
There whole herds suspended lie
Ready to tumble down into the sky;
Such are the ways ill-guided mortals go
To judge of things above by things below.
Disjointing shapes as in the fairy land of dreams,
Or images that sink in streams;
No wonder, then, we talk amiss

* The experiment of the dark chamber, to demonstrate light to be by reception of the object, and not by emission. S.

Of truth, and what, or where it is:
Say, Muse, for thou, if any, know'st
Since the bright essence fled, where haunts the reverend ghost?

III.

If all that our weak knowledge titles virtue, be
(High Truth) the best resemblance of exalted Thee,
If a mind fix'd to combat fate
With those two pow'rful swords, submission and humility,
Sounds truly good, or truly great;
Ill may I live, if the good Sancroft in his holy rest,
In the divin'ty of retreat,
Be not the brightest pattern earth can show
Of heav'n-born Truth below:
But foolish man still judges what is best
In his own balance, false and light,
Foll'wing opinion, dark, and blind,
That vagrant leader of the mind,
Till honesty and conscience are clear out of sight.

IV.

And some, to be large ciphers in a state,
Pleas'd with an empty swelling to be counted great;
Make their minds travel o'er infinity of space,
Rapp'd through the wide expanse of thought,
And oft in contradiction's vortex caught,
To keep that worthless clod, the body, in one place:
Errors like this did old astronomers misguide,
Led blindly on by gross philosophy and pride,
Who, like hard masters, taught the sun
Through many a needless sphere to run,
Many an eccentric and unthrifty motion make,
And thousand incoherent journies take,

Whilst all th' advantage by it got,
Was but to light earth's inconsiderable spot.
The herd beneath, who see the weathercock of state
Hung loosely on the church's pinnacle,
Believe it firm, because perhaps the day is mild and still;
But when they find it turn with the first blast of fate,
But gazing upward giddy grow,
And think the church itself does so;
Thus fools, for being strong and num'rous known,
Suppose the truth, like all the world, their own;
And holy Sancroft's motion quite irregular appears,
Because 'tis opposite to theirs.

V.

In vain then would the Muse the multitude advise,
Whose peevish knowledge thus perversely lies
In gath'ring follies from the wise;
Rather put on thy anger and thy spite,
And some kind pow'r for once dispense
Through the dark mass, the dawn of so much sense,
To make them understand, and feel me when I write;
The Muse and I no more revenge desire,
Each line shall stab, shall blast, like daggers and like fire;
Ah, Britain, land of angels! which of all thy sins,
(Say, hapless isle, although
It is a bloody list we know)
Has given thee up a dwelling place to fiends?
Sin and the plague ever abound
In governments too easy, and too fruitful ground;
Evils which a too gentle king,
Too flourishing a spring,
And too warm summers bring:
Our British soil is over rank, and breeds
Among the noblest flow'rs a thousand pois'nous weeds,

And ev'ry stinking weed so lofty grows,
As if 'twould overshade the Royal Rose,
The Royal Rose the glory of our morn,
But, ah, too much without a thorn.

VI.

Forgive (original mildness) this ill govern'd zeal,
'Tis all the angry slighted Muse can do
In the pollution of these days;
No province now is left her but to rail,
And poetry has lost the art to praise,
Alas, the occasions are so few:
None e'er but you,
And your Almighty Master, knew
With heavenly peace of mind to bear
(Free from our tyrant passions, anger, scorn, or fear)
The giddy turns of pop'lar rage,
And all the contradictions of a poison'd age;
The Son of God pronounc'd by the same breath
Which straight pronounc'd his death;
And though I should but ill be understood
In wholly equalling our sin and theirs,
And measuring by the scanty thread of wit
What we call holy, and great, and just, and good,
(Methods in talk whereof our pride and ignorance make use)
And which our wild ambition foolishly compares
With endless and with infinite;
Yet pardon, native Albion, when I say,
Among thy stubborn sons there haunts that spirit of Jews
That those forsaken wretches who to day
Revile His great ambassador,
Seem to discover what they would have done
(Were his humanity on earth once more)
To his undoubted Master, Heaven's Almighty Son.

VII.

But zeal is weak and ignorant, though wond'rous proud,
Though very turbulent and very loud;
The crazy composition shows,
Like that fantastic medley in the idol's toes,
Made up of iron mix'd with clay,
This crumbles into dust,
That moulders into rust,
Or melts by the first show'r away.
Nothing is fix'd that mortals see or know,
Unless, perhaps, some stars above be so;
And those, alas, do show
Like all transcendent excellence below;
In both, false mediums cheat our sight,
And far exalted objects lessen by their height:
Thus, primitive Sancroft moves too high
To be observ'd by vulgar eye,
And rolls the silent year
On his own secret regular sphere,
And sheds, though all unseen, his sacred influence here.

VIII.

Kind star, still may'st thou shed thy sacred influence here,
Or from thy private peaceful orb appear;
For, sure, we want some guide from Heav'n to show
The way which ev'ry wand'ring fool below
Pretends so perfectly to know;
And which for aught I see, and much I fear,
The world has wholly miss'd;
I mean the way which leads to Christ:
Mistaken ideots! see how giddily they run,
Led blindly on by avarice and pride,
What mighty numbers follow them;

Each fond of erring with his guide:
Some whom ambition drives, seek Heaven's high Son
In Cæsar's court, or in Jerusalem:
Others, ignorantly wise,
Among proud doctors and disputing pharisees:
What could the sages gain but unbelieving scorn;
Their faith was so uncourtly when they said
That Heaven's high Son was in a village born;
That the world's Saviour had been
In a vile manger laid,
And foster'd in a wretched inn?

IX.

Necessity, thou tyrant conscience of the great,
Say, why the church is still led blindfold by the state;
Why should the first be ruin'd and laid waste,
To mend dilapidations in the last?
And yet the world, whose eyes are on our mighty Prince,
Thinks Heav'n has cancell'd all our sins,
And that his subjects share his happy influence;
Follow the model close, for so I'm sure they should,
But wicked kings draw more examples than the good;
And divine Sancroft, weary with the weight
Of a declining church, by faction her worst foe oppress'd,
Finding the mitre almost grown
A load as heavy as the crown,
Wisely retreated to his heavenly rest.

X.

Ah, may no unkind earthquake of the state,
Nor hurricane from the crown,
Disturb the present mitre, as that fearful storm of late,
Which in its dusky march along the plain,

Swept up whole churches as it list,
Wrapp'd in a whirlwind and a mist;
Like that prophetic tempest in the virgin reign,
And swallow'd them at last, or flung them down
Such were the storms good Sancroft long has borne;
The mitre, which his sacred head has worn,
Was, like his Master's Crown, inwreath'd with thorn.
Death's sting is swallow'd up in victory at last,
The bitter cup is from him pass'd:
Fortune in both extremes
Though blasts from contrariety of winds,
Yet to firm heavenly minds,
Is but one thing under two different names;
And even the sharpest eye that has the prospect seen,
Confesses ignorance to judge between;
And must to human reasoning opposite conclude,
To point out which is moderation, which is fortitude.

XI.

Thus Sancroft, in the exaltation of retreat,
Shows lustre that was shaded in his seat;
Short glimm'rings of the prelate glorified;
Which the disguise of greatness only served to hide.
Why should the Sun, alas, be proud
To lodge behind a golden cloud;
Though fringed with ev'ning gold the cloud appears so gay,
'Tis but a lowborn vapour kindled by a ray;
At length 'tis overblown and past,
Puff'd by the people's sprightful blast,
The dazzling glory dims their prostituted sight,
No deflowered eye can face the naked light:
Yet does this high perfection well proceed
From strength of its own native seed,

This wilderness, the world, like that poetic wood of old,
Bears one, and but one branch of gold,
Where the bless'd spirit lodges like the dove,
And which (to heavenly soil transplanted) will improve,
To be, as 'twas below, the brightest plant above;
For, whate'er theologic lev'llers dream,
There are degrees above I know
As well as here below,
(The goddess Muse herself has told me so)
Where high patrician souls dress'd heavenly gay,
Sit clad in lawn of purer woven day,
There some high-spirited throne to Sancroft shall be given,
In the metropolis of Heaven;
Chief of the mitred saints, and from archprelate here,
Translated to archangel there.

XII.

Since, happy saint, since it has been of late
Either our blindness or our fate,
To lose the providence of thy cares,
Pity a miserable church's tears,
That begs the pow'rful blessing of thy pray'rs.
Some angel say, what were the nation's crimes,
That sent these wild reformers to our times:
Say what their senseless malice meant,
To tear religion's lovely face;
Strip her of ev'ry ornament and grace:
In striving to wash off th' imaginary paint:
Religion now does on her deathbed lie,
Heart-sick of a high fever and consuming atrophy;
How the physicians swarm to show their mortal skill,
And by their college arts methodically kill:
Reformers and physicians differ but in name,
One end in both, and the design the same;

Cordials are in their talk, while all they mean
  Is but the patient's death, and gain——
  Check in thy satire, angry Muse,
  Or a more worthy subject choose:
Let not the outcasts of this outcast age
Provoke the honour of my Muse's rage,
  Nor be thy mighty spirit rais'd,
  Since Heaven and Cato both are pleas'd—

[The rest of the poem is lost.]

ODE TO THE HON. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

WRITTEN AT MOOR PARK, IN JUNE, 1689.

I.

VIRTUE, the greatest of all monarchies!
    Till, its first emperor, rebellious man
    Depos'd from off his seat,
  It fell, and broke with its own weight
Into small states and principalities,
    By many a petty lord possess'd,
But ne'er since seated in one single breast!
      'Tis you who must this land subdue,
      The mighty conquest's left for you,
      The conquest and discovery too;
      Search out this Utopian ground,
      Virtue's Terra Incognita,
      Where none ever led the way,
Nor ever since but in descriptions found;
      Like the philosopher's stone,
With rules to search it, yet obtain'd by none.

II.

We have too long been led astray;
Too long have our misguided souls been taught
With rules from musty morals brought,
'Tis you must put us in the way;
Let us (for shame!) no more be fed
With antique reliques of the dead,
The gleanings of philosophy;
Philosophy, the lumber of the schools,
The roguery of alchemy;
And we, the bubbled fools,
Spend all our present life, in hopes of golden rules.

III.

But what does our proud ignorance Learning call?
We oddly Plato's paradox make good,
Our knowledge is but mere remembrance all;
Remembrance is our treasure and our food;
Nature's fair tablebook, our tender souls,
We scrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
Stale memorandums of the schools:
For Learning's mighty treasures look
In that deep grave a book;
Think that she there does all her treasures hide,
And that her troubled ghost still haunts there since she died.
Confine her walks to colleges and schools;
Her priest, her train, and followers show
As if they all were spectres too!
They purchase knowledge at th' expense
Of common breeding, common sense,
And grow at once scholars and fools;
Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
Rudeness, ill-nature, incivility,

And, sick with dregs of knowledge grown,
Which greedily they swallow down,
Still cast it up, and nauseate company.

IV.

Curs'd be the wretch! nay doubly curs'd!
(If it may lawful be
To curse our greatest enemy)
Who learn'd himself that heresy first
(Which since has seiz'd on all the rest)
That knowledge forfeits all humanity;
Taught us, like Spaniards, to be proud and poor,
And fling our scraps before our door!
Thrice happy you have 'scap'd this general pest;
Those mighty epithets, learn'd, good, and great,
Which we ne'er join'd before, but in romances meet,
We find in you at last united grown.
You cannot be compar'd to one:
I must, like him that painted Venus' face,
Borrow from every one a grace;
Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
Their courting a retreat like you,
Unless I put in Cæsar's learning too:
Your happy frame at once controls
This great triumvirate of souls.

V.

Let not old Rome boast Fabius's fate;
He sav'd his country by delays,
But you by peace.
You bought it at a cheaper rate;
Nor has it left the usual bloody scar,
To show it cost its price in war;
War that made game the world so loves to play,
And for it does so dearly pay;

For, though with loss, or victory, a while
Fortune the gamesters does beguile,
Yet at the last the box sweeps all away.

VI.

Only the laurel got by peace
No thunder e'er can blast:
Th' artillery of the skies
Shoots to the earth, and dies:
And ever green and flourishing 'twill last,
Nor dipp'd in blood, nor widows' tears, nor orphans' cries,
About the head crown'd with these bays,
Like lambent fire the lightning plays;
Nor, its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
Makes up its solemn train with death;
It melts the sword of war, yet keeps it in the sheath.

VII.

The wily shifts of state, those jugglers' tricks,
Which we call deep designs and politics,
(As in a theatre the ignorant fry,
Because the cords escape their eye,
Wonder to see the motions fly)
Methinks, when you expose the scene,
Down the ill-organ'd engines fall;
Off fly the vizards, and discover all:
How plain I see through the deceit!
How shallow, and how gross, the cheat!
Look where the pully's tied above!
Great God! (said I) what have I seen!
On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs, and designs of states!
What petty motives rule their fates!
How the mouse makes the mighty mountain shake!

There all the fruitful atoms lie;
How some go downward to the root,
Some more ambitiously upward fly,
And form the leaves, the branches, and the fruit.
You strove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
Your garden's better worth your noble pain,
Here mankind fell, and hence must rise again.

XI.

Shall I believe a spirit so divine
Was cast in the same mould with mine?
Why then does Nature so unjustly share
Among her elder sons the whole estate
And all her jewels and her plate?
Poor we! cadets of Heaven, not worth her care,
Take up at best with lumber and the leavings of a fare:
Some she binds 'prentice to the spade,
Some to the drudgery of a trade;
Some she does to Egyptian bondage draw,
Bids us make bricks, yet sends us to look out for straw:
Some she condemns for life to try
To dig the leaden mines of deep philosophy:
Me she has to the Muse's gallies tied,
In vain I strive to cross this spacious main,
In vain I tug and pull the oar,
And when I almost reach the shore,
Straight the Muse turns the helm, and I launch out again:
And yet, to feed my pride,
Whene'er I mourn, stops my complaining breath,
With promise of a mad reversion after death.

XII.

Then, Sir, accept this worthless verse,
The tribute of an humble Muse,

'Tis all the portion of my niggard stars;
Nature the hidden spark did at my birth infuse,
And kindled first with indolence and ease;
And since, too oft debauch'd by praise,
'Tis now grown an incurable disease:
In vain to quench this foolish fire I try
In wisdom and philosophy:
In vain all wholesome herbs I sow,
Where nought but weeds will grow:
Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth)
By an equivocal birth
Seeds, and runs up to poetry.

ODE TO KING WILLIAM,*

ON HIS SUCCESSES IN IRELAND.

TO purchase kingdoms, and to buy renown,
Are arts peculiar to dissembling France;
You, mighty monarch, nobler actions crown,
And solid virtue does your name advance.

Your matchless courage with your prudence joins
The glorious structure of your fame to raise;
With its own light your dazzling glory shines,
And into adoration turns our praise.

* This Ode, which had been long sought after without success, was first ascertained to be Swift's in Nichols's "Select Collection of Poems, 1778," vol. IV. p. 303. That it is the Dean's, there is not the least doubt. He refers to it in the second stanza of his "Ode to the Athenian Society," and expressly marks it by a marginal note, under the title of "The Ode I writ to the king in Ireland;" see p. 20; and see also "The Gentleman's Journal, July, 1692," p. 13. N.

Had you by dull succession gain'd your crown
  (Cowards are monarchs by that title made,)
Part of your merit chance would call her own,
  And half your virtues had been lost in shade.

But now your worth its just reward shall have;
  What trophies and what triumphs are your due!
Who could so well a dying nation save,
  At once deserve a crown, and gain it too!

You saw how near we were to ruin brought,
  You saw th' impetuous torrent rolling on;
And timely on the coming danger thought,
  Which we could neither obviate nor shun.

Britannia stripp'd of her sole guard, the laws,
  Ready to fall Rome's bloody sacrifice;
You straight stepp'd in, and from the monster's jaws
  Did bravely snatch the lovely, helpless prize.

Nor this is all; as glorious is the care
  To preserve conquests, as at first to gain:
In this your virtue claims a double share,
  Which, what is bravely won, does well maintain.

Your arm has now your rightful title show'd,
  An arm on which all Europe's hopes depend,
To which they look as to some guardian God,
  That must their doubtful liberty defend.

Amaz'd, thy action at the Boyne we see!
  When Schomberg started at the vast design:
The boundless glory all redounds to thee,
  Th' impulse, the fight, th' event, were wholly thine.

The brave attempt does all our foes disarm;
  You need but now give orders and command,
Your name shall the remaining work perform,
  And spare the labour of your conquering hand.

France does in vain her feeble arts apply,
  To interrupt the fortune of your course:
Your influence does the vain attacks defy
  Of secret malice, or of open force.

Boldly we hence the brave commencement date
  Of glorious deeds, that must all tongues employ;
William's the pledge and earnest given by fate
  Of England's glory, and her lasting joy.*

ODE TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.†

Moor Park, Feb. 14, 1691.

I.

AS when the deluge first began to fall,
  That mighty ebb, never to flow again,
When this huge body's moisture was so great,
  It quite o'ercame the vital heat;
That mountain, which was highest first of all,
Appear'd above the universal main,

* "Sometimes a man of genius, in his first effusions, is so far from revealing his future powers, that, on the contrary, no reasonable hope can be formed of his success. In the violent struggle of his mind, he may give a wrong direction to his talents, as Swift, in two Pindaric Odes." D'Israeli's Dissertation on Anecdotes, p. 32.—From this severe remark the present Ode is an excellent appeal. N.

† "I have been told, that Dryden, having perused these verses, said, 'Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet;' and that this denunciation was the motive of Swift's perpetual malevolence to Dryden." Johnson.

To bless the primitive sailor's weary sight!
And 'twas perhaps Parnassus, if in height
  It be as great as 'tis in fame,
  And nigh to Heaven as is its name:
So, after th' inundation of a war,
When Learning's little household did embark,
With her world's fruitful system, in her sacred ark,
  At the first ebb of noise and fear,
Philosophy's exalted head appears;
And the Dove-Muse will now no longer stay,
But plumes his silver wings, and flies away;
  And now a laurel wreath she brings from far,
  To crown the happy conqueror,
  To show the flood begins to cease,
And brings the dear reward of victory and peace.

II.

The eager Muse took wing upon the waves' decline.
  When war her cloudy aspect just withdrew,
  When the bright sun of peace began to shine,
And for a while in heavenly contemplation sat,
  On the high top of peaceful Ararat;
And pluck'd a laurel branch (for laurel was the first
        that grew,
The first of plants after the thunderstorm and rain)
  And thence, with joyful nimble wing,
  Flew dutifully back again,
And made an humble chaplet for the King.*
  And the Dove-Muse is fled once more,
(Glad of the victory, yet frighten'd at the war)
  And now discovers from afar
  A peaceful and a flourishing shore:

* The Ode I writ to the King in Ireland. SWIFT.—See this in '7.

No sooner did she land
On the delightful strand,
Than straight she sees the country all around,
Where fatal Neptune rul'd erewhile,
Scatter'd with flow'ry vales, with fruitful gardens crown'd,
And many a pleasant wood!
As if the universal Nile
Had rather water'd it than drown'd:
It seems some floating piece of Paradise,
Preserv'd by wonder from the flood,
Long wandering through the deep, as we are told
Fam'd Delos did of old;
And the transported Muse imagin'd it
To be a fitter birth-place for the God of wit,
Or the much-talk'd oracular grove;
When, with amazing joy, she hears
An unknown music all around,
Charming her greedy ears,
With many a heavenly song,
Of nature and of art, of deep philosophy and love;
While angels tune the voice, and God inspires the tongue.
In vain she catches at the empty sound,
In vain pursues the music with her longing eye,
And courts the wanton echoes as they fly.

III.

Pardon, ye great unknown, and far exalted men,
The wild excursions of a youthful pen;
Forgive a young, and (almost) virgin Muse,
Whom blind and eager curiosity
(Yet curiosity, they say,
Is in her sex a crime needs no excuse)
Has forc'd to grope her uncouth way,

After a mighty light that leads her wandering eye.
No wonder then she quits the narrow path of sense
  For a dear ramble through impertinence;
  Impertinence! the scurvy of mankind.
And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
  Though we be of two different factions still,
    Both the good-natur'd and the ill,
  Yet wheresoe'er you look, you'll always find
We join like flies and wasps, in buzzing about wit.
  In me, who am of the first sect of these,
  All merit, that transcends the humble rules
    Of my own dazzled scanty sense,
Begets a kinder folly and impertinence
    Of admiration and of praise.
And our good brethren of the surly sect,
  Must e'en all herd us with their kindred fools:
  For though possess'd of present vogue, they've made
Railing, a rule of wit, and obloquy, a trade;
Yet the same want of brains produces each effect.
  And you, whom Pluto's helm does wisely shroud
    From us, the blind and thoughtless crowd,
  Like the fam'd hero in his mother's cloud,
Who both our follies and impertinences see,
Do laugh perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and me.

IV.

But censure's to be understood
Th' authentic mark of the elect,
The public stamp Heaven sets on all that's great and good,
  Our shallow search and judgment to direct.
The war, methinks has made
Our wit and learning narrow as our trade;
Instead of boldly sailing far, to buy
A stock of wisdom and philosophy,

We fondly stay at home, in fear
Of every censuring privateer;
Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the sale,
And selling basely by retail.
The wits, I mean the atheists of the age,
Who fain would rule the pulpit, as they do the stage;
Wondrous refiners of philosophy,
Of morals and divinity,
By the new modish system of reducing all to sense,
Against all logic, and concluding laws,
Do own th' effects of Providence,
And yet deny the cause.

V.

This hopeful sect, now it begins to see
How little, very little, do prevail
Their first and chiefest force
To censure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing what, or where, or who you be,
Will quickly take another course:
And, by their never-failing ways
Of solving all appearances they please,
We soon shall see them to their ancient methods fall,
And straight deny you to be men, or any thing at all.
I laugh at the grave answer they will make,
Which they have always ready, general, and cheap:
'Tis but to say, that what we daily meet,
And by a fond mistake
Perhaps imagine to be wondrous wit,
And think, alas! to be by mortals writ,
Is but a crowd of atoms justling in a heap;
Which from eternal seeds begun,
Justling some thousand years till ripen'd by the sun;
They're now, just now, as naturally born,
As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

VI.

But as for poor contented me,
Who must my weakness and my ignorance confess,
That I believe in much I ne'er can hope to see;
Methinks I'm satisfi'd to guess,
That this new, noble, and delightful scene,
Is wonderfully mov'd by some exalted men,
Who have well studied in the world's disease,
(That epidemic error and depravity,
Or in our judgment or our eye)
That what surprises us can only please.
We often search contentedly the whole world round,
To make some great discovery;
And scorn it when 'tis found.
Just so the mighty Nile has suffer'd in its fame,
Because 'tis said (and perhaps only said)
We've found a little inconsiderable head,
That feeds the huge unequal stream.
Consider human folly, and you'll quickly own,
That all the praises it can give,
By which some fondly boast they shall for ever live,
Won't pay th' impertinence of being known:
Else why should the fam'd Lydian king,
(Whom all the charms of an usurped wife and state,
With all that power unfelt, courts mankind to be great,
Did with new unexperienc'd glories wait)
Still wear, still doat, on his invisible ring?

VII.

Were I to form a regular thought of Fame,
Which is perhaps as hard t' imagine right,
As to paint Echo to the sight;
I would not draw th' idea from an empty name;
Because, alas! when we all die,
A stockless and ignorant posterity,

Although they praise the learning and the wit,
And though the title seems to show
The name and man by whom the book was writ,
Yet how shall they be brought to know,
Whether that very name was he, or you, or I?
Less should I daub it o'er with transitory praise,
And water-colours of these days:
These days! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry,
Is at a loss for figures to express
Men's folly, whimsies, and inconstancy,
And by a faint description makes them less.
Then tell us what is Fame, where shall we search for it?
Look where exalted Virtue and Religion sit,
Enthron'd with heavenly wit!
Look where you see
The greatest scorn of learned vanity!
(And then how much a nothing is mankind!
Whose reason is weighed down by popular air,
Who, by that, vainly talks of baffling death;
And hopes to lengthen life by a transfusion of breath,
Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind!)
And when you find out these, believe true fame is there,
Far above all reward, yet to which all is due:
And this, ye great unknown! is only known in you.

VIII.

The juggling sea-god, when by chance trepann'd
By some instructed querist sleeping on the sand,
Impatient of all answers, straight became
A stealing brook, and strove to creep away
Into his native sea,
Vext at their follies, murmur'd in his stream;
But disappointed of his fond desire,
Would vanish in a pyramid of fire.

This surly slippery God, when he design'd
To furnish his escapes,
Ne'er borrow'd more variety of shapes
Than you to please and satisfy mankind,
And seem (almost) transform'd to water, flame, and air,
So well you answer all phenomena there:
Though madmen and the wits, philosophers and fools,
With all that factious or enthusiastic dotards dream,
And all the incoherent jargon of the schools;
Though all the fumes of fear, hope, love, and shame,
Contrive to shock your minds with many a senseless doubt;
Doubts where the Delphic God would grope in ignorance and night,
The God of learning and of light
Would want a God himself to help him out.

IX.

Philosophy, as it before us lies,
Seems to have borrow'd some ungrateful taste
Of doubts, impertinence, and niceties,
From every age through which it pass'd,
But always with a stronger relish of the last.
This beauteous queen, by Heaven design'd
To be the great original
For man to dress and polish his uncourtly mind,
In what mock habits have they put her since the fall?
More oft in fools' and madmen's hands than sages,
She seems a medley of all ages,
With a huge farthingale to swell her fustian stuff,
A new commode, a topknot, and a ruff,
Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
With a long sweeping train
Of comments and disputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old cut with a new dye:

How soon have you restor'd her charms
And rid her of her lumber and her books,
Drest her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great!
How fond we are to court her to our arms!
How much of Heaven is in her naked looks!

X.

Thus the deluding Muse oft blinds me to her ways,
And e'en my very thoughts transfers
And changes all to beauty, and the praise
Of that proud tyrant sex of hers.
The rebel Muse, alas! takes part
But with my own rebellious heart,
And you with fatal and immortal wit conspire
To fan th' unhappy fire.
Cruel unknown! what is it you intend?
Ah! could you, could you hope a poet for your friend!
Rather forgive what my first transport said:
May all the blood, which shall by woman's scorn be shed,
Lie upon you and on your children's head!
For you (ah! did I think I e'er should live to see
The fatal time when that could be!)
Have e'en increas'd their pride and cruelty.
Woman seems now above all vanity grown,
Still boasting of her great unknown
Platonic champions, gain'd without one female wile,
Or the vast charges of a smile;
Which 'tis a shame to see how much of late
You've taught the covetous wretches to o'errate,
And which they 've now the consciences to weigh
In the same balance with our tears,
And with such scanty wages pay
The bondage and the slavery of years.

Let the vain sex dream on; the empire comes from us,
And had they common generosity,
They would not use us thus.
Well—though you've rais'd her to this high degree,
Ourselves are rais'd as well as she:
And, spite of all that they or you can do,
'Tis pride and happiness enough to me,
Still to be of the same exalted sex with you.

XI.

Alas, how fleeting and how vain,
Is e'en the nobler man, our learning and our wit!
I sigh whene'er I think of it:
As at the closing of an unhappy scene
Of some great king and conqueror's death,
When the sad melancholy Muse
Stays but to catch his utmost breath.
I grieve, this nobler work most happily begun,
So quickly and so wonderfully carry'd on,
May fall at last to interest, folly, and abuse.
There is a noontide in our lives,
Which still the sooner it arrives,
Although we boast our winter sun looks bright,
And foolishly are glad to see it at its height,
Yet so much sooner comes the long and gloomy night.
No conquest ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flourish'd under a successor or a son;
It lost some mighty pieces through all hands it past,
And vanish'd to an empty title in the last.
For, when the animating mind is fled
(Which nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again)
The body, though gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

XII.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare
With what unhappy men shall dare
To be successors to these great unknown,
On Learning's high-establish'd throne.
Censure, and Pedantry, and Pride,
Numberless nations, stretching far and wide,
Shall (I foresee it) soon with Gothic swarms come forth
From Ignorance's universal North,
And with blind rage break all this peaceful government:
Yet shall these traces of your wit remain,
Like a just map, to tell the vast extent
Of conquest in your short and happy reign;
And to all future mankind shew
How strange a paradox is true,
That men who liv'd and died without a name
Are the chief heroes in the sacred list of fame.

TO MR. CONGREVE.

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER, 1693.

THRICE, with a prophet's voice and prophet's pow'r,
The Muse was called in a poetic hour,
And insolently thrice, the slighted maid
Dared to suspend her unregarded aid;
Then with that grief we form in spirits divine
Pleads for her own neglect, and thus reproaches mine:
Once highly honour'd! False is the pretence
You make to truth, retreat, and innocence;
Who, to pollute my shades, bring'st with thee down
The most ungen'rous vices of the town;
Ne'er sprung a youth from out this isle before
I once esteem'd, and lov'd, and favour'd more,

Nor ever maid endured such courtlike scorn,
So much in mode, so very city-born;
'Tis with a foul design the muse you send,
Like a cast mistress to your wicked friend;
But find some new address, some fresh deceit,
Nor practise such an antiquated cheat;
These are the beaten methods of the stews,
Stale forms of course, all mean deceivers use,
Who barbarously think to 'scape reproach,
By prostituting her they first debauch.
Thus did the Muse severe unkindly blame
This off'ring long design'd to Congreve's fame;
First chid the zeal as unpoetic fire,
Which soon his merit forced her to inspire;
Then call this verse, that speaks her largest aid,
The greatest compliment she ever made,
And wisely judge, no pow'r beneath divine
Could leap the bounds which part your world and mine;
For, youth, believe, to you unseen, is fix'd
A mighty gulf unpassable betwixt.
Nor tax the goddess of a mean design
To praise your parts by publishing of mine;
That be my thought when some large bulky writ
Shows in the front the ambition of my wit;
There to surmount what bears me up, and sing
Like the victorious wren perch'd on the eagle's wing;
This could I do, and proudly o'er him tower,
Were my desires but heighten'd to my power.
Godlike the force of my young Congreve's bays,
Soft'ning the muse's thunder into praise;
Sent to assist an old unvanquish'd pride
That looks with scorn on half mankind beside;
A pride that well suspends poor mortals' fate,
Gets between them and my resentment's weight,

Stands in the gap 'twixt me and wretched men,
T'avert th' impending judgments of my pen.
  Thus I look down with mercy on the age,
By hopes my Congreve will reform the stage;
For never did poetic mine before
Produce a richer vein or cleaner ore;
The bullion stamp'd in your refining mind
Serves by retail to furnish half mankind.
With indignation I behold your wit
Forced on me, crack'd, and clipp'd, and counterfeit,
By vile pretenders, who a stock maintain
From broken scraps and filings of your brain.
Through native dross your share is hardly known,
And by short views mistook for all their own;
So small the gain those from your wit do reap,
Who blend it into folly's larger heap,
Like the sun's scatter'd beams which loosely pass,
When some rough hand breaks the assembling glass.
  Yet want your critics no just cause to rail, -
Since knaves are ne'er obliged for what they steal.
These pad on wit's high road, and suits maintain
With those they rob, by what their trade does gain.
Thus censure seems that fiery froth which breeds
O'er the sun's face, and from his heat proceeds,
Crusts o'er the day, shadowing its parent beam
As ancient nature's modern masters dream;
This bids some curious praters here below
Call Titan sick, because their sight is so;
And well, methinks, does this allusion fit
To scribblers, and the god of light and wit;
Those who by wild delusions entertain
A lust of rhyming for a poet's vein,
Raise envy's clouds to leave themselves in night,
But can no more obscure my Congreve's light

Than swarms of gnats, that wanton in a ray
Which gave them birth, can rob the world of day.
  What northern hive pour'd out these foes to wit?
Whence came these Goths to overrun the pit?
How would you blush the shameful birth to hear
Of those you so ignobly stoop to fear;
For, ill to them, long have I travell'd since
Round all the circles of impertinence,
Search'd in the nest where every worm did lie
Before it grew a city butterfly;
I'm sure I found them other kind of things
Than those with backs of silk and golden wings;
A search, no doubt, as curious and as wise
As virtuosoes' in dissecting flies;
For, could you think; the fiercest foes you dread,
And court in prologues, all are country bred;
Bred in my scene, and for the poet's sins
Adjourn'd from tops and grammar to the inns;
Those beds of dung, where schoolboys sprout up beaus
Far sooner than the nobler mushroom grows:
These are the lords of the poetic schools,
Who preach the saucy pedantry of rules;
Those pow'rs the critics, who may boast the odds
O'er Nile, with all its wilderness of gods;
Nor could the nations kneel to viler shapes,
Which worship'd cats, and sacrificed to apes;
And can you think the wise forbear to laugh
At the warm zeal that breeds this golden calf?
  Haply you judge these lines severely writ
Against the proud usurpers of the pit;
Stay while I tell my story, short, and true;
To draw conclusions shall be left to you;
Nor need I ramble far to force a rule,
But lay the scene just here at Farnham school.

Last year, a lad hence by his parents sent
With other cattle to the city went;
Where having cast his coat, and well pursued
The methods most in fashion to be lewd,
Return'd a finish'd spark this summer down,
Stock'd with the freshest gibberish of the town;
A jargon form'd from the lost language, wit,
Confounded in that Babel of the pit;
Form'd by diseased conceptions, weak, and wild,
Sick lust of souls, and an abortive child;
Born between whores and fops, by lewd compacts,
Before the play, or else between the acts:
Nor wonder, if from such polluted minds
Should spring such short and transitory kinds;
Or crazy rules to make us wits by rote
Last just as long as ev'ry cuckoo's note:
What bungling, rusty tools, are us'd by fate!
'Twas in an evil hour to urge my hate,
My hate, whose lash just Heaven has long decreed
Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed;*
When man's ill genius to my presence sent
This wretch, to rouse my wrath, for ruin meant;
Who in his idiom vile, with Gray's Inn grace,
Squander'd his noisy talents to my face;
Named ev'ry player on his fingers' ends,
Swore all the wits were his peculiar friends;
Talk'd with that saucy and familiar ease
Of Wycherley, and you, and Mr. Bays;
Said, how a late report your friends had vex'd,
Who heard you meant to write heroics next;
For, tragedy, he knew, would lose you quite,
And told you so at Will's but t'other night.

* Thus early in life did Swift feel the efforts of his genius struggling for birth, and prognosticate its vigorous exertions against vice and folly, when arrived at maturity. S.

Thus are the lives of fools a sort of dreams,
Rend'ring shades, things, and substances of names;
Such high companions may delusion keep,
Lords are a footboy's cronies in his sleep.
As a fresh miss, by fancy, face, and gown,
Render'd the topping beauty of the town,
Draws ev'ry rhyming, prating, dressing sot,
To boast of favours that he never got;
Of which, whoe'er lacks confidence to prate,
Brings his good parts and breeding in debate;
And not the meanest coxcomb you can find,
But thanks his stars, that Phillis has been kind;
Thus prostitute my Congreve's name is grown
To ev'ry lewd pretender of the town.
'Troth I could pity you; but this is it,
You find, to be the fashionable wit;
These are the slaves whom reputation chains,
Whose maintenance requires no help from brains.
For, should the vilest scribbler to the pit,
Whom sin and want e'er furnish'd out a wit;
Whose name must not within my lines be shown,
Lest here it live, when perish'd with his own;*
Should such a wretch usurp my Congreve's place,
And choose out wits who ne'er have seen his face;
I'll bet my life but the dull cheat would pass,
Nor need the lion's skin conceal the ass;
Yes, that beau's look, that vice, those critic ears,
Must needs be right, so well resembling theirs.
Perish the Muse's hour, thus vainly spent
In satire, to my Congreve's praises meant;

* To this resolution Swift ever after adhered; for of the infinite multitude of libellers who personally attacked him, there is not the name mentioned of any one of them throughout his works; and thus, together with their writings, have they been consigned to eternal oblivion. S.

In how ill season her resentments rule,
What's that to her if mankind be a fool?
Happy beyond a private muse's fate,
In pleasing all that's good among the great,*
Where though her elder sisters crowding throng,
She still is welcome with her inn'cent song;
Whom were my Congreve blest to see and know,
What poor regards would merit all below!
How proudly would he haste the joy to meet,
And drop his laurel at Apollo's feet.

Here by a mountain's side, a reverend cave
Gives murmuring passage to a lasting wave;
'Tis the world's wat'ry hourglass streaming fast,
Time is no more when th' utmost drop is past
Here, on a better day, some druid dwelt,
And the young Muse's early favour felt;
Druid, a name she does with pride repeat,
Confessing Albion once her darling seat;
Far in this primitive cell might we pursue
Our predecessors' footsteps, still in view;
Here would we sing—But, ah! you think I dream,
And the bad world may well believe the same;
Yes; you are all malicious standers by,
While two fond lovers prate, the Muse and I.

Since thus I wander from my first intent,
Nor am that grave adviser which I meant;
Take this short lesson from the god of bays,
And let my friend apply it as he please:
Beat not the dirty paths where vulgar feet have trod;
But give the vigorous fancy room.
For when like stupid alchymists you try
To fix this nimble god,
This volatile mercury,

* This alludes to Sir William Temple, to whom he gives the name of Apollo in a few lines after. S.

The subtile spirit all flies up in fume;
Nor shall the bubbled virtuoso find
More than a fade insipid mixture left behind.*

While thus I write, vast shoals of critics come,
And on my verse pronounce their saucy doom;
The Muse, like some bright country virgin, shows,
Fall'n by mishap among a knot of beaux;
They, in their lewd and fashionable prate,
Rally her dress, her language, and her gait;
Spend their base coin before the bashful maid,
Current like copper, and as often paid:
She, who on shady banks has joy'd to sleep
Near better animals, her father's sheep;
Shamed and amazed, beholds the chatt'ring throng,
To think what cattle she has got among;
But with the odious smell and sight annoy'd,
In haste she does th' offensive herd avoid.†
'Tis time to bid my friend a long farewell,
The Muse retreats far in yon crystal cell;
Faint inspiration sickens as she flies,
Like distant echo spent, the spirit dies.
In this descending sheet you'll haply find
Some short refreshment for your weary mind,
Naught it contains is common or unclean,
And once drawn up, is ne'er let down again.

* Out of an Ode I writ, inscribed "The Poet." The rest of it is lost. S.

† Would not one imagine that Swift had at this time already conceived his idea of the Yahoos? S.

OCCASIONED BY SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S LATE ILLNESS AND RECOVERY.

WRITTEN IN DECEMBER, 1693.

STRANGE to conceive, how the same objects strike
At distant hours the mind with forms so like!
Whether in time, Deduction's broken chain
Meets, and salutes her sister link again;
Or hunted Fancy, by a circling flight,
Comes back with joy to its own seat at night;
Or whether dead Imagination's ghost
Oft hovers where alive it haunted most;
Or if Thought's rolling globe, her circle run,
Turns up old objects to the soul her sun;
Or loves the muse to walk with conscious pride
O'er the glad scene whence first she rose a bride:
  Be what it will; late near yon whisp'ring stream,
Where her own Temple was her darling theme;
There first the visionary sound was heard,
When to poetic view the Muse appear'd.
Such seem'd her eyes, as when an evening ray
Gives glad farewell to a tempestuous day;
Weak is the beam to dry up nature's tears,
Still ev'ry tree the pendent sorrow wears;
Such are the smiles where drops of crystal show
Approaching joy at strife with parting wo.
  As when to scare th' ungrateful or the proud,
Tempests long frown, and thunder threatens loud,
Till the blest sun to give kind dawn of grace
Darts weeping beams across Heaven's wat'ry face;
When soon the peaceful bow unstring'd is shown,
A sign God's dart is shot, and wrath o'erblown;

Such to unhallowed sight the Muse divine
Might seem, when first she rais'd her eyes to mine.
  What mortal change does in thy face appear,
Lost youth, she cried, since first I met thee here!
With how undecent clouds are overcast
Thy looks, when every cause of grief is past!
Unworthy the glad tidings which I bring,
Listen while the Muse thus teaches thee to sing:
  As parent earth, burst by imprison'd winds,
Scatters strange agues o'er men's sickly minds,
And shakes the atheist's knees; such ghastly fear
Late I beheld on every face appear;
Mild Dorothea,* peaceful, wise, and great,
Trembling beheld the doubtful hand of fate;
Mild Dorothea, whom we both have long
Not dared to injure with our lowly song;
Sprung from a better world, and chosen then
The best companion for the best of men:
As some fair pile, yet spared by zeal and rage,
Lives pious witness of a better age;
So men may see what once was womankind,
In the fair shrine of Dorothea's mind.
  You that would grief describe, come here and trace
Its wat'ry footsteps in Dorinda's face:
Grief from Dorinda's face does ne'er depart
Farther than its own palace in her heart:
Ah, since our fears are fled, this insolent expel,
At least confine the tyrant to his cell.
And if so black the cloud, that Heaven's bright queen
Shrouds her still beams; how should the stars be seen?
Thus, when Dorinda wept, joy ev'ry face forsook,
And grief flung sables on each menial look;

* Sister to Sir William Temple. S.

The humble tribe mourn'd for the quick'ning soul,
That furnish'd spirit and motion through the whole;
So would earth's face turn pale, and life decay
Should Heaven suspend to act but for a day:
So nature's craz'd convulsions make us dread
That time is sick, or the world's mind is dead.—
Take, youth, these thoughts, large matter to employ
The fancy furnish'd by returning joy;
And to mistaken man these truths rehearse,
Who dare revile the integrity of verse:
Ah fav'rite youth, how happy is thy lot!——
But I'm deceiv'd, or thou regard'st me not;
Speak, for I wait thy answer, and expect
Thy just submission for this bold neglect.
  Unknown the forms we the high-priesthood use
At the divine appearance of the Muse,
Which to divulge might shake profane belief,
And tell the irreligion of my grief;
Grief that excused the tribute of my knees,
And shaped my passion in such words as these:
  Malignant goddess! bane to my repose,
Thou universal cause of all my woes;
Say, whence it comes that thou art grown of late
A poor amusement for my scorn and hate;
The malice thou inspir'st I never fail
On thee to wreak the tribute when I rail;
Fools' commonplace thou art, their weak ensconcing fort,
Th' appeal of dulness in the last resort:
Heaven with a parent's eye regarding earth,
Deals out to man the planet of his birth:
But sees thy meteor blaze about me shine,
And passing o'er, mistakes thee still for mine:
Ah, should I tell a secret yet unknown,
That thou ne'er hadst a being of thy own,

But a wild form dependent on the brain,
Scatt'ring loose features o'er the optic vein;
Troubling the crystal fountain of the sight,
Which darts on poets' eyes a trembling light
Kindled while reason sleeps, but quickly flies,
Like antic shapes in dreams, from waking eyes:
In sum, a glitt'ring voice, a painted name,
A walking vapour, like thy sister fame.
But if thou be'st what thy mad vot'ries prate,
A female pow'r, loose govern'd thoughts create:
Why near the dregs of youth perversely wilt thou stay,
So highly courted by the brisk and gay?
Wert thou right woman, thou shouldst scorn to look
On an abandon'd wretch by hopes forsook;
Forsook by hopes, ill fortune's last relief,
Assign'd for life to unremitting grief;
For, let Heaven's wrath enlarge these weary days,
If hope e'er dawns the smallest of its rays.*
Time o'er the happy takes so swift a flight,
And treads so soft, so easy, and so light,
That we the wretched, creeping far behind,
Can scarce th' impression of his footsteps find;
Smooth as that airy nymph so subtly born
With inoffensive feet o'er standing corn;
Which bow'd by evening breeze with bending stalks,
Salutes the weary trav'ller as he walks;
But o'er th' afflicted with a heavy pace
Sweeps the broad sithe, and tramples on his face.
Down falls the summer's pride, and sadly shows
Nature's bare visage furrowed as he mows:

* What a miserable state of mind must Swift have been in when he wrote this! which was owing to the state of dependence in which he had always lived from his birth to that time, with but little prospect of his being relieved from it. How grating must this have been to such a proud and generous spirit! S.

See Muse, what havoc in these looks appear,
These are the tyrant's trophies of a year;
Since hope his last and greatest foe is fled,
Despair and he lodge ever in its stead;
March o'er the ruin'd plain with motion slow,
Still scatt'ring desolation where they go.
To thee I owe that fatal bent of mind,
Still to unhappy restless thoughts inclin'd;
To thee, what oft I vainly strive to hide,
That scorn of fools, by fools mistook for pride:
From thee whatever virtue takes its rise,
Grows a misfortune, or becomes a vice;
Such were thy rules to be poetically great,
"Stoop not to int'rest, flattery, or deceit;
Nor with hired thoughts be thy devotion paid;
Learn to disdain their mercenary aid;
Be this thy sure defence, thy brazen wall,
Know no base action, at no guilt turn pale;
And since unhappy distance thus denies
T' expose thy soul, clad in this poor disguise;
Since thy few ill presented graces seem
To breed contempt where thou hast hoped esteem."
Madness like this no fancy ever seized,
Still to be cheated, never to be pleased;
Since one false beam of joy in sickly minds
Is all the poor content delusion finds.—
There thy enchantment broke, and from this hour
I here renounce thy visionary pow'r;
And since thy essence on my breath depends,
Thus with a puff the whole delusion ends.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S IVORY TABLE-BOOK, 1698.

PERUSE my leaves through every part,
And think thou seest my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light;
Expos'd to every coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wise.
Here you may read, "Dear charming saint!"
Beneath, "A new receipt for paint:"
Here, in beau-spelling, "Tru tel deth;"
There, in her own, "For an el breth:"
Here, "Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom!"
There, "A safe way to use perfume:"
Here, a page fill'd with billet-doux;
On t'other side, "Laid out for shoes"—
"Madam, I die without your grace"—
"Item, for half a yard of lace."
Who that had wit would place it here,
For every peeping fop to jeer?
To think that your brains' issue is
Expos'd to th' excrement of his,
In power of spittle and a clout,
Whene'er he please to blot it out;
And then, to heighten the disgrace,
Clap his own nonsense in the place.
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In such a book, and such a heart,
If he be wealthy, and a fool,
Is in all points the fittest tool;
Of whom it may be justly said,
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

MRS. HARRIS'S PETITION. 1700.

TO their excellencies the Lords Justices of Ireland,*
The humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve and die a maid if it miscarries;
Humbly showeth, that I went to warm myself in lady
Betty's† chamber, because I was cold;
And I had in a purse seven pounds, four shillings, and six
pence, beside farthings, in money and gold;
So, because I had been buying things for my lady last
night,
I was resolved to tell my money, to see if it was right.
Now, you must know, because my trunk has a very bad
lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a
very small stock,
I keep in my pocket, tied about my middle, next my
smock.
So when I went to put up my purse, as God would have
it, my smock was unripp'd,
And, instead of putting it into my pocket, down it
slipp'd;
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my lady to
bed:
And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe as my
maidenhead.
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very
light;
But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, Lord! I
thought I should have sunk outright.

* The Earls of Berkeley and of Galway. H.
† Lady Betty Berkeley, afterwards Germain. H.

So you know, what could I say to her any more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was bef
Well; but then they would have had me gone to
cunning man!
"No," said I, "'Tis the same thing, the CHAPLA
will be here anon."
So the Chaplain came in. Now the servants say h
my sweetheart,
Because he's always in my chamber, and I always t
his part.
So, as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware,
I blunder'd,
"*Parson*," said I, "can you cast a *nativity*, wh
body's plunder'd?"
(Now you must know, he hates to be call'd *parson*
the *devil!*)
"Truly," says he, "Mrs. Nab, it might become yo
be more civil;
If your money be gone, as a learned *Divine* says,
see,
You are no *text* for my handling; so take that from
I was never taken for a *Conjurer* before, I'd have
to know."
"Lord!" said I, "don't be angry, I am sure I n
thought you so;
You know I honour the cloth; I design to be a Par
wife;
I never took one in *your coat* for a Conjurer in all
life."
With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as
should say,
"Now you may go hang yourself for me!" and so w
away.

* Dr. Swift. H.

Well: I thought I should have swoon'd. "Lord!" said
I, "what shall I do?
I have lost my money, and shall lose my true love too!"
Then my Lord call'd me: "Harry,"* said my Lord,
"don't cry;
I'll give you something toward thy loss:" "And," says
my lady, "so will I."
"Oh! but," said I, "what if, after all, the Chaplain
won't come to?
For that, he said, (an't please your Excellencies,) I must
petition you.
The premises tenderly consider'd, I desire, your Excellencies protection,
And that I may have a share in next Sunday's collection;
And, over and above, that I may have your Excellencies' letter,
With an order for the Chaplain aforesaid, or, instead of
him, a better:
And then your poor petitioner, both night and day,
Or the Chaplain (for 'tis his *trade*,) as in duty bound,
shall ever *pray*.

A BALLAD, ON THE GAME OF TRAFFICK.

WRITTEN AT THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN, 1699.

MY Lord,† to find out who must deal,
Delivers cards about,
But the first knave does seldom fail
To find the doctor out.

* A cant word of lord and lady Berkeley to Mrs. Harris. H.
† The earl of Berkeley. H.

But then his honour cry'd, gadzooks!
  And seem'd to knit his brow:
For on a knave he never looks
  But h'thinks upon Jack How.*

My lady, though she is no player,
  Some bungling partner takes,
And, wedg'd in corner of a chair,
  Takes snuff, and holds the stakes.

Dame Floyd looks out in grave suspense
  For pair royals and sequents;
But, wisely cautious of her pence,
  The castle seldom frequents.

Quoth Herries, fairly putting cases,
  I'd won it on my word,
If I had but a pair of aces,
  And could pick up a third.

But Weston has a new-cast gown
  On Sundays to be fine in,
And, if she can but win a crown,
  'Twill just new dye the lining.

"With these is parson Swift,
  "Not knowing how to spend his time,
"Does make a wretched shift,
  "To deafen them with puns and rhyme."

* Paymaster to the army. *H.*

A BALLAD, TO THE TUNE OF THE CUT-PURSE.*

WRITTEN IN AUGUST, 1702.

I.

ONCE on a time, as old stories rehearse,
A friar would need show his talent in Latin;
But was sorely put to't in the midst of a verse,
Because he could find no word to come pat in:
Then all in the place
He left a void space,
And so went to bed in a desperate case:
When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!
He found it was strangely fill'd up in the middle.
CHO. Let censuring critics then think what they list on't;
Who would not write verses with such an assistant?

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement:
For he wisely consider'd it must be a sprite;
That he came through the keyhole, or in at the casement;
And it needs must be one that could both read and write;
Yet he did not know
If it were friend or foe,
Or whether it came from above or below:
However, 'twas civil, in angel or elf,
For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself.
CHO. Let censuring, &c.

*Lady Betty Berkeley, finding the preceding verses in the author's room unfinished, wrote under them the concluding stanza; which gave occasion to this ballad, written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third person had done it. SWIFT.

III.

Even so Master Doctor had puzzled his brains
In making a ballad, but was at a stand:
He had mixt little wit with a great deal of pains,
When he found a new help from invisible hand.
Then, good doctor Swift,
Pay thanks for the gift,
For you freely must own, you were at a dead lift:
And, though some malicious young spirit did do't,
You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
CHO. Let censuring, &c.

THE DISCOVERY.

WHEN wise Lord Berkeley first came here,*
Statesmen and mob expected wonders,
Nor thought to find so great a peer
Ere a week past committing blunders.
Till on a day cut out by fate,
When folks came thick to make their court,
Out slipt a mystery of state,
To give the town and country sport.
Now enters Bush† with new state airs;
His lordship's premier minister;
And who, in all profound affairs,
Is held as needful as his clyster.‡
With head reclining on his shoulder,
He deals and hears mysterious chat,

* To Ireland, as one of the lords justices. H.

† Bush, by some underhand insinuation, obtained the post of secretary; which had been promised to Swift. H.

‡ Always taken before my lord went to council. H.

While every ignorant beholder,
  Asks of his neighbour, who is that?
With this he put up to my lord,
  The courtiers kept their distance due,
He twitch'd his sleeve, and stole a word;
  Then to a corner both withdrew.
Imagine now, my lord and Bush
  Whispering in junto most profound,
Like good King Phyz and good King Ush,*
  While all the rest stood gaping round.
At length a spark not too well bred,
  Of forward face and ear acute,
Advanc'd on tiptoe, lean'd his head,
  To overhear the grand dispute;
To learn what Northern kings design,
  Or from Whitehall some new express,
Papists disarm'd, or fall of coin;
  For sure (thought he) it can't be less.
My lord, said Bush, a friend and I,
  Disguis'd in two old threadbare coats.
Ere morning's dawn, stole out to spy
  How markets went for hay and oats.
With that he draws two handfuls out,
  The one was oats, the other hay;
Puts this to's excellency's snout,
  And begs he would the other weigh.
My lord seems pleas'd, but still directs
  By all means to bring down the rates;
Then, with a conjée circumflex,
  Bush, smiling round on all, retreats.
Our list'ner stood a while confus'd,
  But gathering spirits, wisely ran for't,
Enrag'd to see the world abus'd,
  By two such whispering kings of Brentford.

* See "The Rehearsal." H.

THE PROBLEM.

" THAT MY LORD BERKELEY STINKS, WHEN HE IS IN LOVE."

Did ever problem thus perplex,
Or more employ the female sex?
So sweet a passion, who would think,
Jove ever form'd to make a stink?
The ladies vow and swear, they'll try,
Whether it be a truth or lie.
Love's fire, it seems, like inward heat,
Works in my lord by stool and sweat,
Which brings a stink from every pore,
And from behind and from before;
Yet what is wonderful to tell it,
None but the favourite nymph can smell it.
But now, to solve the natural cause
By sober philosophic laws:
Whether all passions, when in ferment,
Work out as anger does in vermin;
So, when a weasel you torment,
You find his passion by his scent.
We read of kings, who, in a fright,
Though on a throne, would fall to sh—.
Beside all this, deep scholars know,
That the main string of Cupid's bow,
Once on a time was an a— gut;
Now to a nobler office put,
By favour or desert preferr'd
From giving passage to a t—;
But still, though fix'd among the stars
Does sympathize with human a—.

Thus, when you feel a hardbound breech,
Conclude love's bowstring at full stretch,
Till the kind looseness comes, and then
Conclude the bow relax'd again.
And now, the ladies all are bent
To try the great experiment,
Ambitious of a regent's heart,
Spread all their charms to catch a f—;
Watching the first unsavoury wind,
Some ply before, and some behind.
My lord, on fire amid the dames,
F—ts like a laurel in the flames.
The fair approach the speaking part,
To try the back-way to his heart.
For, as when we a gun discharge,
Although the bore be ne'er so large,
Before the flame from muzzle burst,
Just at the breech it flashes first;
So from my lord his passion broke,
He f—d first, and then he spoke.
The ladies vanish in the smother,
To confer notes with one another;
And now they all agree to name
Whom each one thought the happy dame.
Quoth Neal, whate'er the rest may think,
I'm sure 'twas I, that smelt the stink.
You smell the stink! by G—d, you lie,
Quoth Ross, for I'll be sworn 'twas I.
Ladies, quoth Levens, pray forbear;
Let's not fall out; we all had share,
And, by the most I can discover,
My lord's a universal lover.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A SALAMANDER.*
1705.

AS mastiff dogs in modern phrase are
Call'd *Pompey*, *Scipio*, and *Cæsar*;
As pies and daws are often styl'd
With Christian nicknames, like a child;
As we say *Monsieur* to an ape,
Without offence to human shape;
So men have got, from bird and brute,
Names that would best their nature suit.
The *Lion*, *Eagle*, *Fox*, and *Boar*,
Were heroes' titles heretofore,
Bestow'd as hieroglyphics fit
To show their valour, strength, or wit:
For what is understood by *fame*,
Beside the getting of a *name*?
But, e'er since men invented guns,
A different way their fancy runs:
To paint a Hero, we inquire
For something that will conquer *fire*.
Would you describe *Turenne* or *Trump*?
Think of a *bucket* or a *pump*.
Are these too low?—then find out grander,
Call my lord CUTTS a *Salamander*.
'Tis well;—but, since we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object against the term,
Pliny shall prove, what we affirm:
Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judg'd by standers by.

* From Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib. x. c. 67. lib. xxix. c. 4.

First, then, our author has defin'd
This reptile of the serpent kind,
With gaudy coat and shining train;
But loathsome spots his body stain:
Out from some hole obscure he flies,
When rains descend, and tempests rise,
Till the sun clears the air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.
So, when the war has rais'd a storm,
I've seen a snake in human form,
All stain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burnish, and make a gaudy show,
Become a general, peer, and beau,
Till peace has made the sky serene;
Then shrink into its hole again.
"All this we grant—why then look yonder,
Sure that must be a Salamander!"
Farther, we are by Pliny told,
This serpent is extremely cold;
So cold, that put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Besides, it spews a filthy froth
(Whether through rage, or love, or both)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which, happening on the skin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leprosy and baldness round.
So have I seen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as snow,
Whose breath or touch, where'er he came,
Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
And should some nymph, who ne'er was cruel,
Like Carleton cheap, or fam'd Du-Ruel,

Receive the filth which he ejects,
She soon would find the same effects,
Her tainted carcass to pursue,
As from the salamander's spew;
A dismal shedding of her locks,
And, if no leprosy, a pox.
"Then I'll appeal to each by-stander,
If this be not a Salamander?"

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

WHO COMMANDED THE BRITISH FORCES IN SPAIN.

MORDANTO fills the trump of fame,
The Christian worlds his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journies he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast.

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette a-la-main,
This day arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reek
Mordanto at Madrid to seek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the postboy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his followers strown,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone;

His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpse, though full of vigour
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a star;
In senates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander, and a tar:

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his namesake Charles of Sweden.

ON THE UNION.

THE queen has lately lost a part
Of her ENTIRELY-ENGLISH* heart,
For want of which, by way of botch,
She piec'd it up again with SCOTCH.
Blest revolution! which creates
Divided hearts, united states!
See how the double nation lies,
Like a rich coat, with skirts of frize:
As if a man, in making posies,
Should bundle thistles up with roses.
Who ever yet a union saw
Of kingdoms without faith or law?
Henceforward let no statesman dare
A kingdom to a ship compare;
Lest he should call our commonweal,
A vessel with a double-keel:
Which, just like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd,
And got about a league from land.
By change of wind to leeward side,
The pilot knew not how to guide.
So tossing faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

* The motto on Queen Ann's coronation medal. N

TO MRS. BIDDY FLOYD;

OR, THE RECEIPT TO FORM A BEAUTY,* 1708.

WHEN Cupid did his grandsire Jove entreat
To form some Beauty by a new receipt,
Jove sent, and found, far in a country scene,
Truth, innocence, good nature, look serene:
From which ingredients first the dext'rous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
The Graces, from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:

* The following elegant Latin version of this "Receipt" was first printed in the sixth volume of Dryden's Miscellanies:

IN LYDIAM.

Orabat precibus Cupido blandis,
Ut tandem omnipotens pater deorum
Formosam lege conderet recenti,
Arridens citò, ruris ad recessum
Almus misit avus, Fidemque nudam
Illic repperit, Innocentiamque,
Et vultum placidum, Indolemque suavem:
Dextrâ, quæ, facili Puer peritus
Oris à nimis pudore purgat,
Et morum ruditate ineleganti,
Ac nimis timidâ fugacitate.
Sacræ Pierides parant deinde
Ex aulâ ingenuam Institutionem,
Acumenque acre, Gratiamque formæ,
Cum se non nimis efferente Fastu.
Ab his flava Venus removit omnem
Procul molitiem, et malas dolosæ
Mentis Illecebras, Ineptiasque
Bonum pravè imitantium, levesque
Motus, Gloriolæque Inanitatem.
Miscet omnia Jupiter, lutoque
Temperat meliore, Lydiamque
Inde appellat opus, stupens, superbum.

These Venus cleans from every spurious grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and the best clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy composition FLOYD.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. FINCH,*

UNDER HER NAME OF ARDELIA.

PHŒBUS, now shortening every shade,
  Up to the northern *tropic* came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid,
  Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
  Then lighted from his glittering coach;
But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
  Before he durst the nymph approach.

Under those sacred leaves, secure
  From common lightning of the skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
  The flashes of Ardelia's eyes.

The nymph, who oft had read in books
  Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
  And guess'd his business ere he spoke.

* Afterward Countess of Winchelsea. N.

He, in the old celestial cant,
  Confess'd his flame, and swore by Styx,
Whate'er she would desire, to grant—
  But wise Ardelia knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her, to beware
  Of strolling gods, whose usual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
  To pick up sublunary ladies.

Howe'er she gave no flat denial,
  As having malice in her heart;
And was resolv'd upon a trial,
  To cheat the god in his own art.

"Hear my request," the virgin said;
  "Let which I please of all the Nine
Attend, whene'er I want their aid,
  Obey my call, and only mine."

By vow oblig'd, by passion led,
  The god could not refuse her prayer:
He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
  Thrice mutter'd something to the air.

And now he thought to seize his due;
  But she the charm already tried:
Thalia heard the call, and flew
  To wait at bright Ardelia's side.

On sight of this celestial *prude*,
  Apollo thought it vain to stay;
Nor in her presence durst be rude,
  But made his leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find some lucky hour,
  When on their queen the Muses wait;
But Pallas owns Ardelia's power;
  For vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo spoke:
  "Deceitful nymph! I see thy art;
And, though I can't my gift revoke,
  I'll disappoint its nobler part.

Let stubborn pride possess thee long,
  And be thou negligent of fame;
With every Muse to grace thy song,
  May'st thou despise a poet's name!

Of modest poets thou be first;
  To silent shades repeat thy verse,
Till Fame and Echo almost burst,
  Yet hardly dare one line rehearse.

And last, my vengeance to complete,
  May'st thou descend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
  A whig! and one that wears a gown!"

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE,

BUILT FROM THE RUINS OF WHITEHALL THAT WAS BURNT, 1703.

IN times of old, when Time was young,
And Poets their own verses sung,

A verse would draw a stone or beam,
That now would overload a team;
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its different power:
Heroic strains could build a tower;
Sonnets, or elegies to Chlorics,
Might raise a house about two stories;
A lyric ode would slate; a catch
Would tile; an epigram would thatch.
  But, to their own or landlord's cost,
Now Poets feel this art is lost.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raise a lodging for a song.
For Jove consider'd well the case,
Observ'd they grew a numerous race:
And should they build as fast as write,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
This evil therefore to prevent,
He wisely chang'd their element:
On earth the God of Wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade;
Leaving the Wits the spacious air,
With licence to build castles there:
And 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
  Premising thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to say;
Sing, Muse, the house of Poet Van,
In higher strains than we began.
  Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a Herald* and a Poet;

* Sir John Vanbrugh held the office of Clarenceux king of arms. N

No wonder then if nicely skill'd
In both capacities to build.
As Herald, he can in a day
Repair a house gone to decay;
Or, by achievements, arms, device,
Erect a new one in a trice;
And as a Poet, he has skill
To build in speculation still.
"Great Jove!" he cry'd, "the art restore
To build by verse as heretofore,
And make my Muse the architect;
What palaces shall we erect!
No longer shall forsaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames;
A pile shall from its ashes rise,
Fit to invade or prop the skies."
Jove smil'd, and like a gentle god,
Consenting with the usual nod,
Told Van, he knew his talent best,
And left the choice to his own breast.
So Van resolv'd to write a farce;
But, well perceiving wit was scarce,
With cunning that defect supplies:
Takes a French play as lawful prize;
Steals thence his plot and every joke,
Not once suspecting Jove would smoke;
And (like a wag set down to write)
Would whisper to himself, "a *bite*."
Then, from this motley mingled style,
Proceeded to erect his pile.
So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
To turn the matter to a jest:
Down from Olympus' top he slides,
Laughing as if he'd burst his sides:

Ay, thought the god, are these your tricks?
Why then old plays deserve old bricks;
And since you're sparing of your stuff,
Your building shall be small enough.
He spake, and grudging, lent his aid;
Th' experienc'd bricks, that knew their trade,
(As being bricks at second-hand)
Now move, and now in order stand.
  The building, as the Poet writ,
Rose in proportion to his wit:
And first the prologue built a wall;
So wide as to encompass all.
The scene, a wood, produc'd no more
Than a few scrubby trees before.
The plot as yet lay deep; and so
A cellar next was dug below:
But this a work so hard was found,
Two acts it cost him under ground.
Two other acts we may presume,
Were spent in building each a room:
Thus far advanc'd, he made a shift
To raise a roof with act the fifth.
The epilogue behind did frame
A place not decent here to name.
  Now Poets from all quarters ran,
To see the house of brother Van:
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round;
But no such house was to be found.
One asks the watermen hard by,
"Where may the Poet's palace lie?"
Another of the Thames inquires,
If he has seen its gilded spires?
At length they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a goose-pye.

Thither in haste the Poets throng,
And gaze in silent wonder long,
Till one in raptures thus began
To praise the pile and builder Van:
"Thrice happy Poet! who mayst trail
Thy house about thee like a snail;
Or, harness'd to a nag, at ease
Take journeys in it like a chaise;
Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,
Canst make it serve thee for a tilt!
Capacious house! 'tis own'd by all
Thou'rt well contriv'd, though thou art small
For every Wit in Britain's isle
May lodge within thy spacious pile.
Like Bacchus thou, as Poets feign,
Thy mother burnt, art born again,
Born like a phœnix from the flame;
But neither bulk nor shape the same;
As animals of largest size
Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies;
A type of modern wit and style,
The rubbish of an ancient pile:
So chemists boast they have a power,
From the dead ashes of a flower
Some faint resemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taste, or juice.
So modern rhymers wisely blast
The poetry of ages past;
Which, after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own."

THE HISTORY OF VANBRUGH'S HOUSE.
1708.

When mother Clud had rose from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van saw, but seem'd not to regard,
How Miss pick'd every painted card,
And busy both with hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a house two stories high.
Van's genius, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to architecture:
He view'd the edifice, and smil'd,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child:
It was so perfect in its kind,
He kept the model in his mind.
But, when he found the boys at play,
And saw them dabbling in their clay,
He stood behind a stall to lurk,
And mark the progress of their work;
With true delight observ'd them all
Raking up mud to build a wall.
The plan he much admir'd, and took
The model in his tablebook:
Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
And so resolv'd a house to build;
A real house, with rooms, and stairs,
Five times at least as big as theirs;
Taller than Miss's by two yards;
Not a sham thing of clay or cards:
And so he did; for, in a while,
He built up such a monstrous pile,
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.

Still at Whitehall it stands in view,
Just in the place where first it grew:
There all the little schoolboys run,
Envying to see themselves outdone.
From such deep rudiments as these,
Van is become, by due degrees,
For building fam'd, and justly reckon'd,
At court, Vitruvius the second:
No wonder, since wise authors show,
That best foundations must be low:
And now the duke has wisely ta'en him
To be his architect at Blenheim.
But, raillery at once apart,
If this rule holds in every art;
Or if his grace were no more skill'd in
The art of battering walls than building,
We might expect to see next year,
A mouse-trap-man chief engineer.*

*"However partial the Court was to Vanbrugh, every body w blind to his defects. Swift ridiculed both his own diminutive ho Whitehall, and the stupendous pile at Blenheim. Thus far th rist was well founded. Party rage warped his understanding, he censured Vanbrugh's Plays, and left him no more judgment their beauties than Sir John had when he perceived not tha were the only beauties that he was formed to compose." Lor ford's Anecdotes of Painting, vol. iii. p. 152.—This noble write haps, was not aware of the handsome apology Dr. Swift an Pope have made, in the joint preface to their Miscellanies: " gard to two persons only we wish our raillery, though ever so t or resentment, though ever so just, had not been indulged. We of Sir John Vanbrugh, who was a man of wit, and of honour of Mr. Addison, whose name deserves all the respect from every of learning." N.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.*

THE EVERLAMENTED LOSS OF THE TWO YEW-TREES IN THE PARISH OF CHILTHORNE, SOMERSET. 1706.

IMITATED FROM THE EIGHTH BOOK OF OVID.

IN ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.
It happen'd on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Diaguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.
Our wandering saints, in woeful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last!
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon;
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;

* This poem is very fine, and though in the same strain with Pri-ar's Ladle, is yet superior. GOLDSMITH.

While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fri'd;
Then step'd aside to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found,
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry, "What ar't!"
Then softly turn'd aside, to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errand:
"Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but saints," the hermits said;
"No hurt shall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd;
While you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes."
They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft,
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.
The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.
The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,

But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a superior force
Apply'd at bottom stops its course:
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower.
The flier, though it had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick you scare could see't,
But, slacken'd by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near allied,
Had never left each other's side:
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cookmaid not to burn
That roast meat, which it cannot turn.
The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And with small change, a pulpit grew.
The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd

The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Mall,*
Fair Rosamond, and Robinhood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter;
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.†
A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.
The cottage, by such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desir'd their host
To ask for what he fancy'd most.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely style;
Then said, "My house is grown so fine,
Methinks, I still would call it mine.
I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
Make me the parson if you please."
He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-sleeve;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew
And both assum'd a sable hue;

* Mall Frith, the Roaring Girl. See Granger. N.
† The tribes of Israel are sometimes distinguished in counti churches by the ensigns given to them by Jacob. H.

But, being old, continued just
As threadbare, and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tithes and dues:
He smok'd his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;
Against dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for "right divine;"
Found his head fill'd with many a system:
But classic authors,—he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Instead of homespun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edg'd with colberteen;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black sattin flounc'd with lace.
"Plain Goody" would no longer down,
'Twas "Madam," in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life,
Were several years this man and wife:
When on a day which prov'd their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amid their talk,
To the churchyard to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cry'd out,
"My dear, I see your forehead sprout!"—

"Sprout!" quoth the man; "what's this you tell
I hope you don't believe me jealous!
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too—
Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root."
Description would but tire my muse,
In short, they both were turn'd to yews.
Old goodman Dobson of the green
Remembers he the trees has seen;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight;
On Sundays, after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew;
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew:
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubbed, died atop, was stunted;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

A GRUB STREET ELEGY.

ON THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF PARTRIDGE, THE ALMANAC MAKER. 1708.

WELL; 'tis as Bickerstaff has guess'd,
Though we all took it for a jest:
Partridge is dead; nay more he died
Ere he could prove the good 'squire lied.

Strange, an astrologer should die
Without one wonder in the sky:
Not one of all his crony stars
To pay their duty at his hearse!
No meteor, no eclipse appear'd!
No comet with a flaming beard!
The sun has rose, and gone to bed,
Just as if Partridge were not dead;
Nor hid himself behind the moon
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at fit periods walks through Aries,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies;
And twice a year he'll cut th' equator,
As if there had been no such matter.

Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt cobbling* and astrology;
How Partridge made his optics rise
From a shoe-sole to reach the skies.

A list the cobbler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes;
From whence 'tis plain, the diadem
That princes wear derives from them:
And therefore crowns are now-a-days
Adorn'd with golden stars and rays;
Which plainly shows the near alliance
'Twixt cobbling and the planets' science.

Besides, that slow pac'd sign Boötes,
As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis:
But Partridge ended all disputes;
He knew his trade, and call'd it *boots*.†

The horned moon, which heretofore
Upon their shoes the Romans wore,

* Partridge was a cobbler. SWIFT.
† See his Almanac. SWIFT.

Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our shoeing-horns,
Shows how the art of cobbling bears
A near resemblance to the spheres.
A scrap of parchment hung by geometry,
(A great refiner in barometry)
Can, like the stars, foretell the weather;
And what is parchment else but leather?
Which an astrologer might use
Either for almanacs or shoes.
  Thus Partridge, by his wit and parts,
At once did practise both these arts:
And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, because her wings are leather)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from leathern cell,
And in his fancy fly as far,
To peep upon a twinkling star.
  Besides, he could confound the spheres,
And set the planets by the ears;
To show his skill, he Mars could join
To Venus in aspect malign;
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.
  Great scholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip king of Greece was dead,
His soul and spirit did divide,
And each part took a different side:
One rose a star; the other fell
Beneath, and mended shoes in Hell.
  Thus Partridge still shines in each art,
The cobbling and star-gazing part,

And is install'd as good a star
As any of the Cæsars are.
  Triumphant star! some pity show
On cobblers militant below,
Whom roguish boys, in stormy nights,
Torment by pissing out their lights,
Or through a chink convey their smoke,
Inclos'd artificers to choke.
  Thou, high exalted in thy sphere,
Mayst follow still thy calling there.
To thee the Bull will lend his hide,
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dry'd:
For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
And scrape her pitchy sides for wax;
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make thee ends;
The points of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an awl by heavenly art;
And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a paring knife.
For want of room by Virgo's side,
She'll strain a point, and sit* astride,
To take thee kindly in between;
And then the Signs will be Thirteen.

THE EPITAPH.

  Here, five feet deep, lies on his back
A cobbler, starmonger, and quack;
Who, to the stars in pure good will,
Does to his best look upward still.
Weep, all you customers that use
His pills, his almanacs, or shoes:

* Tibi brachia contrahit ingens Scorpius," &c.

And you that did your fortune seek,
Step to his grave but once a week;
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find has so much virtue in't,
That I durst pawn my ears, 'twill tell,
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In physic, stolen goods, or love,
As he himself could, when above.

MERLIN'S PROPHECY. 1709.

SEVEN and ten, addyd to nine,
Of Fraunce her woe this is the sygne;
Tamys rivere twys y-frozen,
Walke sans wetyng shoes ne hozen.
Then comyth foorthe, ich understonde,
From towne of stoffe to fattyn londe,
An hardie chyftan,* woe the morne,
To Fraunce that evere he was born.
Then shall the fyshe† beweyle his bosse:
Nor shall grin berrys‡ make up the losse.
Yonge Symnele‖ shall again miscarrye:
And Norway's pry'd§ again shall marrye.
And from the tree where blosums feele,
Ripe fruit shall come, and all is wele.
Reaums shall daunce honde in honde,**
And it shall be merrye in olde Inglonde,
Then old Inglonde shall be no more,
And no man shall be sorie therefore.

* Duke of Marlborough. H.
‡ Duke of Berry. H.
§ Queen Anne. H.
† The Dauphin.
‖ The young Preten
** By the Union. I

Geryon* shall have three hedes agayne,
Till Hapsburge† makyth them but twayne.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING.

WITTEN IN APRIL, 1709;

AND FIRST PRINTED IN THE TATTLER.

NOW hardly here and there a hackney coach
Appearing, show'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own;
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dext'rous airs,
Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The smallcoal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimneysweep:
Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet;
And brickdust Moll had scream'd through half the street.
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out anights to steal for fees:
The watchful bailiffs‡ take their silent stands,
And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

* A king of Spain slain by Hercules. H.

† The Archduke Charles was of the Hapsburg family. H.

‡ *Walter Wagstaff*, Esq. (as he styles himself) translator of the "Annotations of the Tattler," has an annotation on this passage which ascertains a story related of Steele, by Dr. Johnson, on the authority of Savage.

A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

Written in October, 1710; and first printed in the Tattler.

CAREFUL observers may foretell the hour.
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine;
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage;
Sauntering in coffeehouse is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
  Meanwhile the South, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,

"This image of the morning at the other end of the town is so very familiar and entertaining, that to make it yet more familiar, and to give it the economical and domestic air, a gentleman of those parts has always by him a set of liveries of the largest size, in order to equip the most officious of this rank of men, upon the very first tender of their service; this method establishes him in the character of being the best master in the world, because he gives *fees*, as well as *wages:* and his people at the same time are no less famed for diligence and fidelity, for he is always sure of a very *strict* and *close* attendance." "Annotations, &c." Part I. p. 32. The following passage in the Examiner is a farther confirmation of the same story: "I have heard of a certain illustrious person, who, having a *guard du corps*, that forced their attendance upon him, put them into a livery, and maintained them as his servants: thus answering that famous question,

"*Quis custodiet ipsos custodies?*" Examiner, No. 11. N.

That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope:
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
And, wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
*Sole coat! where dust, cemented by the rain,
Erects* the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this *devoted* town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up seamstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant tories, and desponding whigs,
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair, the Beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
nd ever and anon with frightful din
he leather sounds; he trembles from within.

* Originally thus:
"His only coat, where dust, confus'd with rain,
Roughens the nap, and leaves a mingled stain." N.

So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through)
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.
Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odour, seem to tell
What street they sail'd from, by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield to St. 'Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops come tumbling down the flood.

ON THE LITTLE HOUSE

BY THE CHURCHYARD OF CASTLENOCK. 1710.

WHOEVER pleases to inquire
Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
The gray old fellow, poet Joe,*
The philosophic cause will show.
Once on a time a western blast
At least twelve inches overcast,
Reckoning roof, weathercock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall;

* Mr. Beaumont of Trim. F.

And tumbling topsyturvy round
Lit with its bottom on the ground.
For, by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper station.
  This is the little strutting pile,
You see just by the churchyard stile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock,
And thus the steeple got a shock;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls
The steeple, Knock; the vicar, Walls.*
  The vicar once a week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin;
Here cons his notes, and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.
  A traveller, who by did pass,
Observ'd the roof behind the grass:
On tiptoe stood, and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out;
Was much surpris'd to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.
  A schoolboy ran unto 't and thought,
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who lost his way by night,
Was forc'd for safety to alight,
And stepping o'er the fabric roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.
  Warburton† took it in his noddle,
This building was design'd a model;
Or of a pigeon-house or oven,
To bake one loaf, and keep one dove in.
  Then Mrs. Johnson‡ gave her verdict,
And every one was pleas'd that heard it:

* Archdeacon Wall, a correspondent of Swift's. F.
† Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor. F.
‡ Stella. F.

All that you make this stir about
Is but a still which wants a spout.
The reverend Dr. Raymond* guess'd
More probably than all the rest;
He said, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.
  The doctor's family came by,
And little miss began to cry;
Give me that house in my own hand!
Then madam bade the chariot stand,
Call'd to the clerk, in manner mild,
Pray, reach that thing here to the child:
That thing, I mean, among the kale;
And here's to buy a pot of ale.
  The clerk said to her, in a heat,
What! sell my master's country seat,
Where he comes every week from town!
He would not sell it for a crown.
Poh! fellow, keep not such a pother;
In half an hour thou'l't make another.
  Says Nancy,† I can make for miss
A finer house ten times than this;
The dean will give me willow sticks,
And Joe my apron full of bricks.

* Minister of Trim. F.
† The waiting woman. F.

THE VIRTUES OF SID HAMET* THI GICIAN'S ROD.† 1710.

The rod was but a harmless wand,
While Moses held it in his hand;
But, soon as e'er he laid it down,
'Twas a devouring serpent grown.
Our great magician, Hamet Sid,
Reverses what the prophet did:
His rod was honest English wood,
That senseless in a corner stood,
Till, metamorphos'd by his grasp,
It grew an all-devouring asp;
Would hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist,
By the mere virtue of his fist;
But, when he laid it down, as quick
Resum'd the figure of a stick.
So, to her midnight feasts, the hag
Rides on a broomstick for a nag.
That, rais'd by magic of her breech,
O'er sea and land conveys the witch;
But with the morning dawn resumes
The peaceful state of common brooms.
They tell us something strange and odd,
About a certain magic rod,‡
That bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the soil has golden mines;

The Earl of Godolphin.

This poem was inserted in Morphew's Miscellanies, with this ir ıction undoubtedly dictated by Dr. Swift: "The following bein ɜd by some to be after the author's manner, I have ventured t it." N.

'he *virgula divina*, said to be attracted by minerals. Swift.

Where there are none, it stands erect,
Scorning to show the least respect;
As ready was the wand of Sid,
To bend where golden mines were hid;
In Scottish hills found precious ore,*
Where none e'er look'd for it before;
And by a gentle bow divin'd
How well a cully's purse was lin'd
To a forlorn and broken rake,
Stood without motion like a stake.
The rod of Hermes was renown'd
For charms above, and under ground;
To sleep could mortal eyelids fix,
And drive departed souls to Styx.
That rod was a just type of Sid's,
Which o'er a British senate's lids
Could scatter opium full as well,
And drive as many souls to Hell.
Sid's rod was slender, white, and tall,
Which oft he us'd to fish withal;
A place was fasten'd to the hook,
And many score of gudgeons took;
Yet still so happy was his fate,
He caught his fish, and sav'd his bait.
Sid's brethren of the conjuring tribe,
A circle with their rod describe,
Which proves a magical redoubt,
To keep mischievous spirits out.
Sid's rod was of a larger stride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where spirits throng'd with hideous din,
And he stood there to take them in;

* Supposed to allude to the Union. SWIFT.

But, when th' enchanted rod was broke,
They vanished in a stinking smoke.
  Achilles' sceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near so good;
Though down from ancestors divine
Transmitted to the hero's line;
Thence, through a long descent of kings,
Came an HEIRLOOM, as Homer sings.
Though this description looks so big,
That sceptre was a sapless twig,
Which, from the fatal day, when first
It left the forest where 'twas nurs'd,
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom bore.
Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
In golden boughs, and golden fruit;
And he, the dragon never sleeping,
Guarded each fair Hesperian pippin.
No hobby horse, with gorgeous top,
The dearest in Charles Mather's* shop,
Or glittering tinsel of May-fair,
Could with this rod of Sid compare.
  Dear Sid, then, why wert thou so mad
To break thy rod like naughty lad!
You should have kiss'd it in your distress,
And then return'd it to your mistress;
Or made it a Newmarket† switch,
And not a rod for thy own breech.
But since old Sid has broken this,
His next may be a rod in piss.

* An eminent toyman in Fleet-street. SWIFT.

† Lord Godolphin is satirized by Mr. Pope for a strong attachment to the turf. See his Moral Essays. H.

ATLAS; OR, THE MINISTER OF ST

TO THE LORD TREASURER OXFORD. 171(

ATLAS, we read in ancient song,
Was so exceeding tall and strong,
He bore the skies upon his back,
Just as the pedlar does his pack:
But, as a pedlar overpress'd,
Unloads upon a stall to rest,
Or, when he can no longer stand,
Desires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas, lest the ponderous spheres
Should sink, and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might sit and rest a while.
Yet Hercules was not so strong,
Nor could have borne it half so long.
Great statesmen are in this condition;
And Atlas is a politician,
A premier minister of state;
Alcides one of second rate,
Suppose then Atlas ne'er so wise;
Yet, when the weight of kingdoms lies
Too long upon his single shoulders,
Sink down he must, or find upholders.

A TOWN ECLOGUE. 1710.

(FIRST PRINTED IN THE TATTLER.)

Scene, the Royal Exchange.

CORYDON.

NOW the keen rigour of the winter's o'er,
No hail descends, and frosts can pinch no more,
While other girls confess the genial spring,
And laugh aloud, or amorous ditties sing,
Secure from cold their lovely necks display,
And throw each useless chafing-dish away;
Why sits my Phillis discontented here,
Nor feels the turn of the revolving year?
Why on that brow dwell sorrow and dismay,
Where Loves were wont to sport, and Smiles to play?
PHILLIS. Ah, Corydon! survey the 'Change around;
Through all the 'Change no wretch like me is found.
Alas! the day, when I, poor heedless maid,
Was to your rooms in Lincoln's Inn betray'd;
Then how you swore, how many vows you made!
Ye listening Zephyrs, that o'erheard his love,
Waft the soft accents to the gods above.
Alas! the day; for (O, eternal shame!)
I sold you handkerchiefs, and lost my fame.
COR. When I forget the favour you bestow'd,
Red herrings shall be spawn'd in Tyburn Road;
Fleet street transform'd become a flowery green,
And mass be sung where operas are seen.
The wealthy cit, and the St. James's beau,
Shall change their quarters, and their joys forego;
Stockjobbing, this, to Jonathan's shall come,
At the Groom Porter's, that, play off his plum.

PHIL. But what to me does all that love avail,
If, while I doze at home o'er porter's ale,
Each night with wine and wenches you regale;
My livelong hours in anxious cares are past,
And raging hunger lays my beauty waste.
On templars spruce in vain I glances throw,
And with shrill voice invite them as they go.
Expos'd in vain my glossy ribands shine,
And unregarded wave upon the twine.
The week flies round; and when my profit's known,
I hardly clear enough to change a crown.

COR. Hard fate of virtue, thus to be distress'd,
Thou fairest of thy trade, and far the best!
As fruitmen's stalls the summer-market grace,
And ruddy peaches them; as first in place
Plumcake is seen o'er smaller pastry ware,
And ice on that; so Phillis does appear
In playhouse and in park, above the rest
Of belles mechanic, elegantly drest.

PHIL. And yet Crepundia, that conceited fair,
Amid her toys, affects a saucy air,
And views me hourly with a scornful eye.

COR. She might as well with bright Cleora vie.

PHIL. With this large petticoat I strive in vain
To hide my folly past, and coming pain;
'Tis now no secret; she, and fifty more,
Observe the symptoms I had once before:
A second babe at Wapping must be plac'd,
When I scarce bear the charges of the last.

COR. What I could raise I sent; a pound of plum
Five shillings, and a coral for his gums;
To-morrow I intend him something more.

PHIL. I sent a frock and pair of shoes before.

COR. However, you shall home with me to night,
Forget your cares, and revel in delight.

I have in store a pint or two of wine,
Some cracknels, and the remnant of a chine.
And now on either side, and all around,
The weighty shopboards fall, and bars resound;
Each ready seamstress slips her pattins on,
And ties her hood, preparing to be gone,

L. B. W. H. J. S. S. T.

EPITAPH,

INSCRIBED ON A MARBLE TABLET, IN BERKELEY CHURCH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

H. S. E.
CAROLUS Comes de BERKELEY, Vicecomes DURSLEY,
Baro BERKELEY, de Berkeley Cast., MOWBRAY, SEGRAVE,
Et BRUCE, è nobilissimo Ordine Balnei Eques,
Vir ad genus quod spectat et proavos usquequaque nobilis;
Et longo si quis alius procerum stemmate editus;
Muniis etiam tam illustri stirpi dignis insignitus.
Siquidem a GULIELMO III° ad ordines fœderati Belgii
Ablegatus et Plenipotentiarus Extraordinarius
Rebus, non Britanniæ tantùm, sed totius fere Europæ
(Tunc temporis præsertim arduis) per annos V. incubuit,
Quam felici diligentiâ, fide quam intemeratâ,
Ex illo discas, Lector, quod, superstite patre,
In magnatum ordinem adscisci meruerit.
Fuit à sanctioribus consiliis et Regi GULIEL. et ANNÆ Reginæ,
E proregibus Hiberniæ secundus,
Comitatum civitatumque Glocest. et Brist. Dominus Locumtenens,
Surriæ et Glocest. Custos Rot., Urbis Glocest. magnus
Senescallus, Arcis sancti de Briavell Castellanus,
Guardianus Forestæ de Dean.
Denique ad Turcarum primum, deinde ad Roman. Imperatorem,
Cum Legatus Extraordinarius designatus esset,
Quo minus has etiam ornaret provincias
Obstitit adversa corporis valetudo.
Sed restat adhuc, præ quo sordescunt cætera,
Honos verus, stabilis, et vel morti cedere nescius,
Quòd veritatem evangelicam seriò amplexus;

Erga Deum pius, erga pauperes munificus,
Adversùs omnes æquus et benevolus,
In Christo jam placidè obdormit
Cum eodem olim regnaturus unà
Natus VIII° April. MDCXLIX. denatus
XXIV° Septem. MDCCX. ætat. suæ LXII.

LINES WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON MR. HARLEY'S BEIN STABBED, AND ADDRESSED TO HIS PHYSICIA 1710-11.

ON Britain Europe's safety lies;
Britain is left if Harley dies:
Harley depends upon your skill:
Think what you save, or what you kill.*

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

BEING THE INTENDED SPEECH OF

A FAMOUS ORATOR AGAINST PEACE.† 1711.

AN Orator *dismal* of *Nottinghamshire*,
Who has forty years let out his conscience to hire,

* "I told lord treasurer of four lines I writ extempore, with pencil, on a bit of paper in his house, while he lay wounded. So of the servants, I suppose, made waste paper of them; and he ne heard of them." Journal to Stella, Feb. 19, 1711-12.

† "Lord Nottingham, a famous story and speechmaker, is gone o to the whig side. They toast him daily, and lord Wharton says is *Dismal* (so they call him from his looks) will save England at la Lord treasurer was hinting as if he wished a ballad was made on h and I will get up one against to-morrow." Journal to Stella, D 5, 1711.—"I was this morning making the ballad, two degrees ab *Grub-street*. Then dined with our society. The printer came fore we parted, and brought the ballad, which made them langh v heartily a dozen times." Ibid. Dec. 6. N.

Out of zeal for his country, and want of a place,
Is come up, *vi et armis*, to break the queen's peace.
He has vamp'd an old speech, and the court, to their sorrow,
Shall hear him harangue against Prior to-morrow.
When once he begins, he never will flinch,
But repeats the same note a whole day, like a Finch.
I have heard all the speech repeated by Hoppy,
And, "Mistakes to prevent, I've obtained a copy."

THE SPEECH.

WHEREAS, notwithstanding, I am in great pain,
To hear we are making a peace without Spain;
But, most noble senators, 'tis a great shame,
There should be a peace, while I'm *Not-in-game.*
The duke show'd me all his fine house; and the duchess
From her closet brought out a full purse in her clutches:
I talk'd of a peace, and they both gave a start,
His grace swore by G—d, and her grace let a f—t:
My long old-fashion'd pocket was presently cramm'd;
And sooner than vote for a peace I'll be damn'd.
But some will cry Turncoat, and rip up old stories,
How I always pretended to be for the tories:
I answer; the tories were in my good graces,
Till all my relations were put into places.
But still I'm in principle ever the same,
And will quit my best friends, while I'm *Not-in-game.*
When I and some others subscribed our names
To a plot for expelling my master king James;
I withdrew my subscription by help of a blot,
And so might discover or gain by the plot:

I had my advantage and stood at defiance,
For Daniel was got from the den of the lions.
I came in without danger, and was I to blame?
For, rather than hang, I would be *Not-in-game.*

I swore to the queen, that the prince of Hanover
During her sacred life would never come over:
I made use of a trope; that "an heir to invite,
Was like keeping her monument always in sight."
But, when I thought proper, I alter'd my note;
And in her own hearing I boldly did vote,
That her majesty stood in great need of a tutor,
And must have an old or a young coadjutor:
For why; I would fain have put all in a flame,
Because, for some reasons, I was *Not-in-game.*

Now my new benefactors have brought me about,
And I'll vote against peace, with Spain or without:
Though the court gives my nephews, and brothers, and cousins,
And all my whole family places by dozens;
Yet, since I know where a full purse may be found,
And hardly pay eighteen pence tax in the pound:
Since the tories have thus disappointed my hopes,
And will neither regard my figures nor tropes;
I'll speech against peace while *Dismal's* my name,
And be a true whig, while I'm *Not-in-game.**

* "There was printed a Grubstreet speech of Lord Nottingham; and he was such an owl to complain of it in the house of lords, who have taken up the printer for it. I heard at court, that Walpole (a great whig member) said, that I and my whimsical club writ it at one of our meetings, and that I should pay for it. He will find he lies; and I shall let him know by a third hand my thoughts of him." Journal to Stella, Dec. 18, 1711. *N.*

THE WINDSOR PROPHECY.*

"About three months ago, at Windsor, a poor knight's widow was buried in the cloisters. In digging the grave, the sexton struck against a small leaden coffer, about half a foot in length, and four inches wide. The poor man, expecting he had discovered a treasure, opened it with some difficulty; but found only a small parchment, rolled up very fast, put into a leather case; which case was tied at the top, and sealed with a St. George, the impression on black wax, very rude and gothic. The parchment was carried to a gentleman of learning, who found in it the following lines, written in a black old English letter, and in the orthography of the age, which seems to be about two hundred years ago. I made a shift to obtain a copy of it; but the transcriber, I find, hath in many parts altered the spelling to the modern way. The original, as I am informed, is now in the hands of the ingenious Dr. W——, F. R. S. where, I suppose, the curious will not be refused the satisfaction of seeing it.

* "I have written a Prophecy, which I design to print. I did it to-day, and some other verses." Journal to Stella, Dec. 23, 1711. "My Prophecy is printed, and will be published after Christmas-day. I like it mightily; I don't know how it will pass." Ibid. Dec. 24.—"I called at noon at Mrs. Masham's, who desired me not to let the Prophecy be published, for fear of angering the queen about the Duchess of Somerset: so I writ to the printer to stop them." Ibid. Dec. 26.—"I entertained our society at the Thatched House tavern. The printer had not received my letter, and so brought us a dozen copies of the Prophecy; but I ordered him to part with no more. It is an admirable good one, and people are mad for it." Ibid. Dec. 27. N.

"The lines seem to be a sort of prophecy, and written in verse, as old prophecies usually are, but in a very hobbling kind of measure. Their meaning is very dark, if it be any at all; of which the learned reader can judge better than I: however it be, several persons were of opinion, that they deserved to be published, both as they discover somewhat of the genius of a former age, and may be an amusement to the present."

WHEN *a holy black Swede*, the *son of Bob*,*
With a *saint*† at his chin, and a *seal*† at his fob,
Shall not see *one*‡ *New-year's-day* in that year,
Then let old Englond make good cheer:
Windsor§ and *Bristow*§ then shall be
Joined together in the *Low-countree*.§
Then shall the *tall black Daventry Bir*
Speak against peace right many a word;
And some shall admire his conying wit,
For many good groats his tongue shall slit.
But, spight of *the Harpy*¶ that crawls on all four,
There shall be peace, pardie, and war no more.
But Englond must cry alack and well-a-day,
If the stick be taken from the dead sea.
And, dear Englond, if ought I understond,
Beware of *Carrots*** from *Northumberlond*.

* Dr. John Robinson, Bishop of Bristol, one of the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht. N.

† He was Dean of Windsor, and lord privy seal. N.

‡ The New Style (which was not used in Great Britain and Ireland till 1752) was then observed in most parts of Europe. The bishop set out from England the latter end of December, O. S.; and, on his arrival at Utrecht, by the variation of the Style, he found January somewhat advanced. N.

§ Alluding to the deanery and bishoprick being possessed by the same person, then at Utrecht. N.

‖ Earl of Nottingham. N. ¶ Duke of Marlborough. N.

** The Duchess of Somerset. N.

Carrots sown *Thynne** a deep root may get,
If so be they are in *Somer set:*
Their† *Conyngs mark* thou: for I have been told,
They *assassine* when young, and *poison* when old.
Root out these Carrots, O *thou*,‡ whose name
Is *backwards* and *forwards* always the same;
And keep close to thee always that name,
Which *backwards* and *forwards*§ is almost the same.
And, England, wouldst thou be happy still,
Bury those *Carrots* under a *Hill*.‖

EPIGRAM. 1712.

AS Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street, and fled for his life:
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice—
But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning:
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

* Thomas Thynne, of Longleate, Esq. a gentleman of very great estate, married the above lady after the death of her first husband, Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, only son to Henry, Duke of Newcastle, to whom she had been betrothed in her infancy. N.

† Count Koningsmark. N.

‡ ANNA. N. § MASHAM. N.

‖ Lady Masham's maiden name was Hill. N.

CORINNA,* A BALLAD. 1711-12.

THIS day (the year I dare not tell)
  Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the world Corinna fell,
  And he endow'd her with his art.

But Cupid with a Satyr comes;
  Both softly to the cradle creep;
Both stroke her hands, and rub her gums,
  While the poor child lay fast asleep.

Then Cupid thus: "This little maid
  Of love shall always speak and write."
"And I pronounce," the Satyr said,
  "The world shall feel her scratch and bite."

Her talent she display'd betimes;
  For in twice twelve revolving moons,
She seem'd to laugh and squall in rhymes,
  And all her gestures were lampoons.

At six years old the subtle jade
  Stole to the pantry door, and found
The butler with my lady's maid:
  And you may swear the tale went round.

She made a song, how little miss
  Was kiss'd and slobber'd by a lad:

* In this Ballad, Mrs. Manley is characterized.—"I was in the city to-day, and dined with my printer, and gave him a ballad made by several hands, I know not whom. I believe lord treasurer had a finger in it. I added *three stanzas*. I suppose Dr. Arbuthnot had the greatest share." Journal to Stella, Jan. 3, 1711-12. N.

And how when master went to p—,
  Miss came, and peep'd at all he had.

At twelve a wit and a coquette;
  Marries for love, half whore, half wife;
Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt;
  Turns authoress, and is Curll's for life.

Her common-place book all gallant is,
  Of scandal now a cornucopia;
She pours it out in Atalantis,
  Or memoirs of the New Utopia.

THE FABLE OF MIDAS.* 1711-12.

MIDAS, we are in story told,
Turn'd every thing he touch'd to gold:
He chipp'd his bread; the pieces round
Glitter'd like spangles on the ground:
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would straight become a golden pippin:
He call'd for drink; you saw him sup:
Potable gold in golden cup:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his victuals through a quill:
Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
Or't had been happy for gold-finders:

* "To-day I published 'The Fable of Midas,' a poem printed on a loose half sheet of paper. I know not how it will take; but it passed wonderfully at our society to-night; and Mr. Secretary read it before me the other night, to lord treasurer, at Lord Masham's, where they equally approved of it. Tell me how it passes with you." Journal to Stella, Feb. 14, 1711-12. N.

He cock'd his hat, you would have said
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head;
Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, instead
Of paltry provender and bread;
Hence by wise farmers we are told,
Old hay is equal to old gold:
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our gold by grains.
This fool had got a lucky hit;
And people fanci'd he had wit.
Two gods their skill in music tri'd,
And both chose Midas to decide:
He against Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit, to show his grudge,
Clapt asses' ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide.
And now the virtue of his hands
Was lost among Pactolus' sands,
Against whose torrent while he swims,
The golden scurf peels off his limbs:
Fame spreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather golden gravel;
Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
Had lost his art, and kept his ears.
This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain leader;
To whom, from Midas down, descends
That virtue in the fingers' ends.
What else by perquisites are meant,
By pensions, bribes, and three per cent?

By places and commissions sold,
And turning dung itself to gold?
By starving in the midst of store,
As t'other Midas did before?
None e'er did modern Midas choose,
Subject or patron of his Muse,
But found him thus their merit scan,
That Phœbus must give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praise,
Nor will exchange his plums for bays.
To Pan alone rich misers call;
And there's the jest, for Pan is ALL.
Here English wits will be to seek,
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.
Besides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too has asses' ears;
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whispers in a thousand lies;
Such gross delusions could not pass
Through any ears but of an ass.
But gold defiles with frequent touch,
There's nothing fouls the hand so much:
And scholars give it for the cause
Of British Midas' dirty paws;
Which, while the senate strove to scour,
They wash'd away the chemic power.
While he his utmost strength appli'd,
To swim against this popular tide,
The golden spoils flew off apace,
Here fell a pension, there a place:
The torrent merciless imbibes
Commissions, perquisites, and bribes;
By their own weight sunk to the bottom;
Much good may do them that have caught 'em!
And Midas now neglected stands,
With asses' ears, and dirty hands.

TOLAND'S INVITATION TO DISMAL,*

TO DINE WITH THE CALF'S HEAD CLUB.†

Imitated from HORACE, Lib. I. Epist. 5.

IF, dearest *Dismal*, you for once can dine
Upon a single dish, and tavern wine,
Toland to you this invitation sends,
To eat the calf's head with your trusty friends.
Suspend a while your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.
To-morrow we our mystic feast prepare,
Where thou, our latest proselyte, shalt share:
When we, by proper signs and symbols, tell,
How, by brave hands, the royal traitor fell;

Si potes Archaicis conviva recumbere lectis,
Nec modicâ cœnare times olus omne patellâ,
Supremo te sole domi, Torquate, manebo.
* * * * * * *
Mitte leves spes, et certamina divitiarum,
Et Moschi causam. Cras nato Cæsare festus
Dat veniam somnumque dies: impune licebit
Æstivam sermone benigno tendere noctem.
* * * * * * * *
Quid non ebrietas designat? operta recludit;

* "Have you seen Toland's Invitation to Dismal? How do you like it? But it is an imitation of Horace; and perhaps you do not understand Horace." Journal to Stella, July 1, 1712.—"Have you seen Toland's Invitation to Dismal," or, "A Hue and Cry after Dismal" or, "A Ballad on Dunkirk," or, "An Agreement that Dunkirk is not in our Hands?" Ibid. July 17, 1712. N.

† This poem, and that which follows it, are two of the penny papers mentioned in Swift's Journal to Stella, Aug. 7, 1712. They are printed from folio copies in the Lambeth Library. N.

The meat shall represent the tyrant's head,
The wine his blood our predecessors shed;
While an alluding hymn some artist sings,
We toast, "Confusion to the race of kings!"
At monarchy we nobly show our spite,
And talk, what fools call treason, all the night.
Who, by disgraces or ill fortune sunk,
Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk?
Wine can clear up Godolphin's cloudy face,
And fill Jack Smith with hopes to keep his place:
By force of wine, e'en Scarborough is brave,
Hal grows more pert, and Somers not so grave:
Wine can give Portland wit, and Cleaveland sense,
Montague learning, Bolton eloquence:
Cholmondeley, when drunk, can never lose his wand;
And Lincoln then imagines he has land.
My province is, to see that all be right,
Glasses and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From our mysterious club to keep out spies,
And tories (dress'd like waiters) in disguise.
You shall be coupled as you best approve,
Seated at table next the men you love.
Sunderland, Orford, Boyle, and Richmond's grace,
Will come; and Hampden shall have Walpole's place
Wharton, unless prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail; and there is room for more.
But I love elbowroom whene'er I drink;
And honest Harry* is too apt to stink.

Spes jubet esse ratas; in prælia trudit inermem;
Solicitis animis onos eximit; addocet artes.
Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?
Contractâ quem non in paupertate solutum?
Hæc ego procurare et idoneus imperor, et non
Invitus; ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa

* Right Hon. Henry Boyle, mentioned twice before. N.

Let no pretence of business make you stay;
Yet take one word of counsel by the way.
If Guernsey calls, send word you're gone abroad;
He'll teaze you with King Charles, and Bishop Laud,
Or make you fast, and carry you to prayers:
But, if he will break in, and walk up stairs,
Steal by the backdoor out, and leave him there;
Then order Squash to call a hackney chair.

PEACE AND DUNKIRK.

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG UPON THE SURRENDER OF DUNKIRK TO GENERAL HILL. 1712.

To the Tune of, "The King shall enjoy his own again."

SPITE of Dutch friends and English foes,
Poor Britain shall have peace at last:
Holland got towns, and we got blows;
But Dunkirk's ours, we'll hold it fast.
We have got it in a string,
And the whigs may all go swing,
For among good friends I love to be plain;
All their false deluded hopes
Will, or ought to end in ropes;
"But the Queen shall enjoy her own again."

Corrugat nares; ne non et cantharus, et lanx,
Ostendat tibi te; ne fidos inter amicos
Sit, qui dicta foras eliminet: ut coëat par,
Jungaturque pari. Brutum tibi, Septimiumque,
Et, nisi cœna prior potiorque puella Sabinum
Detinet, assumam; locus est et pluribus umbris:
Sed nimis arcta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.
Tu, quotus esse velis, rescribe; et rebus omissis,
Aviæ servantem postico falle clientem:

II.

Sunderland's run out of his wits,
  And Dismal double Dismal looks;
Wharton can only swear by fits,
  And strutting Hal is off the hooks;
    Old Godolphin full of spleen,
    Made false moves, and lost his queen;
Harry look'd fierce, and shook his ragged mane:
    But a prince of high renown
    Swore he'd rather lose a crown,
"Than the Queen should enjoy her own again."

III.

Our merchant ships may cut the Line,
  And not be snapt by privateers,
And commoners who love good wine
  Will drink it now as well as peers:
    Landed men shall have their rent,
    Yet our stocks rise *cent. per cent.*
The Dutch from hence shall no more millions drain:
    We'll bring on us no more debts,
    Nor with bankrupts fill gazettes;
"And the Queen shall enjoy her own again."

IV.

The towns we took ne'er did us good:
  What signified the French to beat?
We spent our money and our blood,
  To make the Dutchmen proud and great;
    But the Lord of Oxford swears,
    Dunkirk never shall be theirs.

The Dutch-hearted whigs may rail and complain:
But true Englishmen may fill
A good health to general Hill;
"For the Queen now enjoys her own again."

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. VII.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF OXFORD. 1713.

HARLEY, the nation's great support,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares possess'd,
All Europe's business in his breast)
Observ'd a parson near Whitehall
Cheapening old authors on a stall.
The priest was pretty well in case,
And show'd some humour in his face;
Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.
My lord (who, if a man may say't,
Loves mischief better than his meat)
Was now dispos'd to crack a jest,
And bid friend Lewis* go in quest
(This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
And very much in Harley's favour)
In quest who might this parson be,
What was his name, of what degree;
If possible, to learn his story,
And whether he were whig or tory.

* Erasmus Lewis, esq. the treasurer's secretary. N.

Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter sift;
Found out that it was doctor Swift;
A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice,
Went where he pleased, said what he thought
Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat:
In state opinions *à la mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad,
Had given the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the junto round:
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in every street,
But seldom rose above a sheet:
Of late indeed the paper stamp
Did very much his genius cramp;
And since he could not spend his fire,
He now intended to retire.
Said Harley, "I desire to know
From his own mouth if this be so;
Step to the doctor straight, and say,
I'd have him dine with me to day."
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my lord had sent;
So never offer'd once to stir;
But coldly said, "Your servant, sir!"
"Does he refuse me?" Harley cried;
"He does, with insolence and pride."

Some few days after, Harley spies
The doctor fasten'd by the eyes
At Charing cross among the rout,
Where painted monsters are hung out:
He pull'd the string, and stopp'd his coach,
Beckoning the doctor to approach.
Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the chariot side,
And offer'd many a lame excuse:
He never meant the least abuse—
"My lord—the honour you design'd—
Extremely proud—but I had din'd—
I'm sure I never should neglect—
No man alive has more respect—"
"Well, I shall think of that no more,
If you'll be sure to come at four."
The doctor now obeys the summons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Displays his talents, sits till ten;
Next day invited comes again;
Soon grows domestic, seldom fails
Either at morning or at meals:
Came early, and departed late;
In short, the gudgeon took the bait.
My lord would carry on the jest,
And down to Windsor takes his guest;
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a canon there;
In summer round the park to ride,
In winter—never to reside.
A canon! that's a place too mean:
No, doctor, you shall be a dean;
Two dozen canons round your stall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:

You need but cross the Irish seas,
To live in plenty, power, and ease.
Poor Swift departs; and what is worse,
With borrow'd money in his purse,
Travels at least a hundred leagues,
And suffers numberless fatigues.
  Suppose him now a dean complete,
Demurely lolling in his seat;
The silver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cushion side;
Suppose him gone through all vexations,
Patents, instalments, abjurations,
First fruits and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats—
The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving.
Now all the doctor's money spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent
The farmers, spitefully combin'd,
Force him to take his tithes in kind:
And Parvisol* discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.
  Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate;
But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read‡ would hardly let him in.
  Said Harley, "Welcome, reverend Dean!
What makes your worship look so lean?

* The Dean's agent, a Frenchman. H.
‡ The lord treasurer's porter. H.

Why, sure you won't appear in town
In that old wig and rusty gown?
I doubt your heart is set on pelf
So much, that you neglect yourself.
What! I suppose, now stocks are high,
You've some good purchase in your eye?
Or is your money out at use?"—
"Truce, good my lord, I beg a truce,"
(The Doctor in a passion cried)
"Your raillery is misapplied;
Experience I have dearly bought;
You know I am not worth a groat:
But you resolv'd to have your jest,
And 'twas a folly to contest;
Then, since you now have done your worst,
Pray leave me where you found me first."

IMITATION

OF PART OF THE SIXTH SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE. 1714.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum silvæ super his foret. Auctius atque
Dii melius fecere.——

Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
[" *But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.
" If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any trick, or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools;
As thus, ' Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t'other acre:

Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.
Quid vis, insane, et quas res agis? improbus urget,
Iratis precibus, tu pulses omne quod obstat,
Ad Mecænatem memori si mente recurras.
Hoc juvat, et melli est, non mentiar.——
—— Aliena negotia centum
Per caput, et circa saliunt latus.
—— Si vis, potes, addit est instat.
Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Mecænas me cœpit habere suorum
In numero; duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rhedâ
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concredere nugas.
——— Subjectior in dium et horam
Invidiæ.
Frigidus à rostris manat per compita rumor;
Quicunque obvius est, me consulit.—
Jurantem me scire nihil, miratur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique silenti.
Perditur hæc inter misero lux, non sine votis.
O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, et inertibus horis,
Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?
O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata, simulque
Uncta satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo?

* The twenty lines within hooks were added by Mr. Pope. N.

Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plow to find a treasure!'
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits,
Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence:
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose;
Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen."]
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;*
Nor cross the channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of use,
Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day

* Swift was perpetually expressing his deep discontent at his Irish preferment, and forming schemes for exchanging it for a smaller in England; and courted Queen Caroline and Sir Robert Walpole to effect such a change. A negotiation had nearly taken place between the Dean and a Mr. Talbot, for the living of Burfield, in Berkshire. Mr. Talbot himself informed me of this negotiation. Burfield is in the neighbourhood of Bucklebury, Lord Bolingbroke's seat. Dr. Warton.

And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud,
To justle here among a crowd!"
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit,
"So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a duke."
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw,
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This humbly offers me his case—
That begs my interest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on,
Without your help, the cause is gone—"
The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair at two—
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
Consider, 'tis my first request"—
Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best:
Then presently he falls to teaze,
"You may for certain, if you please;

I doubt not, if his lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—"*
'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,†
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As "What's o'clock?" And, "How's the wind?"
"Whose chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;‡

* Very happily turned from "Si vis potes."—Dr. Warton.

† The rise and progress of Swift's intimacy with Lord Oxford is minutely detailed in his very interesting Journal to Stella. And the reasons why a man, that served a ministry so effectually, was so tardily, and so difficultly, and so poorly rewarded, are well explained in Sheridan's Life of Swift, and arose principally from the insuperable aversion the queen had conceived to the author of a Tale of a Tub as a profane book; which aversion was kept alive, and increased by the Duchess of Somerset, against whom Swift had written a severe lampoon. It appears from this life, that Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke always kept concealed from Swift their inability to serve him. One of the most common artifices of ministers and great men is to retain in their service those whom they cannot reward, and "spe pascere inani;"—for year after year. With whatever secrets Swift might have been trusted, it does not appear he knew any thing of a design to bring in the pretender. Swift was a true whig. His political principles are amply unfolded in an excellent letter written to Pope, Jan. 20, 1721: and indeed they had been sufficiently displayed, many years before, in The Sentiments of a Church of England Man; a treatise replete with strong sense, sound principles, and clear reasoning.
Dr. Warton.

‡ Another of their amusements in these excursions consisted in Lord Oxford and Swift's counting the poultry on the road, and which ever reckoned thirty-one first, or saw a cat, or an old woman, won the game. Bolingbroke overtaking them one day in their road to Windsor, got into Lord Oxford's coach, and began some political conversation; Lord Oxford said, "Swift, I am up; there is a cat." Boling-

Or, "Have you nothing new to day
"From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down,
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well:
"How think you of our friend the Dean?
I wonder what some people mean!
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together, *tête-à-tête;*
What! they admire him for his jokes?—
See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at court:
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in every street.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great:
Inform us, will the emperor treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret"—I protest
'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord mayor,

was disgusted with this levity, and went again into is own . This was

—— "Nugari et discincti ludere"

a witness. Dr. WARTON.

They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
Thus in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
O, could I see my country seat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.*

THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF. 1713.

[A few of the first lines are wanting.]

* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * By an old ——— pursu'd,
A crazy prelate,† and a royal prude;‡
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
On every genius that attempts to rise;
And pausing o'er a pipe, with doubtful nod,
Give hints, that poets ne'er believe in God.

* Thus far was translated by Dr. Swift in 1714. The remaining part of the ode was afterward added by Mr. Pope: in whose Works the whole is printed See Dr. Warton's edition, vol. vi. p. 13. N.

† Dr. John Sharpe, who, for some unbecoming reflections in his sermons, had been suspended May 14, 1686, was raised from the deanery of Canterbury to the archbishoprick of York, July 5, 1691; and died Feb. 2, 1712-13. According to Dr. Swift's account, the archbishop had represented him to the queen as a person that was not a Christian; a great lady had supported the aspersion; and the queen upon such assurances had given away a bishopric contrary to her majesty's first intentions [which were in favour of Swift.] ORRERY.

‡ Queen Anne. H

So clowns on scholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conjuring book.
  Swift had the sin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd, he sometimes dealt in rhyme;
Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconcil'd divinity and wit:
He mov'd and bow'd, and talk'd with too much grace;
Nor show'd the parson in his gait or face;
Despis'd luxurious wines and costly meat;
Yet still was at the tables of the great;
Frequented lords; saw those that saw the queen;
At Child's or Truby's never once had been;
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secur'd by numbers from the laymen's gibes;
And deal in vices of the graver sort,
Tobacco, censure, coffee, pride, and port.
  But, after sage monitions from his friends,
His talents to employ for nobler ends;
To better judgments willing to submit,
He turns to politics his dangerous wit.
  And now, the public interest to support,
By Harley Swift invited comes to court;
In favour grows with ministers of state;
Admitted private, when superiors wait:
And Harley, not asham'd his choice to own,
Takes him to Windsor in his coach alone.
At Windsor Swift no sooner can appear,
But St. John comes and whispers in his ear:
The waiters stand in ranks; the yeomen cry,
Make room, as if a duke were passing by.
  Now Finch* alarms the lords: he hears for certain
This dangerous priest is got behind the curtain.

* The Earl of Nottingham. H.

Finch, fam'd for tedious elocution, proves
That Swift oils many a spring which Harley moves.
Walpole and Aislabie,* to clear the doubt,
Inform the commons, that the secret's out:
"A certain Doctor is observ'd of late
To haunt a certain minister of state:
From whence with half an eye we may discover
The peace is made, and Perkin must come over."
York is from Lambeth sent, to show the queen
A dangerous treatise† writ against the spleen;
Which, by the style, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
Poor York! the harmless tool of others' hate;
He sues for pardon,‡ and repents too late.
Now, angry Somerset§ her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her ******* spouse:
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
And thence into the royal ear instils.
The queen incens'd, his services forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot.‖
Now through the realm a proclamation spread,
To fix a price on his devoted head,**
While innocent, he scorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight.
By Harley's favour once again he shines;
Is now caress'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing scene:
Lord! how were they mistaken in the Dean!

* They both spoke against him in the House of Commons. H.
† Tale of a Tub. H,
‡ He sent a message, to ask Swift's pardon. H.
§ See the Windsor Prophecy, p. 92. N.
‖ The Duke of Argyll. H.
For writing "The Public Spirit of the Whigs." H.

Now Delawar* again familiar grows;
And in Swift's ear thrusts half his powder'd nose.
The Scottish nation, whom he durst offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend.†
By faction tir'd, with grief he waits a while,
His great contending friends to reconcile,
Performs what friendship, justice, truth require:
What could he more, but decently retire?

THE FAGGOT.

WRITTEN WHEN THE MINISTRY WERE AT VARIANCE.
1713.

OBSERVE the dying father speak:
Try, lads, can you this bundle break?
Then bids the youngest of the six
Take up a well-bound heap of sticks.
They thought it was an old man's maggot;
And strove by turns to break the faggot:
In vain; the complicated wands
Were much too strong for all their hands.
See, said the sire, how soon 'tis done:
Then took and broke them one by one.
So strong you'll be, in friendship tied;
So quickly broke, if you divide.
Keep close then, boys, and never quarrel;
Here ends the fable, and the moral.
This tale may be apply'd in few words
To treasurers, comptrollers, stewards;

* Then lord treasurer of the household, who cautiously avoided Swift while the proclamation was impending. H.
† He was visited by the Scotch lords more than ever. H.

And others, who in solemn sort,
Appear with slender wands at court;
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But lashing one another round:
While wise men think they ought to fight
With quarterstaffs instead of white;
Or constable with staff of peace,
Should come and make the clattering cease;
Which now disturbs the queen and court,
And gives the whigs and rabble sport.
  In history we never found
The consul's fasces were unbound:
Those Romans were too wise to think on't,
Except to lash some grand delinquent.
How would they blush to hear it said,
The prætor broke the consul's head!
Or consul, in his purple gown,
Came up, and knock'd the prætor down!
  Come, courtiers: every man his stick!
Lord treasurer, for once be quick:
And that they may the closer cling,
Take your blue ribbon for a string.
Come, trimming Harcourt,* bring your mace
And squeeze it in, or quit your place:
Despatch, or else that rascal Northey†
Will undertake to do it for thee:
And be assur'd, the court will find him
Prepar'd to leap o'er sticks, or bind them.
  To make the bundle strong and safe,
Great Ormond, lend thy general's staff:
And, if the crosier could be cramm'd in,
A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hambden!

Lord chancellor. H.
† Sir Edward Northey, attorney general. H.

ou'll then defy the strongest whig
'ith both his hands to bend a twig;
hough with united strength they all pull,
rom Somers, down to Craggs and Walpole.

CATULLUS DE LESBIA.*

LESBIA for ever on me rails,
To talk of me she never fails.
Now, hang me but for all her art,
I find, that I have gain'd her heart.
My proof is this: I plainly see,
The case is just the same with me;
I curse her every hour sincerely,
Yet, hang me, but I love her dearly.

ON A CURATE'S COMPLAINT OF HARD DUTY.

I MARCH'D three miles through scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand:
I rode four more to Great St. Mary,
Using four legs, when two were weary:
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the close bands of pleasing Hymen:
I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
And purify'd their mother after.

* Lesbia mî dicit semper male; nec tacet unquam
De me. Lesbia me, dispeream, nisi amat.
Quo signo? quia sunt totidem mea: deprecor illàm
Assiduè; verum, dispeream, nisi amo.

Within an hour and eke a half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf;
Where thundering out, with lungs longwinded,
I chopp'd so fast, that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious sun,
Saw all these mighty labours done
Before one race of his was run.
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit:
What mortal else could e'er go through it!

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.*

Who can believe with common sense,
A bacon slice gives God offence;
Or, how a herring has a charm
Almighty vengeance to disarm?
Wrapp'd up in majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

* A French gentleman dining with some company on a fast-day, called for some bacon and eggs. The rest were very angry, and reproved him for so heinous a sin: whereupon he wrote the following lines extempore; which are translated above:

Peut on croire avec bon sens
Qu'un lardon le mit en colère,
Ou, que manger un hareng,
C'est un secret pour lui plaire?
En sa gloire envelopé,
Songe-t-il bien de nos soupés? H.

CADENUS AND VANESSA.*

WRITTEN AT WINDSOR, 1713.

THE shepherds and the nymphs were seen
Pleading before the Cyprian queen.
The counsel for the fair began,
Accusing the false creature Man.
The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
On which the pleader much enlarg'd;
That Cupid now has lost his art,
Or blunts the point of every dart;—
His altar now no longer smokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:
This tempts freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their powers divine;
Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money league;
Which crimes aforesaid (with her leave)
Were (as he humbly did conceive)
Against our sov'reign lady's peace,
Against the statute in that case,
Against her dignity and crown;
Then pray'd an answer, and sat down.
  The nymphs with scorn beheld their foes:
When the defendant's counsel rose,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact;
But, what the gentlest heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other sex.

* This is thought to be one of Dr. Swift's correctest pieces. Its chief merit, indeed, is the elegant ease with which a story, but ill conceived in itself, is told. GOLDSMITH.

That modern love is no such thing
As what those ancient poets sing;
A fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind;
Which, having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the same,
In different breasts together burn,
Together both to ashes turn.
But women now feel no such fire,
And only know the gross desire.
Their passions move in lower spheres,
Where'er caprice or folly steers,
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or some worse brute in human shape,
Engross the fancies of the fair,
The few soft moments they can spare,
From visits to receive and pay;
From scandal, politics, and play;
From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and park parades,
From all the thousand female toys,
From every trifle that employs
The out or inside of their heads,
Between their toilets and their beds.
  In a dull stream, which moving slow,
You hardly see the current flow;
If a small breeze obstruct the course,
It whirls about, for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers.
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with every wind;
Thus whirling round together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws.

Hence we conclude, no women's hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts:
Nor are the men of sense to blame,
For breasts incapable of flame;
The fault must on the nymphs be plac'd,
Grown so corrupted in their taste.
  The pleader, having spoke his best,
Had witness ready to attest,
Who fairly could on oath depose,
When questions on the fact arose,
That every article was true;
Nor farther those deponents knew:
Therefore he humbly would insist,
The bill might be with costs dismiss'd.
The cause appear'd of so much weight,
That Venus, from her judgment seat,
Desir'd them not to talk so loud,
Else she must interpose a cloud;
For, if the heavenly folks should know
These pleadings in the courts below,
That mortals here disdain to love,
She ne'er could show her face above;
For gods, their betters, are too wise
To value that which men despise.
And then, said she, my son and I
Must stroll in air, 'twixt land and sky;
Or else, shut out from Heaven and earth,
Fly to the sea, my place of birth;
There live, with daggled mermaids pent,
And keep on fish perpetual Lent.
  But, since the case appear'd so nice,
She thought it best to take advice.
The Muses, by the king's permission,
Though foes to love, attend the session,

And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the Graces:
To whom she might her doubts propose
On all emergencies that rose.
The Muses oft were seen to frown;
The Graces half asham'd look down;
And 'twas observ'd, there were but few
Of either sex among the crew,
Whom she or her assessors knew.
The goddess soon began to see
Things were not ripe for a decree;
And said, she must consult her books,
The lovers' Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd
To turn to Ovid, book the second:
She then referr'd them to a place
In Virgil, *vide* Dido's case:
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never pass'd for law in courts:
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was smaller.
There was on both sides much to say:
She'd hear the cause another day.
And so she did; and then a third
She heard it—there she kept her word:
But, with rejoinders or replies,
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and essoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join:
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.
Now, gentle Clio, sing, or say,
What Venus meant by this delay.
The goddess much perplex'd in mind
To see her empire thus declin'd;

When first this grand debate arose,
Above her wisdom to compose,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends; which, if it sped,
Would show the merits of the cause
Far better than consulting laws.
  In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produc'd on earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the Queen of Love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law books on the shelf,
And thus debated with herself.
  Since men allege, they ne'er can find
Those beauties in a female mind,
Which raise a flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure:
If 'tis with reason they complain,
This infant shall restore my reign.
I'll search where every virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive down to cells:
What preachers talk, or sages write;
These I will gather and unite,
And represent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.
  This said, she plucks in Heaven's high bowers
A sprig of amaranthine flowers.
In nectar thrice infuses bays,
Three times refin'd in Titan's rays;
Then calls the Graces to her aid,
And sprinkles thrice the newborn maid:
From whence the tender skin assumes
A sweetness above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanliness remains,
Incapable of outward stains:

From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careless thought intrudes,
Less modest than the speech of prudes;
Where never blush was call'd in aid,
That spurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at second-hand;
They blush, because they understand.
  The Graces next would act their part,
And show'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone;
The outward form no help requir'd;
Each, breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
And said, "Vanessa be the name
"By which thou shalt be known to fame:
"Vanessa, by the gods enroll'd:
"Her name on earth shall not be told."
  But still the work was not complete;
When Venus thought on a deceit.
Drawn by her doves, away she flies,
And finds out Pallas in the skies.
Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
To see a lovely infant born;
A boy in yonder isle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You'd swear it is Apollo's son:
But it shall ne'er be said, a child
So hopeful has by me been spoil'd:
I have enough beside to spare,
And give him wholly to your care.

Wisdom's above suspecting wiles:
The Queen of Learning gravely smiles.
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
Mistakes Vanessa for a boy;
Then sows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to womankind;
For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit.
Her soul was suddenly endued
With justice, truth, and fortitude;
With honour, which no breath can stain,
Which malice must attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand,
But Pallas here was at a stand,
She knew, in our degenerate days,
Bare virtue could not live on praise;
That meat must be with money bought,
She therefore, upon second thought,
Infus'd, yet as it were by stealth,
Some small regard for state and wealth;
Of which, as she grew up, there staid
A tincture in the prudent maid:
She manag'd her estate with care,
Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.
But, lest he should neglect his studies
Like a young heir, the thrifty goddess
(For fear young master should be spoil'd)
Would use him like a younger child;
And, after long computing, found
'Twould come to just five thousand pound.
The Queen of Love was pleas'd, and proud,
To see Vanessa thus endow'd:
She doubted not but such a dame
Through every breast would dart a flame;

That every rich and lordly swain
With pride would drag about her chain;
That scholars would forsake their books,
To study bright Vanessa's looks;
As she advanc'd, that womankind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be try'd
By her, as an unerring guide;
Offending daughters oft would hear
Vanessa's praise rung in their ear:
Miss Betty, when she does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or spills the salt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
" 'Tis what Vanessa never did!"
Thus by the nymphs and swains ador'd,
My power shall be again restor'd,
And happy lovers bless my reign—
So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.
  For when in time the Martial Maid
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She shakes her helm, she knits her brows.
And, fir'd with indignation, vows,
To-morrow, ere the setting sun,
She'd all undo that she had done.
  But in the poets we may find
A wholesome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by Fates' decree,
That gods, of whatsoe'er degree,
Resume not what themselves have given,
Or any brother god in Heaven:
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they must always be at odds:
And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
Must yield her foe the stronger cause;
A shame to one so much ador'd
For wisdom at Jove's council board.

Besides, she fear'd the Queen of Love
Would meet with better friends above.
And though she must with grief reflect,
To see a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breasts, except her own:
Yet she would act as best became
A goddess of unspotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her design:
She studi'd well the point, and found
Her foe's conclusions were not sound,
From premises erroneous brought,
And therefore the deduction's naught,
And must have contrary effects,
To what her treacherous foe expects.
  In proper season Pallas meets
The Queen of Love, whom thus she greets
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celestial language scold)
Perfidious goddess! but in vain
You form'd this project in your brain;
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.
Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
Deceiv'd thyself, instead of me:
For how can heavenly wisdom prove
An instrument to earthly love?
Know'st thou not yet, that men commence
Thy votaries, for want of sense?
Nor shall Vanessa be the theme
To manage thy abortive scheme;
She'll prove the greatest of thy foes;
And yet I scorn to interpose,

But, using neither skill nor force,
Leave all things to their natural course.
  The goddess thus pronounc'd her doom:
When lo! Vanessa in her bloom
Advanc'd, like Atalanta's star,
But rarely seen, and seen from far:
In a new world with caution stepp'd,
Watch'd all the company she kept,
Well knowing, from the books she read,
What dangerous paths young virgins tread;
Would seldom at the Park appear,
Nor saw the playhouse twice a year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the converse of mankind.
  First issued from perfumers' shops,
A crowd of fashionable fops:
They ask'd her, how she lik'd the play;
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought last night at two,
About a lady—you know who:
Mention'd a new Italian, come
Either from Muscovy or Rome;
Gave hints of who and who's together;
Then fell to talking of the weather;
Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine;
Then, in soft voice and speech absurd,
With nonsense every second word,
With fustian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praise;
Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.
  With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
Scarce listening to their idle chat;

Farther than sometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At last she spitefully was bent
To try their wisdom's full extent;
And said, she valu'd nothing less
Than titles, figure, shape, and dress;
That merit should be chiefly plac'd
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste;
And these, she offer'd to dispute,
Alone distinguish'd man from brute:
That present times have no pretence
To virtue, in the noble sense
By Greeks and Romans understood,
To perish for our country's good.
She nam'd the ancient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd;
Then spoke with censure or applause
Of foreign customs, rites, and laws;
Through nature and through art she rang'd,
And gracefully her subject chang'd;
In vain! her hearers had no share
In all she spoke, except to stare.
Their judgment was, upon the whole,
—That lady is the dullest soul!—
'hen tipp'd their forehead in a jeer,
s who should say—She wants it here!
e may be handsome, young, and rich,
t none will burn her for a witch!
A party next of glittering dames,
m round the purlieus of St. James,
e early, out of pure good will,
ee the girl in dishabille.
r clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
louder all the way up stairs;

At entrance loudest, where they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
While Mrs. Susan comb'd her head.
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their usual chat,
Discoursing with important face,
On ribands, fans, and gloves, and lace;
Show'd patterns just from India brought,
And gravely ask'd her what she thought,
Whether the red or green were best,
And what they cost! Vanessa guess'd,
As came into her fancy first;
Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worst.
To scandal next—What awkward thing
Was that last Sunday in the ring!
I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast:
I said her face would never last.
Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to spare:
Her fondness for a certain earl
Began when I was but a girl!
Phillis, who but a month ago
Was marry'd to the Tunbridge beau,
I saw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight!
They rally'd next Vanessa's dress:
That gown was made for old queen Bess.
Dear madam, let me see your head
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure, you are not asham'd to stoop!
With handsome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow sees.

Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herself and sex asham'd,
The nymph stood silent out of spite,
Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their censures vent.
She's not so handsome in my eyes:
For wit, I wonder where it lies!
She's fair and clean, and that's the most
But why proclaim her for a toast?
A baby face; no life, no airs,
But what she learn'd at country fairs;
Scarce knows what difference is between
Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.
I'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces has a better fancy;
With all her wit, I would not ask
Her judgment how to buy a mask.
We begg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place;
Which every girl at five years old
Can do as soon as she is told.
I own, that out of fashion stuff
Becomes the creature well enough.
The girl might pass, if we could get her
To know the world a little better.
(To know the world! a modern phrase
For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.)
Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
The Queen of Beauty lost her aim;
Too late with grief she understood,
Pallas had done more harm than good;
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets disdain.

Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
Against Vanessa's power unite:
To copy her few nymphs aspir'd:
Her virtues fewer swains admir'd.
So stars, beyond a certain height,
Give mortals neither heat nor light.
  Yet some of either sex, endow'd
With gifts superior to the crowd,
With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit,
She condescended to admit:
With pleasing arts she could reduce
Men's talents to their proper use;
And with address each genius held
To that wherein it most excell'd;
Thus, making others' wisdom known,
Could please them, and improve her own.
A modest youth said something new;
She plac'd it in the strongest view.
All humble worth she strove to raise;
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.
The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach:
Some clergy too she would allow,
Nor quarrel'd at their awkward bow;
But this was for Cadenus' sake,
A gownman of a different make:
Whom Pallas once, Vanessa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.
  But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain;
Vows on Vanessa's heart to take
Due vengeance, for her patron's sake;

Those early seeds by Venus sown,
In spite of Pallas, now were grown;
And Cupid hop'd they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made use of all his craft,
In vain discharging many a shaft,
Pointed at colonels, lords, and beaux:
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For, placing still some book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's Morals struck, were spoil'd.
  The Queen of Wisdom could foresee,
But not prevent, the Fates' decree:
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
Was, in the very search, betray'd.
  Cupid, though all his darts were lost,
Yet still resolv'd to spare no cost:
He could not answer to his fame
The triumphs of that stubborn dame,
A nymph so hard to be subdued,
Who neither was coquet nor prude.
I find, said he, she wants a doctor,
Both to adore her, and instruct her:
I'll give her what she most admires,
Among those venerable sires.
Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Caress'd by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate.

Whate'er vexations love attend,
She needs no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice.
  Cadenus many things had writ
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works:
Mean time the boy in secret lurks;
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown, increas'd her smart.
  Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.
She fancies music in his tongue;
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak?
As years increase, she brighter shines?
Cadenus with each day declines:
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime.

Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit,
But books, and time, and state affairs,
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs:
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him styl'd
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
She hourly press'd for something new;
Ideas came into her mind
So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind;
She reason'd, without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a sudden change was wrought:
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amaz'd, to find
Such marks of a distracted mind:
For, though she seem'd to listen more
To all he spoke, than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would absent range,
Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
And first he modestly conjectures
His pupil might be tir'd with lectures;
Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
But, in a mild dejected strain,
At last he ventur'd to complain:

Said, she should be no longer teaz'd,
Might have her freedom when she pleas'd:
Was now convinc'd he acted wrong
To hide her from the world so long,
And in dull studies to engage
One of her tender sex and age:
That every nymph with envy own'd,
How she might shine in the *grande monde*;
And every shepherd was undone
To see her cloister'd like a nun.
This was a visionary scheme;
He wak'd, and found it but a dream;
A project far above his skill;
For nature must be nature still.
If he were bolder than became
A scholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuse a man of letters:
Thus tutors often treat their betters:
And, since his talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last adieu.
  Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain,
Instructed from her early years
To scorn the art of female tears.
  Had he employ'd his time so long
To teach her what was right and wrong;
Yet could such notions entertain
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wandering of her thoughts;
But he must answer for her faults.
She well remember'd, to her cost,
That all his lessons were not lost.
Two maxims she could still produce,
And sad experience taught their use;

virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
's nothing which it dares not own;
nake us without fear disclose
inmost secrets to our foes:
common forms were not design'd
:tors to a noble mind.
, said the nymph, to let you see
ıctions with your rules agree;
I can vulgar forms despise,
have no secrets to disguise:
:w, by what you said and writ,
dangerous things were men of wit;
caution'd me against their charms,
ıever gave me equal arms;
r lessons found the weakest part,
d at the head, but reach'd the heart.
ıdenus felt within him rise
ıe, disappointment, guilt, surprise.
tnew not how to reconcile
ı language with her usual style:
yet her words were so express'd,
:ould not hope she spoke in jest.
thought had wholly been confin'd
'orm and cultivate her mind.
hardly knew, till he was told,
:ther the nymph were young or old;
met her in a public place,
ıout distinguishing her face:
:h less could his declining age
essa's earliest thoughts engage;
, if her youth indifference met,
person must contempt beget:
grant her passion be sincere,
r shall his innocence be clear?

Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong;
Would say, he made a treacherous use
Of wit, to flatter and seduce:
The town would swear, he had betray'd
By magic spells the harmless maid:
And every beau would have his jokes,
That scholars were like other folks;
And, when Platonic flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover!
So tender of the young and fair!
It show'd a true paternal care—
Five thousand guineas in her purse!
The doctor might have fancy'd worse.—
  Hardly at length he silence broke,
And falter'd every word he spoke:
Interpreting her complaisance,
Just as a man *sans* consequence,
She rallied well, he always knew:
Her manner now was something new;
And what she spoke was in an air
As serious as a tragic player.
But those who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon some certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jest,
Else he must enter his protest:
For, let a man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught with sober lies;
A science which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis just what coxcombs call a bite.
  But, not to dwell on things minute,
Vanessa finish'd the dispute;

Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reason was her guide in love.
She thought he had himself describ'd
His doctrines when she first imbib'd;
What he had planted, now was grown;
His virtues she might call her own;
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last:
Why she likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herself, and that's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praise
The geniuses of ancient days!
(Those authors he so oft had nam'd,
For learning, wit, and wisdom, fam'd)
Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
For persons whom he never saw.
Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,
He must adore such godlike men.
If one short volume could comprise
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
How would it be esteem'd and read,
Although the writer long were dead!
If such an author were alive,
How all would for his friendship strive,
And come in crowds to see his face!
And this she takes to be her case.
Cadenus answers every end,
The book, the author, and the friend;
The utmost her desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:
His converse is a system fit
Alone to fill up all her wit;

While every passion of her mind
In him is centred and confin'd.
  Love can with speech inspire a mute,
And taught Vanessa to dispute.
This topic, never touch'd before,
Display'd her eloquence the more:
Her knowledge, with such pains acquir'd,
By this new passion grew inspir'd;
Through this she made all objects pass
Which gave a tincture o'er the mass;
As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the sea their course incline;
Or, as philosophers, who find
Some favourite system to their mind,
In every point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to submit.
  Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
His lessons would have such effect,
Or be so artfully appli'd,
Insensibly came on her side.
It was an unforeseen event;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes:
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
When miss delights in her spinet,
A fiddler may a fortune get;
A blockhead with melodious voice,
In boarding-schools may have his choice;
And oft the dancing-master's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a mistress by't.

Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame;
And, though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talk'd so well.
His pride began to interpose;
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaus!
So bright a nymph to come unsought!
Such wonder by his merit wrought!
'Tis merit must with her prevail!
He never knew her judgment fail!
She noted all she ever read!
And had a most discerning head!
'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.
So, when Cadenus could not hide,
He chose to justify his pride;
Construing the passion he had shown,
Much to her praise, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In her a most judicious taste.
Love, hitherto a transient guest,
Ne'er held possession of his breast;
So long attending at the gate,
Disdain'd to enter in so late.
Love why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;

Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.
But friendship, in its greatest height,
A constant, rational delight,
On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
When love allurements long are past,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return;
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem;
With that devotion we bestow,
When goddesses appear below.
  While thus Cadenus entertains
Vanessa in exalted strains,
The nymph in sober words entreats
A truce with all sublime conceits:
For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durst not read romances?
In lofty style to make replies,
Which he had taught her to despise?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and respect,
He fairly abdicates the throne;
The government is now her own;
He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it strange,
If both should now their stations change;
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor; and the pupil, he:
Though she already can discern
Her scholar is not apt to learn;
Or wants capacity to reach
The science she designs to teach:

Wherein his genius was below
The skill of every common beau,
Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.
  But what success Vanessa met
Is to the world a secret yet.
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends;
Or, to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.
  Meantime the mournful Queen of Love
Led but a weary life above.
She ventures now to leave the skies,
Grown by Vanessa's conduct wise:
For, though by one perverse event
Pallas had cross'd her first intent;
Though her design was not obtain'd;
Yet had she much experience gain'd,
And, by the project vainly tried,
Could better now the cause decide.
She gave due notice, that both parties,
Coram Regina, prox' die Martis,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and save their bail.
All met; and, silence thrice proclaim'd,
One lawyer to each side was nam'd.
The judge discover'd in her face
Resentments for her late disgrace;

And, full of anger, shame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief;
Nor spend their time to show their reading:
She'd have a summary proceeding.
She gather'd under every head
The sum of what each lawyer said,
Gave her own reasons last, and then
Decreed the cause against the men.
  But, in a weighty case like this,
To show she did not judge amiss,
Which evil tongues might else report,
She made a speech in open court;
Wherein she grievously complains,
"How she was cheated by the swains;
On whose petition (humbly shewing,
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that, unless the sex would mend,
The race of lovers soon must end)—
She was at Lord knows what expense
To form a nymph of wit and sense;
A model for her sex design'd,
Who never could one lover find.
She saw her favour was misplac'd;
The fellows had a wretched taste;
She needs must tell them to their face,
They were a stupid, senseless race;
And, were she to begin again,
She'd study to reform the men;
Or add some grains of folly more
To women than they had before,
To put them on an equal foot;
And this, or nothing else, would do't.
This might their mutual fancy strike;
Since every being loves its like.

"But now, repenting what was done,
She left all business to her son;
She put the world in his possession,
And let him use it at discretion."
The crier was order'd to dismiss
The court, so made his last "O yes!"
The goddess would no longer wait;
But, rising from her chair of state,
Left all below at six and seven,
Harness'd her doves, and flew to Heaven.

TO LOVE.*

In all I wish, how happy should I be,
Thou grand Deluder, were it not for thee!
So weak thou art, that fools thy power despise;
And yet so strong, thou triumph'st o'er the wise.
Thy traps are laid with such peculiar art,
They catch the cautious, let the rash depart.
Most nets are fill'd by want of thought and care:
But too much thinking brings us to thy snare;
Where, held by thee, in slavery we stay,
And throw the pleasing part of life away.
But, what does most my indignation move,
Discretion! thou wert ne'er a friend to Love:
Thy chief delight is to defeat those arts,
By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts;
While the blind loitering God is at his play,
Thou steal'st his golden pointed darts away:
Those darts which never fail; and in their stead
Convey'st malignant arrows tipt with lead:

* Found in Miss Vanhomrigh's desk, after her death, in the hand writing of Dr. Swift. H.

ecdless God, suspecting no deceits,
on, and thinks he has done wondrous feats;
ie poor nymph, who feels her vitals burn,
from her shepherd can find no return,
ents, and rages at the power divine,
n, curst Discretion! all the fault was thine:
id and Hymen thou hast set at odds,
l bred such feuds between those kindred gods,
at Venus cannot reconcile her sons;
ien one appears, away the other runs.
ie former scales, wherein he us'd to poise
ove against love, and equal joys with joys,
re now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
Vhere titles, power, and riches, still subside.
Then, gentle Venus, to thy father run
And tell him, how thy children are undone;
Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
And strike Discretion to the shades below.

A REBUS. BY VANESSA.

Cut the name of the man* who his mistress deny'd,
And let the first of it be only apply'd
To join with the prophet† who David did chide;
Then say what a horse is that runs very fast;‡
And that which deserves to be first put the last;
Spell all then, and put them together, to find
The name and the virtues of him I design'd.
Like the patriarch in Egypt, he's vers'd in the stat
Like the prophet in Jewry, he's free with the grea
Like a racer he flies, to succour with speed,
When his friends want his aid, or desert is in neec

Jo-seph. † Nathan. ‡ Swift.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

The nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit,
I cannot but envy the pride of her wit,
Which thus she will venture profusely to throw
On so mean a design, and a subject so low.
For mean 's her design, and her subject as mean,
The first but a rebus, the last but a dean.
A dean's but a parson: and what is a rebus?
A thing never known to the Muses or Phœbus.
The corruption of verse; for, when all is done,
It is but a paraphrase made on a pun.
But a genius like her's no subject can stifle,
It shows and discovers itself through a trifle.
By reading this trifle, I quickly began
To find her a great wit, but the dean a small man.
Rich ladies will furnish their garrets with stuff,
Which others for mantuas would think fine enough:
So the wit that is lavishly thrown away here,
Might furnish a second-rate poet a year.
Thus much for the verse, we proceed to the next,
Where the nymph has entirely forsaken her text:
Her fine panegyrics are quite out of season,
And what she describes to be merit, is treason:
The changes which faction has made in the state,
Have put the dean's politics quite out of date:
Now no one regards what he utters with freedom,
And, should he write pamphlets, no great man would
read 'em;
And should want or desert stand in need of his aid,
This racer would prove but a dull founder'd jade.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE I. PARAPHRASED

ADDRESSED TO RICHARD STEELE, ESQ. 1714.

"En qui promittit, cives, urbem sibi curæ,
Imperium fore, et Italiam, et delubra deorum."
HOR. I. SAT. vi. 34.

DICK, thou'rt resolv'd, as I am told,
Some strange arcana to unfold,
And, with the help of Buckley's pen,
To vamp the good old cause again:
Which thou (such Burnet's shrewd advice is)
Must furbish up, and nickname Crisis.
Thou pompously wilt let us know
What all the world knew long ago,
(E'er since Sir William Gore was mayor,
And Harley fill'd the commons' chair)
That we a German prince must own,
When Anne for Heaven resigns her throne.
But, more than that, thoul't keep a rout
With—who is in—and who is out;
Thou'lt rail devoutly at the peace,
And all its secret causes trace,
The bucket-play 'twixt whigs and tories,
Their ups and downs, with fifty stories
Of tricks the lord of Oxford knows,
And errors of our plenipoes.
Thou'lt tell of leagues among the great,
Portending ruin to our state;
And of that dreadful *coup d'eclat*,
Which has afforded thee much chat.
The queen, forsooth (despotic,) gave
Twelve coronets without thy leave!

A breach of liberty, 'tis own'd,
For which no heads have yet aton'd!
Believe me, what thou'st undertaken
May bring in jeopardy thy bacon;
For madmen, children, wits, and fools,
Should never meddle with edg'd tools.
But since thou'rt got into the fire,
And canst not easily retire,
Thou must no longer deal in farce,
Nor pump to cobble wicked verse;
Until thou shalt have eas'd thy conscience,
Of spleen, of politics, and nonsense;
And, when thou'st bid adieu to cares,
And settled Europe's grand affairs,
'Twill then, perhaps, be worth thy while
For Drury Lane to shape thy style:
"To make a pair of jolly fellows,
The son and father, join to tell us,
How sons may safely disobey,
And fathers never should say nay;
By which wise conduct they grew friends
At last—and so the story ends."*
When first I knew thee, Dick, thou wert
Renown'd for skill in Faustus' art;†
Which made thy closet much frequented
By buxom lasses—some repented
Their luckless choice of husbands—others,
Impatient to be like their mothers,
Receiv'd from thee profound directions
How best to settle their affections.

* This is said to be a plot of a comedy with which Mr. Steele has long threatened the town.—Swift. In some particulars it would apply to "The Conscious Lovers." N.

† There were some tolerable grounds for this reflection. Mr. Steele had actually a laboratory at Poplar. N.

Thus thou, a friend to the distress'd,
Didst in thy calling do thy best.
  But now the Senate (if things hit
And thou at Stockbridge wert not bit)
Must feel thy eloquence and fire,
Approve thy schemes, thy wit admire,
Thee with immortal honours crown,
While, patriot like, thou'lt strut and frown:
  What though by enemies 'tis said,
The laurel, which adorns thy head,
Must one day come in competition,
By virtue of some sly petition:
Yet mum for that; hope still the best,
Nor let such cares disturb thy rest.
  Methinks I hear thee loud as trumpet,
As bagpipe shrill, or oyster-strumpet;
Methinks I see thee, spruce and fine,
With coat embroider'd richly shine,
And dazzle all the idol faces,
As through the hall thy worship paces;
(Though this I speak but at a venture;
Supposing thou hast tick with Hunter)
Methinks I see a black-guard rout
Attend thy coach, and hear them shout
In approbation of thy tongue,
Which (in their style) is purely hung.
Now! now you carry all before you!
Nor dares one Jacobite or Tory
Pretend to answer one syl-lable,
Except the matchless hero Abel.*
What though her highness and her spouse,
In Antwerp† keep a frugal house,

* Abel Roper. N
† Where the Duke of Marlborough then resided. N.

Yet, not forgetful of a friend,
They'll soon enable thee to spend,
If to Macartney* thou wilt toast,
And to his pious patron's ghost.
Now manfully thou'lt run a tilt
" On popes, for all the blood they've spilt,
For massacres, and racks, and flames,
For lands enrich'd by crimson streams,
For inquisitions taught by Spain,
Of which the Christian world complain."
Dick, we agree—all's true thou'st said,
As that my Muse is yet a maid.
But, if I may with freedom talk,
All this is foreign to thy walk:
Thy genius has perhaps a knack
At trudging in a beaten track,
But is for state affairs as fit
As mine for politics and wit.
Then let us both in time grow wise,
Nor higher than our talents rise;
To some snug cellar let's repair
From duns and debts, and drown our care;
Now quaff of honest ale a quart,
Now venture at a pint of port;
With which inspir'd, we'll club each night
Some tender sonnet to indite,
And with Tom D'Urfey, Philips, Dennis,
Immortalize our Dolls and Jennys.

* General Macartney, who killed Duke Hamilton. N.

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V.

JOHN DENNIS, THE SHELTERING POET'S INVITATION TO RICHARD STEELE, THE SECLUDED PARTY WRITER AND MEMBER, TO COME AND LIVE WITH HIM IN THE MINT. 1714.*

Fit to be bound up with THE CRISIS.

IF thou canst lay aside a spendthrift's air,
And condescend to feed on homely fare,
Such as we Minters, with ragouts unstor'd,
Will, in defiance of the law, afford:
Quit thy patrols with Toby's Christmas box,
And come to me at The Two Fighting Cocks.
Since printing by subscription now is grown
The stalest, idlest cheat about the town;
And e'en Charles Gildon, who, a papist bred,
Has an alarm against that worship spread,
Is practising those beaten paths of cruising,
And for new levies on Proposals musing.
'Tis true, that Bloomsbury square's a noble place:
But what are lofty buildings in thy case?
What's a fine house embellish'd to profusion,
Where shoulderdabbers are in execution?
Or whence its timorous tenant seldom sallies,
But apprehensive of insulting bailiffs?
This once be mindful of a friend's advice,
And cease to be improvidently nice;
Exchange the prospects that delude thy sight,
From Highgate's steep ascent and Hampstead's heights

* This and the preceding poem were first added to the Dean's *Works*, from copies in the Lambeth Library. K 1, 2, 29, 30. 4to.

With verdant scenes, that, from St. George's field,
More durable and safe enjoyments yield.
  Here I, e'en I, that ne'er till now could find
Ease to my troubled and suspicious mind,
But ever was with jealousies possess'd,
Am in a state of indolence and rest;
Fearful no more of Frenchmen in disguise,
Nor looking upon strangers as on spies,
But quite divested of my former spleen,
Am unprovok'd without, and calm within:
And here I'll wait thy coming, till the sun
Shall its diurnal course completely run.
Think not that thou of sturdy bub shall fail,
My landlord's cellar stock'd with beer and ale,
With every sort of malt that is in use,
And every country's generous produce.
The ready (for here Christian faith is sick,
Which makes us seldom trespass upon tick)
Instantly brings the choicest liquors out,
Whether we ask for homebrew'd or for stout,
For mead or cider, or, with dainties fed,
Ring for a flash or two of white or red,
Such as the drawer will not fail to swear
Was drunk by Pilkington when third time mayor.
That name, methinks, so popularly known
For opposition to the church and crown,
Might make the Lusitanian grape to pass,
And almost give a sanction to the glass;
Especially with thee, whose hasty zeal
Against the late rejected commerce bill
Made thee rise up, like an audacious elf,
To do the speaker honour, not thyself.
  But, if thou soar'st above the common prices,
By virtue of subscription to thy Crisis,

And nothing can go down with thee, but wines
Press'd from Burgundian and Campanian vines,
Bid them be brought: for, though I hate the French,
I love their liquors, as thou lov'st a wench;
Else thou must humble thy expensive taste,
And, with us, hold contentment for a feast.

The fire's already lighted; and the maid
Has a clean cloth upon the table laid,
Who never on a Saturday had struck,
But for thy entertainment, up a buck.
Think of this act of grace, which by your leave
Susan would not have done on Easter Eve,
Had she not been inform'd over and over
'Twas for th' ingenious author of The Lover.

Cease therefore to beguile thyself with hopes,
Which is no more than making sandy ropes,
And quit the vain pursuit of loud applause,
That must bewilder thee in faction's cause.
Pry'thee what is't to thee who guides the state?
Why Dunkirk's demolition is so late?
Or why her majesty thinks fit to cease
The din of war, and hush the world to peace?
The clergy too, without thy aid, can tell
What texts to choose, and on what topics dwell;
And, uninstructed by thy babbling, teach
Their flocks celestial happiness to reach.
Rather let such poor souls as you and I,
Say that the holydays are drawing nigh,
And that to-morrow's sun begins the week,
Which will abound with store of ale and cake,
With hams of bacon, and with powder'd beef,
Stuff'd to give field itinerants relief.

Then I, who have within these precincts kept,
And ne'er beyond the chimneysweepers stepp'd,

Will take a loose, and venture to be seen,
Since 'twill be Sunday, upon Shanks's green;
There, with erected looks and phrase sublime,
To talk of unity, of place and time,
And with much malice, mix'd with little satire,
Explode the wits on t'other side o' th' water.
  Why has my lord Godolphin's special grace
Invested me with a queen's waiter's place,
If I, debarr'd of festival delights,
Am not allow'd to spend the perquisites?
He's but a short remove from being mad,
Who at a time of jubilee is sad,
And, like a griping usurer, does spare
His money to be squander'd by his heir;
Flutter'd away in liveries and in coaches,
And washy sorts of feminine debauches.
As for my part, whate'er the world may think,
I'll bid adieu to gravity, and drink;
And, though I can't put off a woful mien,
Will be all mirth and cheerfulness within:
As, in despight of a censorious race,
I most incontinently suck my face.
What mighty projects does not he design,
Whose stomach flows, and brain turns round with wine?
Wine, powerful wine, can thaw the frozen cit,
And fashion him to humour and to wit;
Makes even S**** to disclose his art,
By racking every secret from his heart,
As he flings off the statesman's sly disguise,
To name the cuckold's wife with whom he lies.
E'en Sarum, when he quaffs it stead of tea,
Fancies himself in Canterbury's see,
And S****** when he carousing reels,
Imagines that he has regain'd the seals:

W*******, by virtue of his juice, can fight,
And Stanhope of commissioners make light.
Wine gives Lord Wingham aptitude of parts,
And swells him with his family's deserts:
Whom can it not make eloquent of speech;
Whom in extremest poverty not rich?
Since, by the means of the prevailing grape,
Th****n can Lechmere's warmth not only ape,
But, half seas o'er, by its inspiring bounties,
Can qualify himself in several counties.
What I have promis'd, thou mayst rest assur'd,
Shall faithfully and gladly be procur'd.
Nay, I'm already better than my word,
New plates and knives adorn the jovial board:
And, lest thou at their sight shouldst make wry faces,
The girl has scour'd the pots, and wash'd the glasses,
Ta'en care so excellently well to clean 'em,
That thou mayst see thine own dear picture in 'em.
  Moreover, due provision has been made,
That conversation may not be betray'd;
I have no company but what is proper
To sit with the most flagrant whig at supper.
There's not a man among them but must please,
Since they're as like each other as are peas.
Toland and Hare have jointly sent me word,
They'll come; and Kennett thinks to make a third,
Provided he's no other invitation,
From men of greater quality and station.
Room will for Oldmixon and J—s be left:
But their discourses smell so much of theft,
There would be no abiding in the room,
Should two such ignorant pretenders come.
However by this trusty bearer write,
If I should any other scabs invite;

Though if I may my serious judgment give,
I'm wholly for king Charles's number five:
That was the stint in which that monarch fix'd,
Who would not be with noisiness perplex'd:
And that, if thou'lt agree to think it best,
Shall be our tale of heads, without one other guest.
  I've nothing more, now this is said, to say,
But to request thou'lt instantly away.
And leave the duties of thy present post,
To some well skill'd retainer in a host:
Doubtless he'll carefully thy place supply,
And o'er his grace's horses have an eye.
While thou, who slunk through postern more than once,
Dost by that means avoid a crowd of duns,
And, crossing o'er the Thames at Temple Stairs,
Leav'st Philips with good words to cheat their ears.

TO LORD HARLEY, ON HIS MARRIAGE, 1713.

AMONG the numbers who employ
Their tongues and pens to give you joy,
Dear Harley! generous youth, admit
What friendship dictates more than wit.
Forgive me, when I fondly thought
(By frequent observations taught)
A spirit so inform'd as yours
Could never prosper in amours.
The God of Wit, and Light, and Arts,
With all acquir'd and natural parts,
Whose harp could savage beasts enchant,
Was an unfortunate gallant.

Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd,
The nymph had soon been brought to yield
Or, had embroider'd Mars pursued,
The nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
Ten thousand footsteps, full in view,
Mark out the way where Daphne flew:
For such is all the sex's flight,
They fly from learning, wit, and light:
They fly, and none can overtake
But some gay coxcomb, or a rake.
How then, dear Harley, could I guess
That you should meet, in love, success?
For, if those ancient tales be true,
Phœbus was beautiful as you:
Yet Daphne never slack'd her pace,
For wit and learning spoil'd his face.
And since the same resemblance held
In gifts wherein you both excell'd,
I fancy'd every nymph would run
From you, as from Latona's son.
Then where, said I, shall Harley find
A virgin of superior mind,
With wit and virtue to discover,
And pay the merit of her lover?
This character shall Ca'endish claim,
Born to retrieve her sex's fame.
The chief among the glittering crowd,
Of titles, birth, and fortune proud,
(As fools are insolent and vain)
Madly aspir'd to wear her chain:
But Pallas, guardian of the maid,
Descending to her charge's aid,
Held out Medusa's snaky locks,
Which stupifi'd them all to stocks.

The nymph with indignation view'd
The dull, the noisy, and the lewd:
For Pallas, with celestial light,
Had purifi'd her mortal sight;
Show'd her the virtues all combin'd,
Fresh blooming, in young Harley's mind.
Terrestrial nymphs, by former arts,
Display their various nets for hearts:
Their looks are all by method set,
When to be prude, and when coquette;
Yet, wanting skill and power to choose,
Their only pride is to refuse.
But, when a goddess would bestow
Her love on some bright youth below,
Round all the earth she casts her eyes;
And then, descending from the skies,
Makes choice of him she fancies best,
And bids the ravish'd youth be bless'd,
  Thus the bright Empress of the Morn
Chose for her spouse, a mortal born:
The goddess made advances first;
Else what aspiring hero durst?
Though, like a virgin of fifteen,
She blushes when by mortals seen;
Still blushes, and with speed retires,
When Sol pursues her with his fires.
  Diana thus, Heaven's chastest queen,
Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,
Down from her silver chariot came,
And to the shepherd own'd her flame.
  Thus Ca'endish, as Aurora bright,
And chaster than the Queen of Night,
Descended from her sphere to find
A mortal of superior kind.

IN SICKNESS.

WRITTEN IN IRELAND IN OCTOBER, 171

'TIS true—then why should I repine
To see my life so fast decline?
But why obscurely here alone,
Where I am neither lov'd nor known?
My state of health none care to learn;
My life is here no soul's concern:
And those with whom I now converse
Without a tear will tend my hearse.
Remov'd from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art, but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit, or his fee.
Some formal visits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which those who tend the sick for pay
Can act as decently as they:
But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own.
  Ye formal weepers for the sick,
In your last offices be quick;
And spare my absent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expir'd to day, intomb'd to-morrow.
When known, will save a double sorrow.

THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1715.

ON AN ATTEMPT TO REPEAL THE TEST ACT.

A BITCH that was full pregnant grown,
By all the dogs and curs in town,
Finding her ripen'd time was come,
Her litter teeming from her womb,
Went here and there, and every where,
To find an easy place to lay her.
At length to Music's house* she came,
And begg'd like one both blind and lame;
"My only friend, my dear," said she,
"You see 'tis mere necessity
Hath sent me to your house to whelp:
I die if you refuse your help."
With fawning whine, and rueful tone,
With artful sigh and feigned groan,
With couchant cringe, and flattering tale,
Smooth Bawty† did so far prevail,
That Music gave her leave to litter;
(But mark what follow'd—faith! she bit her)
Whole baskets full of bits and scraps,
And broth enough to fill her paps;
For, well she knew, her numerous brood,
For want of milk, would suck her blood.
But when she thought her pains were done,
And now 'twas high time to be gone;
In civil times,—"My friend," said she,
"My house you've had on courtesy;

* The Church of England. H.
† A Scotch name for a bitch; alluding to the Kirk. H.

And now I earnestly desire,
That you would with your cubs retire;
For, should you stay but one week longer,
I shall be starved with cold and hunger."
The guest repli'd—"My friend, your leave
I must a little longer crave;
Stay till my tender cubs can find
Their way—for now, you see, they're blind;
But, when we've gather'd strength, I swear,
We'll to our barn again repair."
The time pass'd on; and Music came,
Her kennel once again to claim;
But Bawty, lost to shame and honour,
Set all her cubs at once upon her;
Made her retire, and quit her right,
And loudly cry'd—"A bite! a bite!"

THE MORAL.

Thus did the Grecian wooden horse
Conceal a fatal armed force:
No sooner brought within the walls,
But Ilium's lost, and Priam falls.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE II.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD, LATE LORD TREASURE

SENT TO HIM WHEN IN THE TOWER, 1716.

How blest is he, who for his country dies,
Since death pursues the coward as he flies?
The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack,
With trembling knees and terror at his back

Though Fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet swifter Fate will seize him from behind.
  Virtue repuls'd, yet knows not to repine;
But shall with unattainted honour shine;
Nor stoops to take the staff,* nor lays it down,
Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.
  Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten passage to the sky;
Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
To those who die, for meriting to live.
  Next faithful silence has a sure reward;
Within our breast be every secret barr'd!
He, who betrays his friend, shall never be
Under one roof, or in one ship, with me.
For who with traitors would his safety trust,
Lest with the wicked, Heaven involve the just?
And, though the villain 'scape a while, he feels
Slow Vengeance, like a bloodhound, at his heels.

PHYLLIS;

OR, THE PROGRESS OF LOVE, 1716.

Desponding Phyllis was endued
With every talent of a prude:
She trembled when a man drew near;
Salute her, and she turn'd her ear:
If o'er against her you were plac'd,
She durst not look above your waist:
She'd rather take you to her bed,
Then let you see her dress her head:

* The *ensign of the lord treasurer's office.* H.

In church you hear her, through the crowd,
Repeat the absolution loud:
In church, secure behind her fan,
She durst behold that monster man:
There practis'd how to place her head,
And bit her lips to make them red;
Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the ceiling,
And heave her bosom unaware,
For neighbouring beaux to see it bare.
At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppose all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
The vicar and the ring bespoke:
Guess, how could such a match be broke?
See then what mortals place their bliss in!
Next morn betimes the bride was missing:
The mother scream'd, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of Phyl! the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had skulk'd for shame;
Because her father us'd to say,
The girl had such a bashful way!
Now John the butler must be sent
To learn the road that Phyllis went;
The groom was wish'd to saddle Crop;
For John must neither light nor stop,
But find her, wheresoe'er she fled,
And bring her back, alive or dead.
See here again the devil to do!
For truly John was missing too:
The horse and pillion both were gone!
Phyllis, it seems, was fled with John.

Old Madam, who went up to find
What papers Phyl had left behind,
A letter on the toilet sees,
To my much honour'd father—these—
('Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows)
Fill'd with the choicest commonplaces,
By other's us'd, in the like cases.
"That long ago a fortuneteller
Exactly said what now befel her;
And in a glass had made her see
A serving-man of low degree.
It was her fate, must be forgiven;
For marriages were made in Heaven:
His pardon begg'd: but, to be plain,
She'd do't if 'twere to do again:
Thank'd God, 'twas neither shame nor sin;
For John was come of honest kin.
Love never thinks of rich and poor:
She'd beg with John from door to door.
Forgive her, if it be a crime;
She'll never do't another time.
She ne'er before in all her life
Once disobey'd him, maid nor wife.
One argument she summ'd up all in,
The thing was done, and past recalling;
And therefore hop'd she should recover
His favour, when his passion's over.
She valued not what others thought her,
And was—his most obedient daughter."
Fair maidens, all attend the Muse,
Who now the wandering pair pursues:
Away they rode in homely sort,
Their journey long, their money short;

The loving couple well bemir'd;
The horse and both the riders tir'd:
Their victuals bad, their lodging worse;
Phyl cried! and John began to curse:
Phyl wish'd that she had strain'd a limb,
When first she ventur'd out with him;
John wish'd, that he had broke a leg,
When first for her he quitted Peg.
  But what adventures more befel them,
The Muse has now no time to tell them;
How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till Phyllis all her trinkets pawn'd:
How oft she broke her marriage vows
In kindness to maintain her spouse,
Till swains unwholesome spoil'd the trade;
For now the Surgeons must be paid,
To whom those perquisites are gone,
In Christian justice due to John.
  When food and raiment now grew scarce,
Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic justice;
For John was landlord, Phyllis hostess;
They keep, at Staines, the Old Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

AD AMICUM ERUDITUM THOMAM SHERIDAN. 1717.

DELICIÆ Sheridan Musarum, dulcis amice,
Sic tibi propitius Permessi ad flumen Apollo
Occurrat, seu te mimum convivia rident,
Æquivocosque sales spargis, seu ludere versu

Malles; dic, Sheridan, quisnam fuit ille deorum,
Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
Scrutandi? Tibi nascenti ad cunabula Pallas
Astitit; et dixit, mentis præsaga futuræ,
Heu, puer infelix! nostro sub sidere natus;
Nam tu pectus eris sine corpore, corporis umbra;
Sed levitate umbram superabis, voce cicadam:
Musca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
Corpore sed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
Hoc animi dotes supplebunt; teque docente,
Nec longum tempus, surget tibi docta juventus,
Artibus egregiis animas instructa novellas.
Grex hinc Pæonius venit, ecce, salutifer orbi;
Ast, illi causas orant; his infula visa est
Divinam capiti nodo constringere mitram.
Natalis te horæ non fallunt signa, sed usque
Conscius, expedias puero seu lætus Apollo
Nascenti arrisit; sive illum frigidus horror
Saturni premit, aut septem inflavêre triones.
Quin tu altè penitusque latentia semina cernis,
Quæque diu obtundendo olim sub luminis auras
Erumpent, promis; quo ritu sæpè puella
Sub cinere hesterno sopitos suscitat ignes.
Te dominum agnoscit quocunque sub aëre natus:
Quos indulgentis nimium custodia matris
Pessundat: nam sæpè vides in stipite matrem.
Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
Æneæ sedes tantùm patefecit Avernas;
Sæpè puer, tua quem tetigit semel aurea virga,
Et cœlum, terrasque videt, noctemque profundam.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.

ADDRESSED TO ARCHBISHOP KING. 1718.

VIRTUE conceal'd within our breast
Is inactivity at best:
But never shall the Muse endure
To let your virtues lie obscure;
Or suffer Envy to conceal
Your labours for the public weal.
Within your breast all wisdom lies,
Either to govern or advise;
Your steady soul preserves her frame,
In good and evil times the same.
Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud,
Stand in your sacred presence aw'd;
Your hand alone from gold abstains,
Which drags the slavish world in chains.
  Him for a happy man I own,
Whose fortune is not overgrown;
And happy he, who wisely knows
To use the gifts that Heaven bestows;
Or, if it please the Powers Divine,
Can suffer want, and not repine.
The man, who infamy to shun
Into the arms of death would run;
That man is ready to defend,
With life, his country or his friend.

A MOTTO FOR MR. JASON HASARD,

WOOLLEN-DRAPER IN DUBLIN:

WHOSE SIGN WAS THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

JASON, the valiant prince of Greece,
From Colchis brought the Golden Fleece:
We comb the wool, refine the stuff,
For modern Jasons, that's enough.
O! could we tame yon watchful dragon,*
Old Jason would have less to brag on.

TO MR. DELANY, Nov. 10, 1718.

To you, whose virtues, I must own
With shame, I have too lately known;
To you, by art and nature taught
To be the man I long have sought,
Had not ill Fate, perverse and blind,
Plac'd you in life too far behind:
Or, what I should repine at more,
Plac'd me in life too far before:
To you the Muse this verse bestows,
Which might as well have been in prose;
No thought, no fancy, no sublime,
But simple topics told in rhyme.
  Talents for conversation fit
Are humour, breeding, sense, and wit:

* England. H.

The last, as boundless as the wind,
Is well conceiv'd, though not defin'd:
For, sure by wit is chiefly meant
Applying well what we invent.
What humour is, not all the tribe
Of logicmongers can describe;
Here nature only acts her part,
Unhelp'd by practice, books, or art:
For wit and humour differ quite;
That gives surprise, and this delight.
Humour is odd, grotesque, and wild,
Only by affectation spoil'd:
'Tis never by invention got,
Men have it when they know it not.
  Our conversation to refine,
Humour and wit must both combine:
From both we learn to rally well,
Wherein sometimes the French excel;
Voiture, in various lights, displays
That irony which turns to praise:
His genius first found out the rule
For an obliging ridicule:
He flatters with peculiar air
The brave, the witty, and the fair:
And fools would fancy he intends
A satire, where he most commends.
  But, as a poor pretending beau,
Because he fain would make a show
Nor can arrive at silver lace,
Takes up with copper in the place:
So the pert dunces of mankind,
Whene'er they would be thought refin'd,
As if the difference lay abstruse
'Twixt raillery and gross abuse;

To show their parts, will scold and rail,
Like porters o'er a pot of ale.
Such is that clan of boisterous bears,
Always together by the ears;
Shrewd fellows and arch wags, a tribe
That meet for nothing but a gibe;
Who first run one another down,
And then fall foul on all the town;
Skill'd in the horselaugh and dry rub,
And call'd by excellence The Club.
I mean your Butler, Dawson, Car,
All special friends, and always jar.
The mettled and the vicious steed
Differ as little in their breed;
Nay, Voiture is as like Tom Leigh,
As rudeness is to repartee.
If what you said I wish unspoke,
'Twill not suffice it was a joke:
Reproach not, though in jest, a friend
For those defects he cannot mend;
His lineage, calling, shape, or sense,
If nam'd with scorn, gives just offence.
What use in life to make men fret,
Part in worse humour than they met?
Thus all society is lost,
Men laugh at one another's cost;
And half the company is teaz'd,
That came together to be pleas'd:
For all buffoons have most in view
To please themselves, by vexing you.
You wonder now to see me write
So gravely on a subject light;
Some part of what I here design
Regards a friend* of yours and mine;

* Dr. Sheridan. H.

Who, neither void of sense nor wit,
Yet seldom judges what is fit,
But sallies oft beyond his bounds,
And takes unmeasurable rounds.
  When jests are carried on too far,
And the loud laugh begins the war,
You keep your countenance for shame,
Yet still you think your friend to blame:
For, though men cry they love a jest,
'Tis but when others stand the test:
And (would you have their meaning known)
They love a jest that is their own.
  You must, although the point be nice,
Bestow your friend some good advice;
One hint from you will set him right,
And teach him how to be polite.
Bid him, like you, observe with care,
Whom to be hard on, whom to spare;
Nor indistinctly to suppose
All subjects like Dan Jackson's nose.*
To study the obliging jest,
By reading those who teach it best;
For prose I recommend Voiture's,
For verse (I speak my judgment) yours.
He'll find the secret out from thence,
To rhyme all day without offence;
And I no more shall then accuse
The flirts of his ill-manner'd Muse.
  If he be guilty, you must mend him;
If he be innocent, defend him.

* Which was afterward the subject of several poems by Dr. Sw. and others. H.

A LEFT-HANDED LETTER

TO DR. SHERIDAN.* 1718.

DELANY reports it, and he has a shrewd tongue,
That we both act the part of the clown and the cow-dung;
We lye cramming ourselves, and are ready to burst,
Yet still are no wiser than we were at first.
Pudet hæc opprobria, I freely must tell ye,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.
Though Delany advis'd you to plague me no longer,
You reply and rejoin like Hoadly of Bangor;
I must now, at one sitting, pay off my old score;
How many to answer? One, two, three, or four.
But, because the three former are long ago past,
I shall, for method sake, begin with the last.
You treat me like a boy that knocks down his foe,
Who, ere t'other gets up, demands the rising blow.
Yet I know a young rogue, that, thrown flat on the field,
Would, as he lay under, cry out, Sirrah! yield.
So the French, when our generals soundly did pay them,
Went triumphant to church, and sang stoutly *Te Deum*.
So the famous Tom Leigh, when quite run aground,
Comes off by outlaughing the company round.
In every vile pamphlet you'll read the same fancies,
Having thus overthrown all our farther advances.
My offers of peace you ill understood:
Friend Sheridan, when will you know your own good?
'Twas to teach you in moderate language your duty;
For, were you a dog, I could not be rude t'ye:
As a good quiet soul, who no mischief intends
To a quarrelsome fellow, cries, let us be friends,

* The humour of this poem is partly lost, by the impossibility of printing it left-handed as it was written. H.

But we like Anteus and Hercules fight,
The oftener you fall, the oftener you write;
And I'll use you as he did that overgrown clown,
I'll first take you up, and then take you down:
And, 'tis your own case, for you never can wound
The worst dunce in your school, till he's heav'd from the ground.

I beg your pardon for using my left hand, but I was in great haste, and the other hand was employed at the same time in writing some letters of business. I will send you the rest when I have leisure: but pray come to dinner with the company you met here last.

TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1718.

WHATE'ER your predecessors taught us,
I have a great esteem for Plautus;
And think your boys may gather there-hence
More wit and humour than from Terence;
But as to comic Aristophanes,
The rogue too vicious and too prophane is.
I went in vain to look for Eupolis
Down in the strand,* just where the New Pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can,
You will not find it in the Vatican.
He and Cratinus us'd, as Horace says,
To take his greatest grandees for asses.
Poets, in those days, us'd to venture high;
But these are lost full many a century.

* *The fact may not be true; but the rhyme cost me some trouble.* SWIFT.

Thus you may see, dear friend, *ex pede* hence,
My judgment of the old comedians.
  Proceed to tragics: first, Euripides
(An author where I sometimes dip a-days)
Is rightly censur'd by the Stagirite,
Who says, his numbers do not fadge aright.
A friend of mine that author despises
So much, he swears the very best piece is,
For aught he knows, as bad as Thespis's;
And that a woman, in these tragedies,
Commonly speaking, but a sad jade is.
At least, I'm well assur'd, that no folk lays
The weight on him they do on Sophocles.
But, above all, I prefer Æschylus,
Whose moving touches, when they please kill us.
  And now I find my Muse but ill able,
To hold out longer in trissyllable.
I chose those rhymes out for their difficulty;
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye?

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT. 1718.

Dear Dean, since in *cruxes* and *puns* you and I deal,
Pray why is a woman a sieve and a riddle?
'Tis a thought that came into my noddle this morning,
In bed as I lay, Sir, a tossing and turning.
You'll find, if you read but a few of your histories,
All women, as Eve, all women are mysteries.
To find out this riddle I know you'll be eager,
And make every one of the sex a Belphegor.
But that will not do, for I mean to commend them:
I swear without jest I an honour intend them.

In a sieve, Sir, their ancient extraction I quite tell,
In a riddle I give you their power and their title.
This I told you before: do you know what I mean, sir?
"Not I, by my troth, sir."—Then read it again, sir.
The reason I send you these lines of rhymes double
Is purely through pity, to save you the trouble
Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did last,
When your Pegasus canter'd in triple, and rid fast.
As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnassus,
With Phœbus's leave, to run with his asses,
He goes slow and sure, and he never is jaded,
While your fiery steed is whipp'd, spurr'd, bastinaded.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

In reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack nigh.
And when with much labour the matter I crackt,
I found you mistaken in matter of fact.
A woman's no sieve (for with that you begin)
Because she lets out more than e'er she takes in.
And that she's a riddle can never be right,
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is light.
But, grant her a sieve, I can say something archer;
Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen searcher.
Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a maid,* was the first man's damnation?
If your worship will please to explain me this rebus,
I swear from henceforward you shall be my Phœbus.

From my hackney coach, Sept. 11,
1718, past 12 at noon.

* A damsel, i. e. *Adam's* Hell. H.

DR. SHERIDAN'S REPLY TO THE DEAN.

Don't think these few lines which I send, a reproach,
From my muse in a car to your muse in a coach.
The great God of poem delights in a car,
Which makes him so bright that we see him from far;
For were he mew'd up in a coach, 'tis allow'd,
We'd see him no more than we see thro' a cloud.
You know to apply this—I do not disparage
Your lines, but I say they're the worse for the carriage.
Now, first, you deny that a woman's a sieve;
I say that she is: What reason d'ye give?
Because she lets out more than she takes in.
Is't that you advance for't? you're still to begin.
Your major and minor I both can refute,
I'll teach you hereafter with whom to dispute.
A sieve keeps in half, deny't if you can.
D. Adzucks, I mistook it, who thought of the bran?
I tell you in short, sir, you should have* a pair o'stocks
For thinking to palm on your friend such a paradox.
Indeed, I confess, at the close you grew better.
But you light from your coach when you finish'd your letter.
Your thing which you say wants interpretation,
What's name for a maiden—the first man's damnation?
A damsel—Adam's hell—ay, there I have hit it,
Just as you conceiv'd it, just so have I writ it.
Since this I've discover'd, I'll make you to know it,
That now I'm your Phœbus, and you are my poet.
But if you interpret the two lines that follow,
I'll again be your poet, and you my Apollo.

* *Begging pardon for the* expression to a dignitary of the church. S.

Why a noble lord's dog, and my school-house, this v
ther,
Make up the best catch when they're coupled togeth

From my Ringsend car, Sept. 12, 1718,
past 5 in the morning, on a repetition
day.

TO THE SAME.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

12 *o'clock at Noon, O. S. Dec.* 18, 1718

SIR,

PERHAPS you may wonder, I send you so soon
Another epistle; consider 'tis noon.
For all his acquaintance well know that friend Tom
Whenever he makes one, as good as his promise.
Now Phœbus exalted sits high on his throne,
Dividing the heav'ns, dividing my crown,
Into poems and business, my skull's split in two;
One side for the lawyers, and t'other for you.
With my left eye I see you sit snug in your stall,
With my right I'm attending the lawyers that scrawl.
With my left I behold your bellower a cur chase;
With my right I'm a reading my deeds for a purcha
My left ear's attending the hymns of the choir,
My right ear is stunn'd with the noise of the crier.
My right hand's inditing these lines to your reverence,
My left is indenting for me and heirs ever hence.
Although in myself I'm divided in two,
Dear Dean, I shall ne'er be divided from you.

STELLA'S BIRTH DAY.

MARCH 13, 1718-19.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
(We sha'n't dispute a year or more)
However, Stella, be not troubled,
Although thy size and years are doubled
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green:
So little is thy form declin'd;
Made up so largely in thy mind.
O, would it please the gods to split
Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit!
No age could furnish out a pair
Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair;
With half the lustre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and size.
And then, before it grew too late,
How should I beg of gentle Fate,
(That either nymph might have her swain)
To split my worship too in twain!

TO DR. SHERIDAN.*

Dec. 14, 1719, *nine at night.*

SIR,

IT is impossible to know by your letter whether the wine is to be bottled to-morrow, or no.

* In this letter, *though* written in prose, the reader, upon examining, *will find each second* sentence rhymes to the former. H.

If it be, or be not, why did not you, in plain English tell us so?

For my part, it was by mere chance I came to sit with the ladies† this night.

And if they had not told me there was a letter from you; and your man Alexander had not gone, and came back from the deanery; and the boy here had not been sent to let Alexander know I was here; I should have missed the letter outright.

Truly I don't know who's bound to be sending for corks to stop your bottles, with a vengeance.

Make a page of your own age, and send your man Alexander to buy corks; for Saunders already has gone above ten jaunts.

Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson say, truly they don't care for your wife's company, though they like your wine; but they had rather have it at their own house to drink in quiet.

However, they own it is very civil in Mrs. Sheridan to make the offer; and they cannot deny it.

I wish Alexander safe at St. Catharine's to night, with all my heart and soul, upon my word and honour:

But I think it base in you to send a poor fellow out so late at this time of year, when one would not turn out a dog that one valued; I appeal to your friend Mr. Connor.

I would present my humble service to my lady Mountcashel; but truly I thought she would have made advances to have been acquainted with me, as she pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you see plainly my paper is ended.

† *Mrs.* Johnson and Mrs. Dingley. F.

1 P. S.

I wish, when you prated, your letter you'd dated:
Much plague it created. I scolded and rated;
My soul is much grated; for your man I long waited.
I think you are fated, like a bear to be baited:
Your man is belated: the case I have stated;
And me you have cheated. My stable's unslated.
Come back t' us well freighted.
I remember my late head; and wish you translated,
For teasing me.

2 P. S.

Mrs. Dingley desires me singly
Her service to present you; hopes that will content you;
But Johnson madam is grown a sad dame,
For want of your converse, and cannot send one verse.

3 P. S.

You keep such a twattling with you and your bottling;
But I see the sum total, we shall ne'er have a bottle;
The long and the short, we shall not have a quart.
I wish you would sign't, that we have a pint.
For all your colloguing,* I'd be glad of a knoggin:†
But I doubt 'tis a sham; you won't give us a dram.
'Tis of shine a mouth moon-ful, you won't part with a spoonful,
And I must be nimble, if I can fill my thimble,
You see I won't stop, till I come to a drop;
But I doubt the oraculum, is a poor supernaculum;
Though perhaps you may tell it, for a grace if we smell it.

STELLA.

* A phrase used in Ireland for a specious appearance of kindness without sincerity. F.

† A name used in Ireland for the English quartern. F.

DR. SHERIDAN'S ANSWER.

I'D have you to know, as sure as you're dean,
On Thursday my cask of Obrien I'll drain:
If my wife is not willing, I say she's a quean;
And my right to the cellar, egad, I'll maintain
As bravely as any that fought at Dunblain:
Go tell her it over and over again.
I hope, as I ride to the town, it won't rain;
For, should it, I fear it will cool my hot brain,
Entirely extinguish my poetic vein;
And then I should be as stupid as Kain,
Who preach'd on three heads, though he mention'd but twain.
Now Wardel's in haste, and begins to complain;
Your most humble servant, dear sir, I remain,
T. S—n.

Get Helsham, Walmsley, Delany,
And some Grattans, if there be any:*
Take care you do not bid too many.

DR. SWIFT'S REPLY.

THE verses you sent on the bottling your wine
Were, in every one's judgment, exceedingly fine;
And I must confess, as a dean and divine,
I think you inspir'd by the Muses all nine.
I nicely examin'd them every line,
And the worst of them all like a barndoor did shine,

* *i. e.* in Dublin, for they were country clergy. F.

O, that Jove would give me such a talent as thine!
With Delany or Dan I would scorn to combine.
I know they have many a wicked design;
And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.
However, I wish, honest comrade of mine,
You would really on Thursday leave St. Catharine,*
Where I hear you are cramm'd every day like a swine;
With me you'll no more have a stomach to dine,
Nor after your victuals lie sleeping supine:
So I wish you were toothless, like lord Masserine.
But, were you as wicked as lewd Aretine,
I wish you would tell me which way you incline.
If, when you return, your road you don't line,
On Thursday I'll pay my respects at your shrine,
Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
In square, or in opposite circle, or trine.
Your beef will on Thursday be salter than brine:
I hope you have swill'd, with new milk from the kine,
As much as the Liffee's outdone by the Rhine;
And Dan shall be with us, with nose aquiline.
If you do not come back, we shall weep out our eyne;
Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.
The beef you have got, I hear, is a chine:
But, if too many come, your madam will whine;
And then you may kiss the low end of her spine.
But enough of this poetry Alexandrine:
I hope you will not think this a pasquine.

* The seat of Lady Mountcashel, near Dublin. F.

STELLA'S BIRTH DAY. 1719-20.

ALL travellers at first incline
Where'er they see the fairest sign:
And if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel Inn to every friend.
What though the painting grows decay'd,
The house will never lose its trade:
Nay, though the treacherous tapster Thomas,
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as dauber's hands can make it,
In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
We think it both a shame and sin
To quit the true old Angel Inn.
  Now this is Stella's case in fact,
An angel's face a little crack'd,
Could poets or could painters fix
How angels look at thirty-six:
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an angel's mind;
And every virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crowding swains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and sense,
And puts them but to small expense;
Their mind so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,
So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives!

And had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.
  Then who can think we'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face;
Or stop and light at Cloe's head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed?
  Then, Cloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six, and thirty-eight;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints, that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendoes, when you tell us,
That Stella loves to talk with fellows:
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve;
That should you live to see the day,
When Stella's locks must all be gray,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face;
Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's Queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind:
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourscore.

TO STELLA,

WHO COLLECTED AND TRANSCRIBED HIS POEMS, 1720.

As, when a lofty pile is rais'd,
We never hear the workmen prais'd,
Who bring the lime, or place the stones,
But *all admire* Inigo Jones:

So, if this pile of scatter'd rhymes
Should be approv'd in aftertimes;
If it both pleases and endures,
The merit and the praise are yours.
  Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp was strung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts;
With Friendship and Esteem possess'd,
I ne'er admitted Love a guest.
  In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new;
Or else, comparing with the rest,
Take comfort, that our own is best;
The best we value by the worst,
As tradesmen show their trash at first;
But his pursuits are at an end,
Whom Stella chooses for a friend.
  A poet starving in a garret,
Conning all topics like a parrot,
Invokes his Mistress and his Muse,
And stays at home for want of shoes:
Should but his Muse descending drop
A slice of bread and mutton-chop;
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surprise him with a pint of stout;
Or patch his broken stocking soals,
Or send him in a peck of coals;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies, and leaves the stars behind;
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.

Or, should a porter make inquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phyllis, Iris;
Be told the lodging, lane, and sign,
The bowers that hold those nymphs divine;
Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground;
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her shoulders mark'd with bloody tracks;
Bright Phyllis mending ragged smocks;
And radiant Iris in the pox.
These are the goddesses enroll'd
In Curll's collection, new and old,
Whose scoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
If they should meet them in a poem.
True poets can depress and raise,
Are lords of infamy and praise;
They are not scurrilous in satire,
Nor will in panegyric flatter.
Unjustly poets we asperse;
Truth shines the brighter clad in verse,
And all the fictions they pursue
Do but insinuate what is true.
Now, should my praises owe their truth,
To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth,
What stoics call without our power,
They could not be insur'd an hour:
'Twere grafting on an annual stock,
That must our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant shoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verses bring,
Perhaps you're quite another thing.
So Mævius, when he drain'd his skull
To celebrate some suburb trull,

His similes in order set,
And every crambo he could get,
Had gone through all the common places
Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces,
Before he could his poem close,
The lovely nymph had lost her nose.
  Your virtues safely I commend;
They on no accidents depend:
Let malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not say the poet lies.
  Stella, when you these lines transcribe
Lest you should take them for a bribe,
Resolv'd to mortify your pride,
I'll here expose your weaker side:
  Your spirits kindle to a flame,
Mov'd with the lightest touch of blame;
And when a friend in kindness tries
To show you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incense;
Perverseness is your whole defence;
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to spite
Regardless both of wrong and right;
Your virtues all suspended wait
Till time has open'd reason's gate;
And, what is worse, your passion bends
Its force against your nearest friends,
Which manners, decency, and pride,
Have taught you from the world to hide
In vain; for see, your friend has brought
To public light your only fault;
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble generous mind:
And may compare to Ætna's fire,
Which, though with trembling, all admire

The heat, that makes the summit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.
Those who in warmer climes complain
From Phœbus' rays they suffer pain,
Must own that pain is largely paid
By generous wines beneath a shade.
  Yet, when I find your passions rise,
And anger sparkling in your eyes,
I grieve those spirits should be spent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One passion, with a different turn,
Makes wit inflame, or anger burn:
So the sun's heat, with different powers,
Ripens the grape, the liquor sours:
Thus Ajax, when with rage possess'd
By Pallas breath'd into his breast,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy;
But, blinded by resentment, seeks
For vengeance on his friends the Greeks.
  You think this turbulence of blood
From stagnating preserves the flood,
Which, thus fermenting by degrees,
Exalts the spirits, sinks the lees.
  Stella, for once you reason wrong;
For, should this ferment last too long,
By time subsiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind;
From passion you may then be freed,
When peevishness and spleen succeed.
Say, Stella, when you copy next,
Will you keep strictly to the text?
Dare you let these reproaches stand,
And to your failing set your hand?

Or, if these lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baser flames expire?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they must,
They'll prove my accusation just.

TO STELLA.

VISITING ME IN MY SICKNESS. 1720.

PALLAS, observing Stella's wit
Was more than for her sex was fit,
And that her beauty, soon or late,
Might breed confusion in the state,
In high concern for human kind,
Fix'd honour in her infant mind.
But (not in wranglings to engage
With such a stupid vicious age)
If honour I would here define,
It answers faith in things divine.
As natural life the body warms,
And, scholars teach, the soul informs;
So honour animates the whole,
And is the spirit of the soul.
Those numerous virtues, which the tribe
Of tedious moralists describe,
And by such various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule supreme,
Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no difference in the case,
Nor is complexion honour's place.
But, lest we should for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake;

Or think it seated in a scar,
Or on a proud triumphal car;
Or in the payment of a debt
We lose with sharpers at piquet;
Or when a whore, in her vocation,
Keeps punctual to an assignation;
Or that on which his lordship swears,
When vulgar knaves would lose their ears;
Let Stella's fair example preach
A lesson she alone can teach.

In points of honour to be tri'd,
All passions must be laid aside:
Ask no advice, but think alone;
Suppose the question not your own.
How shall I act, is not the case;
But how would Brutus in my place?
In such a case would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed?

Drive all objections from your min
Else you relapse to human kind:
Ambition, avarice, and lust,
A factious rage, and breach of trust,
And flattery tipp'd with nauseous flee;
And guilty shame, and servile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preside.

Heroes and heroines of old,
By honour only were enroll'd
Among their brethren in the skies,
To which (though late) shall Stella rise.
Ten thousand oaths upon record
Are not so sacred as her word:
The world shall in its atoms end,
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.

By honour seated in her breast
She still determines what is best:
What indignation in her mind
Against enslavers of mankind!
Base kings, and ministers of state,
Eternal objects of her hate!
  She thinks that nature ne'er design'd
Courage to man alone confin'd.
Can cowardice her sex adorn,
Which most exposes ours to scorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to scream and start;
Nor calls up all the house at night,
And swears she saw a thing in white.
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Because she heard a sudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.
  Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and sense;
Which, though her modesty should shroud,
Breaks like the sun behind a cloud;
While gracefulness its art conceals,
And yet through every motion steals.
  Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind,
And, forming you, mistook your kind?
No; 'twas for you alone he stole
The fire that forms a manly soul;
Then, to complete it every way,
He moulded it with female clay:
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.

How would ingratitude delight,
And how would censure glut her spite,
If I should Stella's kindness hide
In silence, or forget with pride!
When on my sickly couch I lay
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly strains,
Call'd every power to ease my pains;
Then Stella ran to my relief,
With cheerful face and inward grief;
And, though by Heaven's severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require,
From slaves employ'd for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendship warm'd,
With vigour and delight perform'd:
My sinking spirits now supplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes;
Now with a soft and silent tread
Unheard she moves about my bed.
I see her taste each nauseous draught,
And so obligingly am caught;
I bless the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare distort my face for shame.
Best pattern of true friends! beware;
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours;
For such a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made,
Materials for a house decay'd.

AN ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF DEMAR, THE USURER;

WHO DIED THE SIXTH OF JULY, 1720.

KNOW all men by these presents, Death the amer,
By mortgage has secur'd the corpse of Demar:
Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound
Redeem him from his prison under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess'd,
Bestow to bury him one iron chest.
Plutus the god of wealth will joy to know
His faithful steward in the shades below.
He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare cloak;
He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk:
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms.
So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himself.
Where'er he went, he never saw his betters;
Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble debtors;
And under hand and seal the Irish nation
Were forc'd to own to him their obligation.
He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His coffers from the coffin could not save,
Nor all his interest keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Because we wish the earth upon him light.
Oh London tavern!* thou hast lost a friend,
Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend:

* A tavern in Dublin, where Demar kept his office. F.

He touch'd the pence, when others touch'd the pot;
The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.
Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
On him could ever boast a power to seize;
"* But, as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death in spight
Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light;
And, as he saw his darling money fail,
Blew his last breath, to sink the lighter scale."
He who so long was current, 'twould be strange
If he should now be cry'd down since his change.
The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow;
Alas, the sexton is thy banker now!
A dismal banker must that banker be,
Who gives no bills but of mortality!

EPITAPH ON THE SAME.

Beneath this verdant hillock lies
Demar,† the wealthy and the wise,
His heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his carcass in a chest;
The very chest, in which, they say,
His other self, his money, lay.
And, if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he left behind,
I dare believe, that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

* These four lines were written by Stella. F.

† John D'Amory, Esq. dying in 1720 without issue, his estates in Ireland went to John, the eldest son of his brother George; and his Dorsetshire estates to Joseph, a younger son, the immediate ancestor of the present Earl of Dorchester. N.

TO MRS. HOUGHTON OF BOURMONT.

ON PRAISING HER HUSBAND TO DR. SWIFT.

You always are making a God of your Spouse;
But this neither Reason nor Conscience allows:
Perhaps you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him, because he adores you.
Your argument's weak, and so you will find;
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

VERSES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW,

AT THE DEANERY HOUSE, ST. PATRICK'S.

Are the guests of this house still doom'd to be cheated?
Sure the Fates have decreed they by halves should be treated.
In the days of good John,* if you came here to dine,
You had choice of good meat, but no choice of good wine.
In Jonathan's reign, if you come here to eat,
You have choice of good wine, but no choice of good meat.
O Jove! then how fully might all sides be blest,
Would'st thou but agree to this humble request!
Put both deans in one; or, if that's too much trouble,
Instead of the deans, make the deanery double.

* Dr. Sterne, the predecessor of Swift in the deanery of St. Patrick's, and afterward Bishop of Clogher, was distinguished for his *hospitality*. F.

ON ANOTHER WINDOW.*

A BARD, on whom Phœbus his spirit bestow'd,
Resolving t' acknowledge the bounty he ow'd,
Found out a new method at once of confessing,
And making the most of so mighty a blessing:
To the God he'd be grateful; but mortals he'd chouse,
By making his patron preside in his house;
And wisely foresaw this advantage from thence,
That the God would in honour bear most of th' expense:
So the bard he finds drink, and leaves Phœbus to treat
With the thoughts he inspires, regardless of meat.
Hence they, that come hither expecting to dine,
Are always fobb'd off with sheer wit and sheer wine.

APOLLO TO THE DEAN. 1720.†

RIGHT trusty, and so forth—we let you to know
We are very ill us'd by you mortals below.
For, first, I have often by chymists been told,
Though I know nothing on't, it is I that make gold;
Which when you have got, you so carefully hide it,
That, since I was born, I hardly have spi'd it.
Then it must be allow'd, that, whenever I shine,
I forward the grass, and I ripen the vine;
To me the good fellows apply for relief,
Without whom they could get neither claret nor beef:

* These lines were written by Dr. Delany, in conjunction with Stella, and preceded those which here follow them. N.

† See the following poem occasioned by this, called "News from Parnassus," written by Dr. Delany. N.

Yet their wine and their victuals those curmudgeon lubbards
Lock up from my sight in cellars and cupboards.
That I have an ill eye, they wickedly think,
And taint all their meat, and sour all their drink.
But, thirdly and lastly, it must be allow'd,
I alone can inspire the poetical crowd:
This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the college,
Whom if I inspire, it is not to my knowledge.
This every pretender to rhyme will admit,
Without troubling his head about judgment or wit.
These gentlemen use me with kindness and freedom,
And as for their works, when I please I may read 'em.
They lie open on purpose on counters and stalls,
And the titles I view, when I shine on the walls.
But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany,
Whom I for your sake love better than any,
And, of my mere motion and special good grace,
Intended in time to succeed in your place,
On Tuesday the tenth seditiously came
With a certain false traitress, one Stella by name,
To the deanery house, and on the north glass,
Where for fear of the cold I never can pass,
Then and there, *vi et armis*, with a certain utensil,
Of value five shillings, in English a pencil,
Did maliciously, falsely, and traitorously write,
While Stella aforesaid stood by with a light.
My sister had lately depos'd upon oath,
That she stopp'd in her course to look at them both:
That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding;
And still, as he writ, stood smiling and reading:
That her eyes were as bright as myself at noonday,
But her graceful black locks were all mingled with gray;
And by the description I certainly know,
'Tis the nymph that I courted some ten years ago;

Whom when I with the best of my talents endu'd
On her promise of yielding, she acted the prude:
That some verses were writ with felonious intent,
Direct to the north, where I never yet went:
That the letters appear'd revers'd through the pane,
But in Stella's bright eyes they were plac'd right again:
Wherein she distinctly could read every line,
And presently guess'd that the fancy was mine.
She can swear to the person, whom oft she has seen
At night between Cavan-street and College-green.
Now you see why his verses so seldom are shown;
The reason is plain, they are none of his own:
And observe while you live, that no man is shy
To discover the goods he came honestly by.
If I light on a thought, he will certainly steal it,
And, when he has got it, find ways to conceal it:
Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
There's scarce one in ten but what has my mark;
And let them be seen by the world if he dare,
I'll make it appear that they're all stolen ware.
But as for the poem he writ on your sash,
I think I have now got him under my lash;
My sister transcrib'd it last night to his sorrow,
And the public shall see it, if I live till to-morrow.
Through the zodiac around, it shall quickly be spread
In all parts of the globe where your language is read.
He knows very well, I ne'er gave a refusal,
When he ask'd for my aid in the forms that are usual:
But the secret is this; I did lately intend
To write a few verses on you as my friend:
I studied a fortnight, before I could find,
As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
And resolv'd the next winter (for that is my time,
When the days are at shortest) to get it in rhyme;

Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnassus;
When that subtle companion, in hopes to surpass us,
Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick,
(For I think in my conscience he deals with Old Nick)
And from my own stock provided with topics,
He gets to a window beyond both the tropics,
There out of my sight, just against the north zone,
Writes down my conceits, and then calls them his own;
And you, like a booby, the bubble can swallow:
Now who but Delany can write like Apollo?
High treason by statute! yet here you object,
He only stole hints, but the verse is correct;
Though the thought be Apollo's, 'tis finely express'd;
So a thief steals my horse, and has him well dress'd.
Now, whereas the sad criminal seems past repentance,
We Phœbus think fit to proceed to his sentence.
Since Delany has dar'd, like Prometheus his sire,
To climb to our region, and thence to steal fire;
We order a vulture, in shape of the spleen,
To prey on his liver, but not to be seen.
And we order our subjects of every degree
To believe all his verses were written by me:
And under the pain of our highest displeasure,
To call nothing his but the rhyme and the measure.
And lastly, for Stella, just out of her prime,
I'm too much revenged already by time.
In return to her scorn, I sent her diseases,
But will now be her friend whenever she pleases:
And the gifts I bestow'd her will find her a lover,
Though she lives till she's gray as a badger all over.

NEWS FROM PARNASSUS.

BY DR. DELANY.

OCCASIONED BY "APOLLO TO THE DEAN."* 1720.

PARNASSUS, February the twenty-seventh.
The Poets assembled here on the eleventh,
Convened by Apollo, who gave them to know,
He'd have a vicegerent in his empire below;
But declared that no bard should this honour inherit,
Till the rest had agreed he surpass'd them in merit:
Now this, you'll allow, was a difficult case,
For each bard believed he'd a right to the place;
So, finding th' assembly grow warm in debate,
He put them in mind of his Phaëton's fate:
'Twas urg'd to no purpose; disputes higher rose,
Scarce Phœbus himself could their quarrels compose;
Till at length he determin'd that every bard
Should (each in his turn) be patiently heard.
First, one who believ'd he excell'd in translation,†
Founds his claim on the doctrine of man's transmigration:
"Since the soul of great Milton was given to me,
I hope the Convention will quickly agree."
"Agree!" quoth Apollo: "from whence is this fool?
Is he just come from reading Pythagoras at school?
Be gone, sir, you've got your subscriptions in time,
And given in return neither reason nor rhyme."

* See the preceding poem. N.
† Dr. Trapp. N.

To the next, says the God, "Though now I won't choose you,
I'll tell you the reason for which I refuse you:
Love's Goddess has oft to her parents complain'd,
Of my favouring a bard who her empire disdain'd;
That, at my instigation, a poem you writ,
Which to beauty and youth preferr'd judgment and wit;
That, to make you a Laureat, I gave the first voice,
Inspiring the Britons t'approve of my choice.
Jove sent her to me, her power to try;
The Goddess of beauty what God can deny?
She forbids your preferment; I grant her desire.
Appease the fair Goddess: you then may rise higher."
The next* that appear'd had good hopes of succeeding,
For he merited much for his wit and his breeding.
'Twas wise in the Britons no favour to show him,
He else might expect they should pay what they owe him.
And therefore they prudently chose to discard
The Patriot, whose merits they would not reward:
The God, with a smile, bade his favourite advance,
"You were sent by Astræa her envoy to France:
You bent your ambition to rise in the state;
I refuse you, because you could stoop to be great."
Then a bard who had been a successful translator,†
"The convention allows me a versificator."
Says Apollo, "You mention the least of your merit;
By your works it appears you have much of my spirit.
I esteem you so well, that to tell you the truth,
The greatest objection against you's your youth:
Then be not concern'd you are now laid aside;
If you live, you shall certainly one day preside."

* *Mr. Prior.* N. † Mr. Pope was probably here meant. N.

Another, low bending, Apollo thus greets,
'Twas I taught your subjects to walk through the
streets."*
You taught them to walk! why, they knew it before:
ut give me the bard that can teach them to soar.
'henever he claims, 'tis his right, I'll confess,
'ho lately attempted my style with success;
'ho writes like Apollo has most of his spirit,
nd therefore 'tis just I distinguish his merit;
'ho makes it appear, by all he has writ,
is judgment alone can set bounds to his wit;
ike Virgil correct, with his own native ease,
ut excels even Virgil in elegant praise;
'ho admires the ancients, and knows 'tis their due,
'et writes in a manner entirely new;
'hough none with more ease their depths can explore,
'et whatever he wants he takes from my store;
'hough I'm fond of his virtues, his pride I can see,
n scorning to borrow from any but me.
t is owing to this, that, like Cynthia, his lays
nlighten the world by reflecting my rays."
'his said, the whole audience soon found out his drift:
'he convention was summon'd in favour of SWIFT.

* Mr. Gay; alluding to his "Trivia." N.

APOLLO'S EDICT.*

OCCASIONED BY "NEWS FROM PARNASSUS." 1720.

IRELAND is now our royal care,
We lately fix'd our viceroy there:-
How near was she to be undone,
Till pious love inspired her son!
What cannot our vicegerent do,
As poet and as patriot too?
Let his success our subjects sway,
Our inspirations to obey,
And follow where he leads the way:.
Then study to correct your taste;
Nor beaten paths be longer trac'd.
No simile shall be begun,
With rising or with setting sun;
And let the secret head of Nile
Be ever banish'd from your isle.
When wretched lovers live on air,
I beg you'll the chameleon spare;
And when you'd make a hero grander,
Forget he's like a salamander.
No son of mine shall dare to say,
Aurora usher'd in the day,
Or ever name the milky-way.
You all agree, I make no doubt,
Elijah's mantle is worn out.

* The last twelve lines of this poem were printed separately in 1743, on the death of Lady Catharine Forbes, only daughter of Arthur, first Earl of Granard, (descended from the noble family of Forbes *in* Scotland.) She was the second lady of Arthur, third Earl of Donegal; and died, June 15, 1743. N.

The bird of Jove shall toil no more
To teach the humble wren to soar.
Your tragic heroes shall not rant,
Nor shepherds use poetic cant.
Simplicity alone can grace
The manners of the rural race.
Theocritus and Philips be
Your guides to true simplicity.
When Damon's soul shall take its flight,
Though poets have the second sight,
They shall not see a trail of light.
Nor shall the vapours upward rise,
Nor a new star adorn the skies:
For who can hope to place one there,
As glorious as Belinda's hair?
Yet, if his name you'd eternize,
And must exalt him to the skies;
Without a star this may be done:
So Tickell mourn'd his Addison.
If Anna's happy reign you praise,
Pray, not a word of halcyon days;
Nor let my votaries show their skill
In aping lines from Cooper's Hill;
For know, I cannot bear to hear
The mimickry of deep, yet clear.
Whene'er my viceroy is address'd,
Against the phœnix I protest.
When poets soar in youthful strains,
No Phaëton to hold the reins.
When you describe a lovely girl,
No lips of coral, teeth of pearl.
Cupid shall ne'er mistake another,
However beauteous, for his mother;
Nor shall his darts at random fly
From magazine in Celia's eye.

With women compounds I am cloy'd,
Which only pleas'd in Biddy Floyd.*
For foreign aid what need they roam,
Whom fate has amply blest at home?
  Unerring Heaven, with bounteous hand,
Has form'd a model for your land,
Whom Jove endow'd with every grace;
The glory of the Granard race;
Now destin'd by the powers divine
The blessing of another line.
Then, would you paint a matchless dame,
Whom you'd consign to endless fame?
Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
Nor borrow from the blue-ey'd maid;
Nor need you on the Graces call;
Take qualities from Donegal.

THE RUN UPON THE BANKERS. 1720.

THE bold encroachers on the deep,
  Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune, with one general sweep,
  Turns all again to barren strand.

The multitude's capricious pranks,
  Are said to represent the seas;
Which, breaking bankers and the banks,
  Resume their own whene'er they please.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
  Corrupts and stagnates in the veins,

And call'd the happy composition Floyd." See p. 60. N.

Unless a proper circulation,
  Its motion and its heat maintains.

Because 'tis lordly not to pay,
  Quakers and aldermen in state,
Like peers, have levees every day
  Of duns attending at their gate.

We want our money on the nail;
  The banker's ruin'd if he pays:
They seem to act an ancient tale;
  The birds are met to strip the jays.

Riches, the wisest monarch sings,
  "Make pinions for themselves to fly:"
They fly like bats on parchment wings,
  And geese their silver plumes supply.

No money left for squandering heirs!
  Bills turn the lenders into debtors:
The wish of Nero now is theirs,
  "That they had never known their letters."

Conceive the works of midnight hags,
  Tormenting fools behind their backs:
Thus bankers, o'er their bills and bags,
  Sit squeezing images of wax.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke?
  The witches left in open air,
With power no more than other folk,
  Expos'd with all their magic ware.

So powerful are a banker's bills,
  Where creditors demand their due;

They break up counters, doors, and tills,
And leave the empty chests in view.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light
Upon the god of gold and Hell,
Unable to endure the sight,
He hides within his darkest cell.

As when a conjurer takes a lease
From Satan for a term of years,
The tenant's in a dismal case,
Whene'er the bloody bond appears.

A baited banker thus desponds,
From his own hand foresees his fall;
They have his soul, who have his bonds;
'Tis like the writing on the wall.

How will the caitiff wretch be scar'd,
When first he finds himself awake
At the last trumpet, unprepar'd,
And all his grand account to make!

For in that universal call,
Few bankers will to Heaven be mounters
They'll cry, "Ye shops, upon us fall!
"Conceal and cover us, ye counters"

When other hands the scales shall hold,
And they, in men's and angels' sight
Produc'd with all their bills and gold,
"Weigh'd in the balance, and found l

HE DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH FEAST.

TRANSLATED ALMOST LITERALLY OUT OF THE ORIGINAL IRISH. 1720.

O'Rourk's noble fare
  Will ne'er be forgot,
By those who were there,
  Or those who were not.

His revels to keep,
  We sup and we dine
On seven score sheep,
  Fat bullocks and swine.

Usquebaugh to our feast
  In pails was brought up,
A hundred at least,
  And a madder* our cup.

O there is the sport!
  We rise with the light
In disorderly sort,
  From snoring all night.

O how was I trick'd!
  My pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd,
  I lost my new cloak.

* A wooden vessel. F.

I'm rifled, quoth Nell.
  Of mantle and kercher:*
Why then fare them well,
  The de'el take the searcher.

Come harper, strike up;
  But, first, by your favour,
Boy, give us a cup:
  Ah! this hath some savour.

O'Rourk's jolly boys
  Ne'er dreamt of the matter,
'Till, rous'd by the noise,
  And musical clatter.

They bounce from their nest,
  No longer will tarry,
They rise ready dress'd,
  Without one Ave-Mary.

They dance in a round,
  Cutting capers and ramping;
A mercy the ground
  Did not burst with their stamping.

The floor is all wet
  With leaps and with jumps,
While the water and sweat
  Splish-splash in their pumps.

* A covering of linen worn on the heads of the women. F.

Bless you late and early,
  Laughlin O'Enagin!*
By my hand,† you dance rarely,
  Margery Grinagin.‡

Bring straw for our bed,
  Shake it down to the feet,
Then over us spread
  The winnowing sheet.

To show I don't flinch,
  Fill the bowl up again;
Then give us a pinch
  Of your sneezing, a Yean.‖

Good Lord! what a sight,
  After all their good cheer,
For people to fight
  In the midst of their beer!

They rise from their feast,
  And hot are their brains,
A cubit at least
  The length of their skeans.**

What stabs and what cuts,
  What clattering of sticks;
What strokes on the guts,
  What bastings and kicks!

* The name of an Irish man.
† An Irish oath. F.
‡ The name of an Irish woman. F.
‖ Surname of an Irish woman. F.
** Daggers, or short swords. F.

With cudgels of oak,
  Well harden'd in flame,
A hundred heads broke,
  A hundred struck lame.

You churl, I'll maintain
  My father built Lusk,
The castle of Slane,
  And Carrick Drumrusk:

The earl of Kildare,
  And Moynalta his brother,
As great as they are,
  I was nurs'd by their mother.*

Ask that of old madam;
  She'll tell you who's who.
As far up as Adam,
  She knows it is true.

Come down with that beam,
  If cudgels are scarce,
A blow on the weam,
  Or a kick on the a—se.

* It is the custom in Ireland to call nurses, foster-mothers husbands, foster-fathers; and their children, foster-brothers or sisters; and thus the poorest claim kindred to the richest. F.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

ON A SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET.* 1729.

To the Tune of "Peckington's Pound."

BROCADOES and damasks, and tabbies, and gauzes,
Are by Robert Ballentine lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law says,
Whoe'er will not wear them, is not the king's lover.
Though a printer and dean
Seditiously mean
Our true Irish hearts from old England to wean;
We'll buy English silks, for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship, and journeyman Waters.

In England the dead in woollen are clad,
The dean and his printer then let us cry fye on;
To be cloth'd like a carcass, would make a Teague mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.
Our wives they grow sullen
At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor shopkeepers must our horns pull in.
Then we'll buy English silks, for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship, and journeyman Waters.

* "Proposal for the universal use of Irish manufactures," for which Waters the printer was severely prosecuted. See vol. XII. H.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
  To inflame both the nations do plainly conspire;
Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,
  And wool it is greasy, and quickly takes fire.
    Therefore I assure ye,
    Our noble grand jury,
When they saw the dean's book, they were in a great fury;
They would buy English silks, for their wives and their daughters,
In spite of his deanship, and journeyman Waters.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is sinning,
  And before *corum nobis* so oft has been call'd,
Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
  And, if swearing can do't, shall be swingingly maul'd:
    And as for the dean,
    You know whom I mean,
If the printer will peach him, he'll scarce come off clean.
Then we'll buy English silks, for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship, and journeyman Waters.

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY. 1720.

WHEN first Diana leaves her bed,
  Vapours and steams her look disgrace,
A frowzy dirty-colour'd red
  Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face:

But, by degrees, when mounted high,
  Her artificial face appears
Down from her window in the sky,
  Her spots are gone, her visage clears.

'Twixt earthly females, and the moon,
  All parallels exactly run:
If Celia should appear too soon,
  Alas, the nymph would be undone!

To see her from her pillow rise,
  All reeking in a cloudy steam,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
  Poor Strephon! how would he blaspheme!

Three colours, black, and red, and white,
  So graceful in their proper place,
Remove them to a different site,
  They form a frightful hideous face:

For instance, when the lily skips
  Into the precincts of the rose,
And takes possession of the lips,
  Leaving the purple to the nose:

So Celia went entire to bed,
  All her complexion safe and sound;
But, when she rose, white, black, and red,
  Though still in sight, had chang'd their ground.

The black, which would not be confin'd
  A more inferior station seeks,
Leaving the fiery red behind,
  And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

But Celia can with ease reduce,
  By help of pencil, paint, and brush,
Each colour to its place and use,
  And teach her cheeks again to blush.

She knows her early self no more,
  But fill'd with admiration stands;
As other painters oft adore
  The workmanship of their own hands.

Thus, after four important hours,
  Celia's the wonder of her sex:
Say, which among the heavenly powers
  Could cause such marvellous effects?

Venus, indulgent to her kind,
  Gave women all their hearts could wish,
When first she taught them where to find
  White lead and Lusitanian* dish.

Love with white lead cements his wings:
  White lead was sent us to repair
Two brightest, brittlest, earthly things,
  A lady's face, and China-ware.

She ventures now to lift the sash;
  The window is her proper sphere:
Ah, lovely nymph! be not too rash,
  Nor let the beaux approach too near.

* Portugal. H.

Take pattern by your sister star:
  Delude at once and bless our sight;
When you are seen, be seen from far,
  And chiefly choose to shine by night,

But art no longer can prevail,
  When the materials all are gone;
The best mechanic hand must fail,
  Where nothing's left to work upon.

Matter, as wise logicians say,
  Cannot without a form subsist:
And form, say I as well as they,
  Must fail, if matter brings no grist.

And this is fair Diana's case;
  For all astrologers maintain,
Each night a bit drops off her face,
  When mortals say she's in her wane:

While Partridge* wisely shows the cause
  Efficient of the moon's decay,
That Cancer with his poisonous claws
  Attacks her in the milky way;

But Gadbury,* in art profound,
  From her pale cheeks pretends to show,
That swain Endymion is not found,
  Or else that Mercury's her foe.

But, let the cause be what it will,
  In half a month she looks so thin,

* Partridge and Gadbury wrote each an ephemeris. H.

That Flamsteed† can, with all his skill,
  See but her forehead and her chin.

Yet, as she wastes, she grows discreet,
  Till midnight never shows her head:
So rotting Celia strolls the street,
  When sober folks are all abed:

For sure, if this be Luna's fate,
  Poor Celia, but of mortal race,
In vain expects a longer date
  To the materials of her face.

When Mercury her tresses mows,
  To think of black lead combs is vain;
No painting can restore a nose,
  Nor will her teeth return again.

Ye powers, who over love preside!
  Since mortal beauties drop so soon,
If ye would have us well supply'd,
  Send us new nymphs with each new moon!

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

THE farmer's goose, who in the stubble
Has fed without restraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn and sitting still,
Can scarce get o'er the barndoor sill;
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighbouring pool!

† *John* Flamsteed, the celebrated astronomer royal, died in 1719, *aged* 73. *N.*

Nor loudly cackles at the door;
For cackling shows the goose is poor.
  But, when she must be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common strays,
Hard exercise and harder fare,
Soon make my dame grow lank and spare:
Her body light, she tries her wings,
And scorns the ground, and upward springs;
While all the parish, as she flies,
Hear sounds harmonious from the skies.
  Such is the poet fresh in pay,
The third night's profits of his play;
His morning draughts till noon can swill,
Among his brethren of the quill:
With good roast beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight?
Or, stuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could sing a note?
Nor Pegasus could bear the load
Along the high celestial road;
The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth,
To raise the lumber from the earth.
  But view him in another scene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money spent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheese and ale;
His two-years coat so smooth and bare,
Through every thread it lets in air;
With hungry meals his body pin'd,
His guts and belly full of wind;
And like a jockey for a race,
His flesh brought down to flying case:

Now his exalted spirit loathes
Encumbrances of food and clothes;
And up he rises, like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper;
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all Grub-street rings.

THE SOUTH-SEA PROJECT. 1721.

"Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
Arma virum, tabulæque, et Troïa gaza per undas." VIRG.

Ye wise philosophers, explain
What magic makes our money rise,
When dropt into the Southern main;
Or do these jugglers cheat our eyes?

Put in your money fairly told;
Presto! be gone—'Tis here again:
Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
Here's every piece as big as ten.

Thus in a basin drop a shilling,
Then fill the vessel to the brim;
You shall observe, as you are filling,
The ponderous metal seems to swim.

It rises both in bulk and height,
Behold it swelling like a sop;
The liquid medium cheats your sight;
Behold it mounted to the top!

In stock three hundred thousand pounds;
I have in view a lord's estate;

My manors all contiguous round;
  A coach and six, and serv'd in plate!

Thus, the deluded bankrupt raves;
  Puts all upon a desperate bet;
Then plunges in the Southern waves,
  Dipt over head and ears—in debt.

So, by a calenture misled,
  The mariner with rapture sees,
On the smooth ocean's azure bed,
  Enamell'd fields and verdant trees:

With eager haste he longs to rove
  In that fantastic scene, and thinks
It must be some enchanted grove;
  And in he leaps, and down he sinks.

Five hundred chariots just bespoke,
  Are sunk in these devouring waves,
The horses drown'd, the harness broke,
  And here the owners find their graves.

Like Pharaoh, by directors led;
  They with their spoils went safe before;
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
  Lay shatter'd on the Red Sea shore.

Rais'd up on Hope's aspiring plumes,
  The young adventurer o'er the deep
An eagle's flight and state assumes,
  And scorns the middle way to keep.

On paper wings he takes his flight,
  With wax the father bound them fast;

The wax is melted by the height,
  And down the towering boy is cast.

A moralist might here explain
  The rashness of the Cretan youth;
Describe his fall into the main,
  And from a fable form a truth.

His wings are his paternal rent,
  He melts the wax at every flame;
His credit sunk, his money spent,
  In Southern Seas he leaves his name.

Inform us, you that best can tell,
  Why in that dangerous gulf profound,
Where hundreds and where thousands fell,
  Fools chiefly float, the wise are drown'd?

So have I seen from Severn's brink
  A flock of geese jump down together:
Swim, where the bird of Jove would sink,
  And, swimming, never wet a feather.

But, I affirm, 'tis false in fact,
  Directors better knew their tools;
We see the nation's credit crack'd,
  Each knave has made a thousand fools.

One fool may from another win,
  And then get off with money stor'd;
But, if a sharper once comes in,
  He throws at all, and sweeps the board.

As fishes on each other prey,
  The great ones swallowing up the small;

So fares it in the Southern Sea;
  The whale directors eat up all.

When stock is high, they come between,
  Making by second-hand their offers;
Then cunningly retire unseen,
  With each a million in his coffers.

So, when upon a moonshine night
  An ass was drinking at a stream;
A cloud arose, and stopt the light,
  By intercepting every beam:

The day of judgment will be soon,
  Cries out a sage among the crowd;
An ass has swallow'd up the moon!
  The moon lay safe behind the cloud.

Each poor subscriber to the sea
  Sinks down at once, and there he lies;
Directors fall as well as they,
  Their fall is but a trick to rise.

So fishes, rising from the main,
  Can soar with moisten'd wings on high;
The moisture dry'd, they sink again,
  And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
  Come here their losses to retrieve;
Ride o'er the waves in spacious hoops,
  Like Lapland witches in a sieve.

Thus Venus to the sea descends,
  As poets feign; but where's the moral?

It shows the Queen of Love intends
  To search the deep for pearl and coral.

The sea is richer than the land,
  I heard it from my grannam's mouth,
Which now I clearly understand;
  For by the sea she meant the South.

Thus by directors we are told,
  "Pray, gentlemen, believe your eyes:
Our ocean's cover'd o'er with gold,
  Look round, and see how thick it lies;

"We, gentlemen, are your assisters.
  We'll come, and hold you by the chin—"
Alas! all is not gold that glisters,
  Ten thousand sink by leaping in.

O! would those patriots be so kind,
  Here in the deep to wash their hands,
Then, like Pactolus, we should find
  The sea indeed had golden sands.

A shilling in the bath you fling,
  The silver takes a nobler hue,
By magic virtue in the spring,
  And seems a guinea to your view.

But, as a guinea will not pass
  At market for a farthing more,
Shown through a multiplying glass,
  Than what it always did before:

So cast it in the Southern seas,
  Or view it through a jobber's bill.

Put on what spectacles you please,
  Your guinea's but a guinea still.

One night a fool into a brook
  Thus from a hillock looking down,
The golden stars for guineas took,
  And silver Cynthia for a crown.

The point he could no longer doubt;
  He ran, he leapt into the flood:
There sprawl'd a while, and scarce got out,
  All cover'd o'er with slime and mud.

"Upon the water cast thy bread,
  And after many days thou'lt find it;"
But gold, upon this ocean spread,
  Shall sink, and leave no mark behind it:

There is a gulf, where thousands fell,
  Here all the bold adventurers came,
A narrow sound, though deep as Hell
  Change Alley is the dreadful name.

Nine times a day it ebbs and flows,
  Yet he that on the surface lies,
Without a pilot seldom knows
  The time it falls, or when 'twill rise.

Subscribers here by thousands float,
  And jostle one another down;
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
  And here they fish for gold, and drown.

" *Now bury'd in the depth below,
  Now mounted up to Heaven again,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
  At their wits' end, like drunken men."

Mean time, secure on Garraway† cliffs,
  A savage race by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
  And strip the bodies of the dead.

But these, you say, are factious lies,
  From some malicious tory's brain;
For, where directors get a prize,
  The Swiss and Dutch whole millions drain.

Thus, when by rooks a lord is ply'd,
  Some cully often wins a bet,
By venturing on the cheating side,
  Though not into the secret let.

While some build castles in the air,
  Directors build them in the seas;
Subscribers plainly see them there,
  For fools will see as wise men please.

Thus oft by mariners are shown
  (Unless the men of Kent are liars)
Earl Godwin's castles overflown,
  And palace roofs, and steeple spires.

Mark where the sly directors creep,
  Nor to the shore approach too nigh!
The monsters nestle in the deep,
  To seize you in your passing by.

* Psalm cvii. †A coffee house in Change Alley. H.

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wise,
  Who, taught by instinct how to shun
The crocodile, that lurking lies,
  Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus could, by magic charms,
  Recover strength whene'er he fell;
Alcides held him in his arms,
  And sent him up in air to Hell.

Directors, thrown into the sea,
  Recover strength and vigour there;
But may be tam'd another way,
  Suspended for a while in air.

Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
  By long experience we have found
What planet rul'd when you were born;
  We see you never can be drown'd.

Beware, nor overbulky grow,
  Nor come within your cullies' reach;
For, if the sea should sink so low
  To leave you dry upon the beach,

You'll owe your ruin to your bulk:
  Your foes already waiting stand,
To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
  While you lie helpless on the sand.

Thus, when a whale has lost the tide,
  The coasters crowd to seize the spoil;
The monster into parts divide,
  And strip the bones, and melt the oil.

O! may some western tempest sweep
  These locusts whom our fruits have fed,
That plague, directors, to the deep,
  Driv'n from the South Sea to the Red.

May he, whom Nature's laws obey,
  Who lifts the poor, and sinks the proud,
"Quiet the raging of the sea,
  And still the madness of the crowd!"

But never shall our isle have rest,
  Till those devouring swine run down,
(The devils leaving the possess'd)
  And headlong in the waters drown.

The nation then too late will find,
  Computing all their cost and trouble,
Directors' promises but wind,
  South Sea at best a mighty bubble.

THE DOG AND SHADOW.

Ore cibum portans catulus dum spectat in undis,
Apparet liquido prædæ melioris imago:
Dum speciosa diu damna admiratur, et altè
Ad latices inhiat, cadit imo vortice præceps
Ore cibus, nec non simulachrum corripit una.
Occupat ille avidus deceptis faucibus umbram;
Illudit species, ac dentibus aëra mordet.

TO A FRIEND,

Who had been much abused in many different Libels.

THE greatest monarch may be stabb'd by night,
And fortune help the murd'rer in his flight;
The vilest ruffian may commit a rape,
Yet safe from injur'd innocence escape;
And Calumny, by working under ground,
Can, unreveng'd, the greatest merit wound.
What's to be done? Shall Wit and Learning choose
To live obscure, and have no fame to lose?
By Censure frighted out of Honour's road,
Nor dare to use the gifts by Heaven bestow'd?
Or fearless enter in through Virtue's gate,
And buy distinction at the dearest rate?

BILLET TO A COMPANY OF PLAYERS.

THE enclosed prologue is formed upon the story of the secretary's not suffering you to act, unless you would pay him 300*l.* per annum; upon which, you got a license from the lord mayor to act as strollers.

The prologue supposes, that, upon your being forbidden to act, a company of country strollers came and hired the playhouse, and your clothes, &c. to act in.

THE PROLOGUE.

Our set of strollers, wandering up and down,
Hearing the house was empty, came to town;

And, with a license from our good lord mayor,
Went to one Griffith, formerly a player;
Him, we persuaded, with a moderate bribe,
To speak to Elrington and all the tribe,
To let our company supply their places,
And hire us out their scenes, and clothes, and faces.
Is not the truth the truth? Look full on me;
I am not Elrington, nor Griffith he.
When we perform, look sharp among our crew,
There's not a creature here you ever knew.
The former folks were servants to the king;
We, humble strollers, always on the wing.
Now, for my part, I think, upon the whole,
Rather than starve, a better man would stroll.
  Stay! let me see—Three hundred pounds a year
For leave to act in town!—'Tis plaguy dear.
Now, here's a warrant; gallants, please to mark,
For three thirteens and sixpence to the clerk.
Three hundred pounds! Were I the price to fix,
The public should bestow the actors six,
A score of guineas, given underhand,
For a good word or so, we understand.
To help an honest lad, that's out of place,
May cost a crown or so; a common case:
And, in a crew, 'tis no injustice thought
To ship a rogue, and pay him not a groat.
But, in the chronicles of former ages,
Who ever heard of servants paying wages?
  I pity Elrington with all my heart;
Would he were here this night, to act my part:
I told him what it was to be a stroller;
How free we acted, and had no comptroller:
In every town we wait on Mr. may'r,
First get a license, then produce our ware;

We sound a trumpet, or we beat a drum;
Huzza! (the schoolboys roar) the play'rs are come!
And then we cry, to spur the bumpkins on,
Gallants, by Tuesday next we must be gone.
I told him, in the smoothest way I could,
All this and more, yet it would do no good.
But Elrington, tears falling from his cheeks,
He that has shone with Betterton and Wilks,
To whom our country has been always dear,
Who chose to leave his dearest pledges here,
Owns all your favours, here intends to stay,
And, as a stroller, act in every play:
And the whole crew this resolution takes,
To live and die all strollers for your sakes;
Not frighted with an ignominious name,
For your displeasure is their only shame.
A pox on Elrington's majestic tone!
Now to a word of business in our own:
Gallants, next Thursday night will be our last;
Then without fail we pack up for Belfast.
Lose not your time, nor our diversion miss,
The next we act shall be as good as this.

EPIGRAM.

GREAT folks are of a finer mould;
Lord! how politely they can scold!
While a coarse English tongue will itch,
For whore and rogue; and dog and bitch.

PROLOGUE* TO A PLAY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVERS.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

SPOKEN BY MR. ELRINGTON. 1721.

GREAT cry and little wool—is now become
The plague and proverb of the weaver's loom:
No wool to work on, neither weft nor warp;
Their pockets empty, and their stomachs sharp.
Provok'd, in loud complaints to you they cry:
Ladies, relieve the weavers: or they die!
Forsake your silks for stuffs; nor think it strange,
To shift your clothes, since you delight in change.
One thing with freedom I'll presume to tell—
The men will like you every bit as well.
  See I am dress'd from top to toe in stuff;
And, by my troth, I think I'm fine enough;
My wife admires me more, and swears she never,
In any dress, beheld me look so clever.
And if a man be better in such ware,
What great advantage must it give the fair!
Our wool from lambs of innocence proceeds:
Silks come from maggots, calicoes from weeds:
Hence 'tis by sad experience that we find
Ladies in silks to vapours much inclin'd—
And what are they but maggots in the mind?
For which I think it reason to conclude
That clothes may change our temper like our food.
Chintzes are gawdy, and engage our eyes
Too much about the partycolour'd dyes:

* An answer to this Prologue and Epilogue is printed in the Works of Concanen. N.

Although the lustre is from you begun,
We see the rainbow, and neglect the sun.
How sweet and innocent's the country maid,
With small expense in native wool array'd;
Who copies from the fields her homely green,
While by her shepherd with delight she's seen!
Should our fair ladies dress like her in wool,
How much more lovely, and how beautiful,
Without their Indian drapery, they'd prove!
While wool would help to warm us into love!
Then, like the famous Argonauts of Greece,
We'll all contend to gain the Golden Fleece!

EPILOGUE, BY THE DEAN.

SPOKEN BY MR. GRIFFITH.

Who dares affirm this is no pious age,
When charity begins to tread the stage?
When actors, who, at best, are hardly savers,
Will give a night of benefit to weavers?
Stay—let me see, how finely will it sound!
Imprimis, From his grace* a hundred pound.
Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
And then comes in the *item* of the actors.
Item, The actors freely give a day—
The poet had no more who made the play.
But whence this wondrous charity in players?
They learn it not at sermons, or at prayers:
Under the rose, since here are none but friends,
(To own the truth) we have some private ends.

* Archbishop King. F.

Since waiting-women, like exacting jades,
Hold up the prices of their old brocades;
We'll dress in manufactures made at home;
Equip our kings and generals at the Comb.*
We'll rig from Meathstreet Ægypt's haughty queen,
And Antony shall court her in ratteen.
In blue shalloon shall Hannibal be clad,
And Scipio trail an Irish purple plaid.
In drugget drest, of thirteen pence a yard,
See Philip's son amid his Persian guard;
And proud Roxana, fir'd with jealous rage,
With fifty yards of crape shall sweep the stage.
In short, our kings and princesses within
Are all resolv'd this project to begin;
And you, our subjects, when you here resort,
Must imitate the fashion of the court.

O! could I see this audience clad in stuff,
Though money's scarce, we should have trade enough:
But chintz, brocades, and lace, take all away,
And scarce a crown is left to see the play.
Perhaps you wonder whence this friendship springs
Between the weavers and us playhouse kings;
But wit and weaving had the same beginning;
Pallas first taught us poetry and spinning:
And, next, observe how this alliance fits,
For weavers now are just as poor as wits:
Their brother quillmen, workers for the stage,
For sorry stuff can get a crown a page;
But weavers will be kinder to the players,
And sell for twenty pence a yard of theirs.
And, to your knowledge, there is often less in
The poet's wit, than in the player's dressing.

* A street famous for woollen manufactures. F.

ANSWER TO DR. SHERIDAN'S PROLOGUE, AND TO DR. SWIFT'S EPILOGUE, IN BEHALF OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVERS.

BY DR. DELANY.

FŒMINEO GENERI TRIBUANTUR.

The Muses, whom the richest silks array,
Refuse to fling their shining gowns away;
The pencil clothes the nine in bright brocades,
And gives each colour to the pictured maids;
Far above mortal dress the sisters shine,
Pride in their Indian robes, and must be fine.
And shall two bards in consort rhyme and huff,
And fret these Muses with their playhouse stuff?
The player in mimic piety may storm,
Deplore the comb, and bid her heroes arm:
The arbitrary mob, in paltry rage,
May curse the belles and chintzes of the age:
Yet still the artist worm her silk shall share,
And spin her thread of life in service of the fair.
The cotton plant, whom satire cannot blast;
Shall bloom the favourite of these realms, and last;
Like yours, ye fair, her fame from censure grows,
Prevails in charms, and glares above her foes:
Your injured plant shall meet a loud defence,
And be the emblem of your innocence.
Some bard, perhaps, whose landlord was a weaver,
Penn'd the low prologue, to return a favour:
Some neighbour wit, that would be in the vogue,
Work'd with his friend, and wove the epilogue,
Who weaves the chaplet, or provides the bays,
For such woolgathering sonneteers as these?

Hence then, ye homespun witlings, that persuade
Miss Chloe to the fashion of her maid.
Shall the wide hoop, that standard of the town,
Thus act subservient to a poplin gown?
Who'd smell of wool all over? 'Tis enough
The underpetticoat be made of stuff.
Lord! to be wrapt in flannel just in May,
When the fields dress'd in flowers appear so gay!
And shall not miss be flower'd as well as they?
In what weak colours would the plaid appear,
Work'd to a quilt, or studded in a chair!
The skin, that vies with silk, would fret with stuff;
Or who could bear in bed a thing so rough?
Ye knowing fair, how eminent that bed,
Where the chintz diamonds with the silken thread,
Where rustling curtains call the curious eye,
And boast the streaks and paintings of the sky!
Of flocks they'd have your milky Ticking full;
And all this for the benefit of wool!
"But where," say they, "shall we bestow the wavers,
That spread our streets, and are such piteous cravers!
The silk worms (brittle beings!) prone to fate,
Demand their care, to make their webs complete:
These may they tend, their promises receive;
We cannot pay too much for what they give!

ON GAULSTOWN HOUSE.*

BY DR. DELANY.

'Tis so old, and so ugly, and yet so convenient,
You're sometimes in pleasure, though often in pain in't.
'Tis so large you may lodge a few friends with ease in't,
You may turn and stretch at your length if you please in't;
'Tis so little, the family live in a press in't,
And poor lady Betty† has scarce room to dress in't;
'Tis so cold in the winter, you can't bear to lie in't,
And so hot in the summer, you're ready to fry in't;
'Tis so brittle 'twould scarce bear the weight of a tun,
Yet so staunch, that it keeps out a great deal of sun;
'Tis so crazy, the weather with ease beats quite through it,
And you're forced every year in some part to renew it;
'Tis so ugly, so useful, so big, and so little,
'Tis so staunch, and so crazy, so strong, and so brittle,
'Tis at one time so hot, and another so cold,
It is part of the new, and part of the old;
It is just half a blessing, and just half a curse—
I wish then, dear George, it were better or worse.

* The seat of George Rochfort, Esq. father to the Earl of Belvidere. Several pleasantries of this gentleman, Dr. Delany, and a groupe of their intimate friends, are to be found in different parts of this collection. N.

† Daughter of the Earl of Drogheda, and married to George Rochfort, Esq. F.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

PART OF A SUMMER SPENT AT GAULSTOWN HOUSE, THE SEAT OF GEORGE ROCHFORT, ESQ.

THALIA, tell in sober lays,
How George,* Nim,† Dan,‡ Dean,§ pass their days;
And, should our Gaulstown's art grow fallow,
Yet *Neget quis carmina Gallo?*
Here (by the way) by Gallus mean I
Not Sheridan, but friend Delany.
Begin, my Muse. First from our bowers
We sally forth at different hours;
At seven the Dean, in night-gown drest,
Goes round the house to wake the rest;
At nine, grave Nim and George facetious
Go to the Dean, to read Lucretius;
At ten, my Lady comes and hectors,
And kisses George, and ends our lectures;
And when she has him by the neck fast,
Hauls him, and scolds us down to breakfast.
We squander there an hour or more,
And then all hands, boys, to the oar;
All, heteroclite Dan except,
Who neither time nor order kept,
But, by peculiar whimsies drawn,
Peeps in the ponds to look for spawn;
O'ersees the work, or Dragon|| rows,
Or mars a text, or mends his hose;

* Mr. Rochfort. F.

† His brother, Mr. John Rochfort; who was called Nimrod, from his great attachment to the chase. F.

‡ Rev. Daniel Jackson. F.

§ Dr. Swift. F.

|| A small boat so called. F.

Or—but proceed we in our journal—
At two, or after, we return all:
From the four elements assembling,
Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling:*
From airy garrets some descend,
Some from the lake's remotest end:
My lord† and dean the fire forsake,
Dan leaves the earthy spade and rake:
The loiterers quake, no corner hides them,
And lady Betty soundly chides them.
Now water's brought, and dinner's done:
With "Church and King" the ladies gone:
Not reckoning half an hour we pass
In talking o'er a moderate glass.
Dan, growing drowsy, like a thief
Steals off to dose away his beef;
And this must pass for reading Hamond—
While George and Dean go to backgammon.
George, Nim, and Dean, set out at four,
And then again, boys, to the oar.
But when the sun goes to the deep
(Not to disturb him in his sleep,
Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
His candle out, and he abed)
We watch his motions to a minute,
And leave the flood when he goes in it.
Now stinted in the shortening day,
We go to prayers, and then to play,
Till supper comes; and after that
We sit an hour to drink and chat.
'Tis late—the old and younger pairs,
By Adam‡ lighted, walk up stairs.

* The Dean has been censured, on an idle supposition of this passage being an allusion to the day of judgment. F.

† Mr. Rochfort's father was lord chief baron of the exchequer in Ireland. F.

‡ The butler. F.

The weary Dean goes to his chamber;
And Nim and Dan to garret clamber.
So when the circle we have run,
The curtain falls, and all is done.
  I might have mention'd several facts,
Like episodes between the acts;
And tell who loses and who wins,
Who gets a cold, who breaks his shins;
How Dan caught nothing in his net,
And how the boat was overset.
For brevity I have retrench'd
How in the lake the Dean was drench'd:
It would be an exploit* to brag on,
How valiant George rode o'er the Dragon;
How steady in the storm he sat,
And sav'd his oar, but lost his hat:
How Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
Still brings us hares, when he can catch 'em;
How skilfully Dan mends his nets;
How fortune fails him when he sets;
Or how the Dean delights to vex
The ladies, and lampoon their sex:
I might have told how oft Dean Perceval
Displays his pedantry unmerciful,
How haughtily he cocks his nose,
To tell what every schoolboy knows:
And with his finger and his thumb,
Explaining, strikes opposers dumb:
But now there needs no more be said on't,
Nor how his wife, that female pedant,
Shows all hersecrets of house keeping;
For candles how she trucks her dripping;

* See the Dean's letter to Mr. Cope, Oct. 9, 1722. N.

Was forc'd to send three miles for yest,
To brew her ale, and raise her paste;
Tells every thing that you can think of,
How she cur'd Charly of the chin-cough;
What gave her brats and pigs the measles,
And how her doves were kill'd by weasles;
How Jowler howl'd, and what a fright
She had with dreams the other night.
But now, since I have gone so far on,
A word or two of lord chief baron;
And tell how little weight he sets
On all whig papers and gazettes;
But for the politics of Pue,
Thinks every syllable is true.
And since he owns the King of Sweden
Is dead at last, without evading,
Now all his hopes are in the czar:
"Why, Muscovy is not so far:
Down the Black Sea, and up the Straits,
And in a month he's at your gates;
Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
By Christmas we shall see strange things."
Why should I tell of ponds and drains,
What carps we met with for our pains;
Of sparrows tam'd, and nuts innumerable
To choke the girls, and to consume a rabble?
But you, who are a scholar, know
How transient all things are below,
How prone to change is human life!
Last night arriv'd Clem* and his wife—
This grand event has broke our measures:
Their reign began with cruel seizures:

* Mr. Clement Barry. F.

The Dean must with his quilt supply
The bed in which those tyrants lie:
Nim lost his wig block, Dan his jordan,
(My lady says, she can't afford one)
George is half scar'd out of his wits,
For Clem gets all the dainty bits.
Henceforth expect a different survey,
This house will soon turn topsyturvy:
They talk of farther alterations,
Which causes many speculations.

THOMAS SHERIDAN, CLERK,

TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.

July 15, 1721, at night.

I'D have you t' know, George,* Dan,† Dean,‡ and Nim,§
That I've learned how verse t' compose trim,
Much better b' half th'n you, n'r you, n'r him,
And that I'd rid'cule their 'nd your flam-flim,
Ay b't then, p'rhaps, says you, t's a merry whim,
With 'bundance of mark'd notes i' th' rim,
So th't I ought n't for t' be morose 'nd t' look grim,
Think n't your 'p'stle put m' in a megrim;
Though 'n rep't't'on day, I 'ppear ver' slim,
Th' last bowl 't Helsham's did m' head t' swim,
So th't I h'd man' aches 'n 'v'ry scrubb'd limb,
Cause th' top of th' bowl Ih'd oft us'd t' skim;

* George Rochfort. F. † Mr. Jackson. F. ‡ Dr. Swift. F.
§ Mr. John Rochfort. F.

And b'sides D'lan' swears th't Ih'd swall'w'd s'v'r'l brimmers, 'nd that my vis'ge's cov'r'd o'er with r'd pimples : m'r'o'er though m' scull were ('s 'tis n't) 's strong's timber, 't must have ak'd. Th' clans of th' c'llege Sanh'drim,

Pres'nt the'r humbl' and 'fect'nate respects; that 's t' say, D'ln', 'chlin, P. Ludl', Dic' St'wart, H'lsham capt'n P'rr' Walmsl', 'nd Longsh'nks Tim.*

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S ANSWER.

Dear Sheridan! a gentle pair
Of Gaulstown lads (for such they are)
Beside a brace of grave divines,
Adore the smoothness of thy lines:
Smooth as our basin's silver flood,
Ere George had robb'd it of its mud;
Smoother than Pegasus' old shoe,
Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.
The board on which we set our a—s
Is not so smooth as are thy verses;
Compar'd with which (and that's enough)
A smoothing iron itself is rough.
Nor praise I less that circumcision,
By modern poets call'd elision,
With which, in proper station plac'd,
Thy polish'd lines are firmly brac'd.
Thus a wise tailor is not pinching,
But turns at every seam an inch in;
Or else, be sure, your broad-cloth breeches
Will ne'er be smooth, nor hold their stitches.

* *Dr. James Stopford*, afterward Bishop of Cloyne. E.

Thy verse, like bricks, defy the weather,
When smooth'd by rubbing them together;
Thy words so closely wedg'd and short are
Like walls, more lasting without mortar;
By leaving out the needless vowels,
You save the charge of lime and trowels.
One letter still another locks,
Each groov'd and dovetail'd like a box;
Thy Muse is tuck'd up and succinct;
In chains thy syllables are linkt;
Thy words together ty'd in small hanks,
Close as the Macedonian phalanx;
Or like the *umbo* of the Romans,
Which fiercest foes could break by no means.
The critic to his grief will find,
How firmly these indentures bind.
So, in the kindred painter's art,
The shortening is the nicest part.
Philologers of future ages,
How will they pore upon thy pages!
Nor will they dare to break the joints,
But help thee to be read with points:
Or else, to show their learned labour, you
May backward be perus'd like Hebrew,
In which they need not lose a bit
Or of thy harmony or wit.
To make a work completely fine,
Number and weight and measure join;
Then all must grant your lines are weighty,
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty;
All must allow your numbers more,
Where twenty lines exceed fourscore;
Nor can we think your measure short,
Where less than forty fill a quart,
With Alexandrian in the close,
Long, long, long, long, like Dan's long nose.

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S* INVITATION TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Gaulstown, Aug. 2, 1721.

DEAR Tom, this verse, which however the beginning
may appear, yet in the end's good metre,
Is sent to desire that, when your August vacation
comes, your friends you'd meet here.
For why should you stay in the filthy hole, I mean the
city so smoky,
When you have not one friend left in town, or at least
not one that's witty, to joke w' ye?
For as for honest John,† though I'm not sure on't, yet
I'll be hang'd, lest he
Be gone down to the county of Wexford with that great
peer, the Lord Anglesey.
O! but I forgot; perhaps, by this time, you may have
one come to town, but I don't know whether he be
friend or foe, Delany:
But, however, if he be come, bring him down, and you
shall go back in a fortnight, for I know there's no
delaying ye.
O! I forgot too; I believe there may be one more, I
mean that great fat joker, friend Helsham, he

* In 1721, Dr. Swift, Dr. Delany, Dr. Sheridan, Dr. Stopford, the Reverend Dan Jackson, and some other company, spent a great part of the summer at Gaulstown, in the county of Westmeath, the seat of George Rochfort, Esq. father to the present Earl of Belvidere. Many of the gentlemen assembled in this groupe had a genius for poetry, and a taste for the polite arts. In this retirement they passed their hours very agreeably, and frequently amused themselves with poetical jests and whimsies of the brain, of which some slight specimens are here preserved. See Dr. Delany's humorous description of Gaulstown House, p. 241. N.

† *Supposed to mean* Dr. Walmsley. F.

That wrote the prologue,* and if you stay with him,
depend on't, in the end, he'll sham ye.
Bring down Long Shanks Jim† too; but, now I think
on't, he's not yet come from Courtown,‡ I fancy;
For I heard, a month ago, that he was down there a
courting sly Nancy.
However, bring down yourself, and you bring down
all; for, to say it we may venture,
In thee Delany's spleen, John's mirth, Helsham's jokes,
and the soft soul of amorous Jemmy, centre.§

POSTSCRIPT.

I had forgot to desire you to bring down what I say
you have, and you'll believe me as sure as a gun,
and own it;
I mean, what no other mortal in the universe can boast
of, your own spirit of pun, and own wit.
And now I hope you'll excuse this rhyming, which I
must say is (though written somewhat at large) trim
and clean;
And so I conclude, with humble respects as usual,
Your most dutiful and obedient

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN.

* One spoken by young Putland, in 1720, before Hippolytus; in which Dr. Sheridan (who had written a prologue for the occasion) was most unexpectedly and egregiously laughed at. F.

† Dr. James Stopford, Bishop of Cloyne. F.

‡ The seat of —— Hussay, Esq. in the county of Kildare. F.

§ This Invitation seems to have been the joint composition of George Rochfort, John Rochfort, (who was called Nim, or Nimrod, by Dr Swift, because he was fond of hunting) Dan Jackson, and Dr. Swift, in a vein of whim and merriment; and, in all probability, was sent off directly by the post to Sheridan. The letter from Dr. Sheridan, July 15, 1721, addressed to George-Nim Dan-Dean, Esq. seems to have suggested the hint. See p. 246. N.

TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE VERSES, ETC.

BY DR. DELANY, IN SHERIDAN'S NAME.*

HAIL, human compound quadrifarious,
Invincible as wight Briareus!
Hail! doubly-doubled mighty merry one,
Stronger than triple-body'd Geryon!
O may your vastness deign t' excuse
The praises of a puny Muse.
Unable, in her utmost flight,
To reach thy huge colossian height.
T' attempt to write like thee were frantic,
Whose lines are, like thyself, gigantic.
  Yet let me bless, in humbler strain,
Thy vast, thy bold Cambysian vein,
Pour'd out t' enrich thy native isle,
As Egypt wont to be with Nile.
O, how I joy to see thee wander,
In many a winding loose meander,
In circling mazes, smooth and supple,
And ending in a clink quadruple;
Loud, yet agreeable withal,
Like rivers rattling in their fall!
Thine, sure, is poetry divine,
Where wit and majesty combine;
Where every line, as huge as seven,
If stretch'd in length, would reach to Heaven:
Here all comparing would be slandering,
The least is more than Alexandrine.

* These were written all in circles. F.

Against thy verse Time sees with pain,
He whets his envious sithe in vain;
For, though from thee he much may pare,
Yet much thou still wilt have to spare.
Thou hast alone the skill to feast
With Roman elegance of taste,
Who hast of rhymes as vast resources
As Pompey's caterer of courses.
O thou, of all the Nine inspir'd!
My languid soul, with teaching tir'd,
How is it raptur'd, when it thinks
On thy harmonious set of clinks;
Each answering each in various rhymes,
Like Echo to St. Patrick's chimes!
Thy Muse, majestic in her rage,
Moves like Statira on the stage;
And scarcely can one page sustain
The length of such a flowing train:
Her train, of variegated dye,
Shows like Thaumantia's in the sky;
Alike they glow, alike they please,
Alike impress'd by Phœbus' rays.
Thy verse—(Ye Gods! I cannot bear it)
To what, to what shall I compare it?
'Tis like, what I have oft heard spoke on,
The famous statue of Laocoon.
'Tis like,—O yes, 'tis very like it,
The long, long string, with which you fly kite.
'Tis like what you, and one or two more,
Roar to your Echo* in good humour;
And every couplet thou hast writ
Concludes like Rattah-whittah-whit.†

* At Gaulstown there is a remarkably famous echo. F.
† An allusion to the sound produced by the echo. F.

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN,

UPON HIS VERSES WRITTEN IN CIRCLES.

BY DR. SWIFT.

It never was known that circular letters,
By humble companions, were sent to their betters:
And, as to the subject, our judgment, *meherc'le*,
Is this, that you argue like fools in a circle.
But now for your verses; we tell you, *imprimis*,
The segment so large 'twixt your reason and rhyme is;
That we walk all about, like a horse in a pound,
And, before we find either, our noddles turn round,
Sufficient it were, one would think, in your mad rant,
To give us your measures of line by a quadrant,
But we took our dividers, and found your d——n'd metre,
In each single verse took up a diameter.
But how, Mr. Sheridan, came you to venture
George, Dan, Dean, and Nim, to place in the centre?*
'Twill appear to your cost, you are fairly trepann'd,
For the chord of your circle is now in their hand.
The chord, or the radius, it matters not whether,
By which your jade Pegasus, fix'd in a tether,
As her betters are us'd, shall be lash'd round the ring,
Three fellows with whips, and the Dean holds the string.
Will Hancock declares, you are out of your compass,
To encroach on his art by writing of bombast;
And has taken just now a firm resolution
To answer your style without circumlocution.

* Their figures were in the centre of the verses. F.

Lady Betty* presents you her service most humble,
And is not afraid your worship will grumble,
That she makes of your verses a hoop for Miss Tam,†
Which is all at present; and so I remain—

ON DR. SHERIDAN'S CIRCULAR VERSES.

BY MR. GEORGE ROCHFORT.

With music and poetry equally blest,
A bard thus Apollo most humbly address'd:
"Great author of harmony, verses, and light!
Assisted by thee, I both fiddle and write.
Yet unheeded I scrape, or I scribble all day,
My verse is neglected, my tunes thrown away.
Thy substitute here, Vice Apollo,‡ disdains
To vouch for my numbers, or list to my strains;
Thy manual signet refuses to put
To the airs I produce from the pen or the gut.
Be thou then propitious, great Phœbus! and grant
Relief, or reward, to my merit, or want.
Though the Dean and Delany transcendently shine,
O brighten one solo or sonnet of mine!
With them I'm content thou shouldst make thy abode;
But visit thy servant in jig or in ode;
Make one work immortal: 'tis all I request."
Apollo look'd pleas'd; and, resolving to jest,
Reply'd, "Honest friend, I've consider'd thy case:
Nor dislike thy well-meaning and humorous face.

* The lady of George Rochfort, Esq. F.
† Miss Thomason, Lady Betty's daughter. F.
‡ See "Apollo to the Dean," p. 201. N.

Thy petition I grant: the boon is not great;
Thy works shall continue; and here's the receipt.
On rondeaus hereafter thy fiddlestrings spend:
Write verses in circles: they never shall end."

ON DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE,

CUT IN SILK AND PAPER.

To fair Lady Betty* Dan sat for his picture,
And defi'd her to draw him so oft as he piqu'd her.
He knew she'd no pencil or colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might safely defy her.
Come sit, says my lady; then whips up her scissar,
And cuts out his coxcomb in silk in a trice, sir.
Dan sat with attention, and saw with surprise
How she lengthen'd his chin, how she hollow'd his eyes;
But flatter'd himself with a secret conceit,
That his thin lantern jaws all her art would defeat.
Lady Betty observ'd it, then pulls out a pin,
And varies the grain of the stuff to his grin:
And, to make roasted silk to resemble his raw bone,
She rais'd up a thread to the jet of his jaw bone;
Till at length in exactest proportion he rose,
From the crown of his head to the arch of his nose;
And if Lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
'Tis certain the copy had outdone the original.
Well, that's but my outside, says Dan with a vapour,
Say you so, says my lady; I've lin'd it with paper.

PATR. DELANY, *sculp.*

* The wife of George Rochfort, Esq. F.

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

CLARISSA draws her scissars from the case
To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackson's face,
One sloping cut made forehead, nose, and chin,
A nick produc'd a mouth, and made him grin,
Such as in tailor's measure you have seen.
But still were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
For which gray worsted stocking paint supplies.
Th' unravel'd thread through needle's eye convey'd
Transferr'd itself into his pasteboard head.
How came the scissars to be thus outdone?
The needle had an eye, and they had none.
O wondrous force of art! now look at Dan—
You'll swear the pasteboard was the better man.
"The devil! says he, the head is not so full!"
Indeed it is—behold the paper skull.

THO. SHERIDAN, *sculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

DAN's evil genius in a trice
Had stripp'd him of his coin at dice.
Chloe, observing this disgrace,
On Pam cut out his rueful face.
By G—, says Dan, 'tis very hard,
Cut out at dice, cut out at card!

G. ROCHFORT, *sculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

WHILST you three merry poets traffic
To give us a description graphic
Of Dan's large nose in modern sapphic;

I spend my time in making sermons,
Or writing libels on the Germans,
Or murmuring at whigs' preferments.

But when I would find rhyme for Rochfort,
And look in English, French, and Scotch for't,
At last I'm fairly forc'd to botch for't.

Bid lady Betty recollect her,
And tell, who was it could direct her
To draw the face of such a spectre?

I must confess, that as to me, sirs,
Though I ne'er saw her hold the scissars,
I now could safely swear it is hers.

'Tis true, no nose could come in better;
'Tis a vast subject stuff'd with matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.

Take courage, Dan; this plainly shows,
That not the wisest mortal knows
What fortune may befal his nose.

Show me the brightest Irish toast,
Who from her lover e'er could boast
Above a song or two at most;

For thee three poets now are drudging all,
To praise the cheeks, chin, nose, the bridge and all,
Both of the picture and original.

Thy nose's length and fame extend
So far, dear Dan, that every friend
Tries, who shall have it by the end.

And future poets, as they rise,
Shall read with envy and surprise
Thy nose outshining Cælia's eyes.

JON. SWIFT.

DAN JACKSON'S DEFENCE.

"My verse little better you'll find than my face is,
A word to the wise—*ut pictura poësis.*"

THREE merry lads, with envy stung,
Because Dan's face is better hung,
Combin'd in verse to rhyme it down,
And in its place set up their own;
As if they'd run it down much better
By number of their feet in metre,
Or that its red did cause their spite,
Which made them draw in black and white.
Be that as 'twill, this is most true,
They were inspir'd by what they drew.
Let then such critics know, my face
Gives them their comeliness and grace:
While every line of face does bring
A line of grace to what they sing.
But yet, methinks, though with disgrace
Both to the picture and the face,

I should name them who do rehearse
The story of the picture farce;
The squire, in French as hard as stone,
Or strong as rock, that's all as one,
On face on cards is very brisk, sirs,
Because on them you play at whisk, sirs.
But much I wonder, why my crany
Should envy'd be by De-el-any:
And yet much more, that half-namesake
Should join a party in the freak,
For sure I am it was not safe
Thus to abuse his better half,
As I shall prove you, Dan, to be,
Divisim and conjunctively.
For if Dan love not Sherry, can
Sherry be any thing to Dan?
This is the case whene'er you see
Dan makes nothing of Sherry;
Or should Dan be by Sherry o'erta'en,
Then Dan would be poor Sherridane;
'Tis hard then he should be decry'd
By Dan with Sherry by his side.
But, if the case must be so hard,
That faces suffer by a card,
Let critics censure, what care I?
Back biters only we defy.
Faces are free from injury,

MR. ROCHFORT'S REPLY.

You say your face is better hung
Than ours—by what? by nose or tongue?
In not explaining, you are wrong
to us, sir.

Because we thus must state the case,
That you have got a hanging face,
Th' untimely end's a damn'd disgrace
of noose, sir.

But yet be not cast down: I see
A weaver will your hangmen be;
You'll only hang in tapestry
with many:

And then the ladies, I suppose,
Will praise your longitude of nose,
For latent charms within your clothes,
dear Danny.

Thus will the fair of every age
From all parts make their pilgrimage,
Worship thy nose with pious rage
of love, sir:

All their religion will be spent
About thy woven monument,
And not one orison be sent
to Jove, sir.

You the fam'd idol will become,
As gardens grac'd in ancient Rome,
By matrons worship'd in the gloom
of night:

O happy Dan! thrice happy sure!
Thy fame for ever shall endure,
Who after death can love secure
at sight.

So far I thought it was my duty
To dwell upon thy boasted beauty;
Now I'll proceed a word or two 't ye
in answer

To that part where you carry on
This paradox, that rock and stone
In your opinion are all one:
How can, sir,

A man of reasoning so profound
So stupidly be run aground,
As things so different to confound
t' our senses?

Except you judg'd them by the knock
Of near an equal hardy block:
Such an experimental stroke
convinces.

Then might you be, by dint of reason,
A proper judge on this occasion;
'Gainst feeling there's no disputation,
is granted:

Therefore to thy superior wit,
Who made the trial, we submit;
Thy head to prove the truth of it
we wanted.

In one assertion you're to blame,
Where Dan and Sherry's made the same,
Endeavouring to have your name
refin'd, sir:

You'll see most grossly you mistook,
If you consult your spelling-book,
(The better half you say you took)
you'll find, sir;

S, H, E, she—and R, I, ri,
Both put together make Sherry,
D, A, N, Dan—makes up the three
syllables;

Dan is but one, and Sherri two,
Then, sir, your choice will never do;
Therefore I've turn'd, my friend, on you
the tables.

DR. DELANY'S REPLY.

Assist me, my Muse, while I labour to limn him:
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ persimilem.
You look and you write with so different a grace,
That I envy your verse, though I did not your face.
And to him that thinks rightly, there's reason enough,
'Cause one is as smooth, as the other is rough.

But much I'm amaz'd you should think my design
Was to rylime down your nose, or your harlequin grin,
Which you yourself wonder the de'el should malign.
And if 'tis so strange, that your monstership's crany
Should be envy'd by him, much less by Delany;
Though I own to you, when I consider it stricter,
I envy the painter, although not the picture.
And justly she's envy'd, since a fiend of Hell
Was never drawn right but by her and Raphael.
Next, as to the charge, which you tell us is true,
That we were inspir'd by the subject we drew.
Inspir'd we were, and well, sir, you knew it,
Yet not by your nose, but the fair one that drew it:
Had your nose been the Muse, we had ne'er been inspir'd,
Tho' perhaps it might justly 've been said we were fir'd.
As to the division of words in your staves,
Like my countryman's horn comb, into three halves,
I meddle not with 't, but presume to make merry,
You call'd Dan one half, and 'tother half Sherry:
Now if Dan's a half, as you call't o'er and o'er,
Then it can't be deny'd that Sherry's two more.
For pray give me leave to say, sir, for all you,
That Sherry's at least of double the value.
But perhaps, sir, you did it to fill up the verse:
So crowds in a concert (like actors in a farce)
Play two parts in one, when scrapers are scarce.
But be that as 'twill, you'll know more anon, sir,
When Sheridan sends to Merry Dan answer.

SHERIDAN'S REPLY.

THREE merry lads you own we are;
'Tis very true, and free from care,
But envious we cannot bear,
believe, sir:

For, were all forms of beauty thine,
Were you like Nereus soft and fine,
We should not in the least repine.
or grieve, sir.

Then know from us, most beauteous Dan,
That roughness best becomes a man;
'Tis woman should be pale and wan,
and taper;

And all your trifling beaux and fops,
Who comb their brows, and sleek their chops,
Are but the offspring of toyshops,
mere vapour.

We know your morning hours you pass
To cull and gather out a face;
Is this the way you take your glass?
Forbear it:

Those loads of paint upon your toilet,
Will never mend your face, but spoil it,
It looks as if you did parboil it:
Drink claret.

Your cheeks, by sleeking, are so lean,
That they're like Cynthia in the wane,
Or breast of goose when 'tis pick'd clean,
or pullet:

See what by drinking you have done:
You've made your phiz a skeleton,
From the long distance of your crown,
t'your gullet.

A REJOINDER.

BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME.

WEARIED with saying grace and prayer,
I hasten'd down to country air,
To read your answer, and prepare
reply to't:

But your fair lines so grossly flatter,
Pray, do they praise me, or bespatter?
I must suspect you mean the latter—
Ah! slyboot!

It must be so! what else, alas!
Can mean by culling of a face,
And all that stuff of toilet, glass,
and box-comb?

But be't as 'twill, this you must grant,
That you're a daub, whilst I put paint;
Then which of us two is the quaint-
er coxcomb?

I value not your jokes of noose,
Your gibes, and all your foul abuse,
More than the dirt beneath my shoes,
nor fear it:

Yet one thing vexes me, I own,
Thou sorry scarecrow of skin and bone;
To be call'd lean by a skeleton,
who'd bear it?

'Tis true indeed, to curry friends,
You seem to praise, to make amends,
And yet, before your stanza ends,
you flout me,

'Bout latent charms beneath my clothes,
For every one that knows me knows
That I have nothing like my nose
about me:

I pass now where you fleer and laugh,
'Cause I call Dan my better half!
O there you think you have me safe!
But hold, sir:

Is not a penny often found
To be much greater than a pound?
By your good leave, my most profound
and bold sir,

Dan's noble mettle, Sherry base;
So Dan's the better, though the less,
An ounce of gold's worth ten of brass,
dull pedant!

As to your spelling, let me see,
If SHE make sher, and RI make ry,
Good spelling-master; your crany
has lead on't.

ANOTHER REJOINDER,

BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME.

THREE days for answer I have waited,
I thought an ace you'd ne'er have bated,
And art thou forc'd to yield, ill fated
poetaster!

Henceforth acknowledge, that a nose
Of thy dimension's fit for prose,
But every one that knows Dan, knows
thy master.

Blush for ill spelling, for ill lines,
And fly with hurry to ramines;
Thy fame, thy genius now declines,
proud boaster.

I hear with some concern you roar,
And flying think to quit the score,
By clapping billets on your door
and posts, sir.

Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant,
I'm griev'd to hear your banishment,
But pleas'd to find you do relent
and cry on.

I maul'd you, when you look'd so bluff,
But now I'll secret keep your stuff;
For know, prostration is enough
to th' lion.

SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION.

BY THE DEAN.

"Cedo jam, miseræ cognoscens præmia rixæ,
Si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas ego vapulo tantum."

Poor Sherry, inglorious,
To Dan the victorious,
Presents, as 'tis fitting,
Petition and greeting.

To you, victorious and brave,
Your now subdued and suppliant slave
Most humbly sues for pardon;
Who when I fought still cut me down,
And when I vanquish'd fled the town,
Pursued and laid me hard on.

Now lowly crouch'd I cry *peccavi*,
And prostrate supplicate *pour ma vie*,
Your mercy I rely on;
For you, my conqueror and my king,
In pardoning, as in punishing,
Will show yourself a lion.

Alas! sir, I had no design,
But was unwarily drawn in;
For spite I ne'er had any;

'Twas the damn'd 'squire with the hard name;
The de'el too that ow'd me a shame,
The devil and Delany.

They tempted me t'attack your highness,
And then, with wonted wile and slyness,
They left me in the lurch:
Unhappy wretch! for now, I ween,
I've nothing left to vent my spleen
But ferula and birch:

And they, alas! yield small relief,
Seem rather to renew my grief,
My wounds bleed all anew:
For every stroke goes to my heart,
And at each lash I feel the smart
Of lash laid on by you.

TO THE REV. DANIEL JACKSON.

TO BE HUMBLY PRESENTED BY MR. SHERIDAN IN PERSON, WITH RESPECT, CARE, AND SPEED.

DEAR DAN,

HERE I return my trust, nor ask,
One penny for remittance;
If I have well perform'd my task,
Pray send me an acquittance.

Too long I bore this weighty pack,
As Hercules the sky;
Now take him you, Dan Atlas, back,
Let me be stander-by.

Not all the witty things you speak
  In compass of a day,
Not half the puns you make a week,
  Should bribe his longer stay.

With me you left him out at nurse,
  Yet are you not my debtor;
For, as he hardly can be worse,
  I ne'er could make him better.

He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes;
  Just as he did before;
And, when he's lash'd a hundred times,
  He rhymes and puns the more.

When rods are laid on schoolboys bums,
  The more they frisk and skip:
The schoolboy's top but louder hums
  The more they use the whip.

Thus, a lean beast beneath a load
  (A beast of Irish breed)
Will, in a tedious, dirty road,
  Outgo the prancing steed.

You knock him down and down in vain,
  And lay him flat before ye,
For, soon as he gets up again,
  He'll strut, and cry, *Victoria!*

At every stroke of mine, he fell,
  'Tis true he roar'd and cry'd;
But his impenetrable shell
  Could feel no harm beside.

The tortoise thus, with motion slow,
  Will clamber up a wall;
Yet, senseless to the hardest blow,
  Gets nothing but a fall.

Dear Dan, then, why should you, or I,
  Attack his pericrany?
And, since it is in vain to try,
  We'll send him to Delany.

POSTSCRIPT.

LEAN TOM, when I saw him, last week, on his horse awry,
Threaten'd loudly to turn me to stone with his sorcery.
But, I think, little Dan, that, in spite of what our foe says,
He will find I read Ovid and his Metamorphosis.
For omitting the first (where I make a comparison,
With a sort of allusion to Putland* or Harrison)
Yet, by my description, you'll find he in short is
A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoise.
So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will ask, can I maul
This teazing, conceited, rude, insolent animal?
And, if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
(For I pity the man) I should be glad then of it.

* Alluding to the Prologue, mentioned above, p. 250. N.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

ON HIS "ART OF PUNNING."*

HAD I ten thousand mouths and tongues,
Had I ten thousand pair of lungs,
Ten thousand sculls with brains to think,
Ten thousand standishes of ink,
Ten thousand hands and pens to write
Thy praise, I'd study day and night.
O may thy work for ever live!
(Dear Tom, a friendly zeal forgive)
May no vile miscreant saucy cook
Presume to tear thy learned book,
To singe his fowl for nicer guest,
Or pin it on the turkey's breast.
Keep it from pastry bak d or flying,
From broiling stake, or fritters frying;
From lighting pipe, or making snuff,
Or casing up a feather muff,
From all the several ways the grocer
(Who to the learned world's a foe, sir)
Has found in twisting, folding, packing,
His brains and our's at once a racking.
And may it never curl the head
Of either living block or dead!
Thus, when all dangers they have past,
Your leaves, like leaves of brass, shall last.
No blast shall from a critic's breath,
By vile infection, cause their death,
Till they in flames at last expire,
And help to set the world on fire.

* Printed in the twenty-fourth volume. N.

THE ORIGINAL OF PUNNING,

FROM PLATO'S SYMPOSIACS.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.*

ONCE on a time, in merry mood,
Jove made a PUN of flesh and blood;
A double, *two-faced* living creature,
Androgynos, of twofold nature,
For back to back with single skin
He bound the male and female in;
So much alike, so near the same,
They stuck as closely as their name.
Whatever words the male exprest,
The female turn'd them to a jest;
Whatever words the female spoke,
The male converted to a joke:
So, in this form of man and wife,
They led a merry PUNNING life.
  The Gods from Heaven descend to Earth,
Drawn down by their alluring mirth;
So well they seem'd to like the sport,
Jove could not get them back to court.
Th' infernal Gods ascend as well,
Drawn up by magic PUNS from Hell.
Judges and furies quit their post,
And not a soul to mind a ghost.
" Heyday !" says Jove; says Pluto too,
" I think the Devil's here to do;

* This and the following poem were originally published with "The *Art of Punning*." N.

Here's Hell broke loose, and Heav'n's quite empty,
We scarce have left one God in twenty.
Pray, what has set them all a running?"—
"Dear brother, nothing else but PUNNING.
Behold that double creature yonder
Delights them with a *double entendre*."
"Ods-fish," says Pluto, "where's your thunder?
Let drive, and split this thing asunder."
"That's right;" quoth Jove: with that he threw
A bolt, and split it into two;
And when the thing was split in twain,
Why then it PUNN'D as much again.
"'Tis thus the diamonds we refine,
The more we cut, the more they shine:
And ever since, your Men of Wit,
Until they're *cut*, can't PUN a bit.
So take a starling when 'tis young,
And down the middle *slit the tongue*,
With groat or sixpence, 'tis no matter,
You'll find the bird will *doubly chatter*.
"Upon the whole, dear Pluto, you know,
'Tis well I did not slit my Juno!
For, had I done 't, whene'er she'd scold me,
She'd make the Heavens too hot to hold me."
The Gods, upon this application,
Return'd each to his habitation,
Extremely pleas'd with this new joke;
The best, they swore, he ever spoke.

FROM MY MUCH HONOURED FRIEND AT HELDELVILLE, [Dr. Delany.]

Hail to the sage, who, from his native store,
Produc'd a science never known before,
Science of words, once jargon of the schools,
The plague of wise men, and the boast of fools,
Made easy now and useful in your rules!
Where wit and humour equally combine,
Our mirth at once to raise and to refine,
Till now not half the worth of sounds we knew,
Their virtual value was reserv'd for you.
To trace their various mazes, and set forth
Their hidden force, and multiply their worth;
For if t' express one sense our words we choose,
A double meaning is of double use.

Hail, sacred Art! by what mysterious name
Shall I adore thee, various, and the same?
The Muses' Proteus, skill'd with grateful change,
Through all the pleasing forms of wit to range
In quick succession, yet retain through all
Some faint resemblance of th' original.

Hail, fairest offspring of prodigious birth,
At once the parent and the child of Mirth!
With Chloe's charms thy airy form can vie,
And with thy smiles as many thousands die;
The pleasing pain through all their vitals thrills,
With subtle force, and tickles as it kills.
Thee too, like her, the dying swains pursue,
As gay, as careless, as inconstant too;

To raise yet more thy merit and thy fame,
The Cyprian Goddess glories in thy name,
Pleas'd to be thought the laughter-loving dame.
Nor less thy praise, nor less thy power to wound,
Thou lovely, fleeting, image of a sound.

STELLA TO DR. SWIFT.

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, NOV. 30, 1721.

St. Patrick's Dean, your country's pride,
My early and my only guide,
Let me among the rest attend,
Your pupil and your humble friend,
To celebrate in female strains
The day that paid your mother's pains;
Descend to take that tribute due
In gratitude alone to you.
When men began to call me fair,
You interpos'd your timely care;
You early taught me to despise
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Show'd where my judgment was misplac'd;
Refin'd my fancy and my taste.
Behold that beauty just decay'd,
Invoking art to nature's aid:
Forsook by her admiring train,
She spreads her tatter'd nets in vain;
Short was her part upon the stage;
Went smoothly on for half a page;
Her bloom was gone, she wanted art,
As the scene chang'd, to change her part;

She, whom no lover could resist,
Before the second act was hiss'd.
Such is the fate of female race
With no endowments but a face;
Before the thirtieth year of life,
A maid forlorn, or hated wife.
  Stella to you, her tutor, owes
That she has ne'er resembled those:
Nor was a burden to mankind
With half her course of years behind.
You taught how I might youth prolong,
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring supplies
Of lustre to my fading eyes;
How soon a beauteous mind repairs
The loss of chang'd or falling hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a smoothness o'er the skin:
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can please at thirty-six.
The sight of Chloe at fifteen
Coquetting, gives not me the spleen;
The idol now of every fool
Till time shall make their passions cool;
Then tumbling down time's steepy hill,
While Stella holds her station still.
O! turn your precepts into laws,
Redeem the women's ruin'd cause,
Retrieve lost empire to our sex,
That men may bow their rebel necks.
  Long be the day that gave you birth
Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth;
Late dying may you cast a shred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my sorrow,
One day alone, then die to-morrow.

TO STELLA,

ON HER BIRTHDAY, 1721-2.

WHILE, Stella, to your lasting praise
The Muse her annual tribute pays,
While I assign myself a task
Which you expect, but scorn to ask;
If I perform this task with pain,
Let me of partial fate complain;
You every year the debt enlarge,
I grow less equal to the charge:
In you each virtue brighter shines,
But my poetic vein declines;
My harp will soon in vain be strung,
And all your virtues left unsung.
For none among the upstart race
Of poets dare assume my place;
Your worth will be to them unknown;
They must have Stellas of their own;
And thus, my stock of wit decay'd,
I dying leave the debt unpaid,
Unless Delany, as my heir,
Will answer for the whole arrear.

ON THE GREAT BURIED BOTTLE.

BY DR. DELANY.

Amphora, quæ mæstum linquis, lætumque revises
Arentem dominum, sit tibi terra levis.
Tu quoque depositum serves, neve opprime, marmor;
Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori.

EPITAPH, BY THE SAME.

Hoc tumulata jacet proles Lenæa sepulchro;
Immortale genus, nec peritura jacet;
Quin oritura iterum, matris concreditur alvo;
Bis natum referunt te quoque, Bacche Pater.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY:

A GREAT BOTTLE OF WINE, LONG BURIED, BEING THAT DAY DUG UP. 1722-3.

Resolv'd my annual verse to pay,
By duty bound, on Stella's day,
Furnish'd with paper, pens, and ink,
I gravely sat me down to think:
I bit my nails, and scratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled:

Or, if with more than usual pain,
A thought came slowly from my brain;
It cost me lord knows how much time
To shape it into sense and rhyme:
And what was yet a greater curse,
Long thinking made my fancy worse.
Forsaken by th' inspiring Nine,
I waited at Apollo's shrine:
I told him what the world would say,
If Stella were unsung to day:
How I should hide my head for shame,
When both the Jacks and Robin came;
How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
How Sheridan the rogue would sneer,
And swear it does not always follow,
That *semel in anno ridet Apollo.*
I have assur'd them twenty times,
That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes;
Phœbus inspir'd me from above,
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me so dull and dry since,
They'll call it all poetic license;
And when I brag of aid divine,
Think Eusden's right as good as mine.
Nor do I ask for Stella's sake;
'Tis my own credit lies at stake:
And Stella will be sung, while I
Can only be a stander by.
Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this answer to a tittle:
Though you should live like old Methusalem,
I furnish hints, and you shall use all 'em,
You yearly sing as she grows old,
You'd leave her virtues half untold.

But, to say truth, such dulness reigns,
Through the whole set of Irish deans,
I'm daily stunn'd with such a medley,
Dean W—, Dean D—, and Dean Smedley,
That, let what dean soever come,
My orders are, I'm not at home;
And if your voice had not been loud,
You must have pass'd among the crowd.
  But now, your danger to prevent,
You must apply to Mrs. Brent;
For she, as priestess, knows the rites
Wherein the god of earth delights.
First, nine ways looking, let her stand
With an old poker in her hand;
Let her describe a circle round
In Saunder's cellar on the ground:
A spade let prudent Archy hold,
And with discretion dig the mould:
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca, Ford, and Grattans by.
  Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated toward the skies!
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wondrous birth conspire;
And Bacchus for the poet's use
Pour'd in a strong inspiring juice.
See! as you raise it from its tomb,
It drags behind a spacious womb,
And in the spacious womb contains
A sovereign medicine for the brains.
  You'll find it soon, if fate consents;
If not, a thousand Mrs. Brents,
Ten thousand Archys, arm'd with spades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's shades.

From thence a plenteous draught infuse,
And boldly then invoke the Muse;
But first let Robert on his knees
With caution drain it from the lees:
The Muse will at your call appear,
With Stella's praise to crown the year.

A SATIRICAL ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL. 1722.

His Grace! impossible! what dead!
Of old age too, and in his bed!
And could that mighty warrior fall,
And so inglorious, after all?
Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
The last loud trump must wake him now:
And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed so old
As by the newspapers we're told?
Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time in conscience he should die!
This world he cumber'd long enough;
He burnt his candle to the snuff;
And that's the reason, some folks think,
He left behind so great a stink.
Behold his funeral appears,
Nor widows' sighs, nor orphan's tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse.
But what of that? his friends may say,
He had those honours in his day.

True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he died.
  Come hither, all ye empty things!
Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of kings!
Who float upon the tide of state;
Come hither, and behold your fate!
Let Pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing's a duke;
From all his ill got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

DEAN SMEDLEY'S PETITION

TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

"Non domus aut fundus—" Hor.

It was, my lord, the dext'rous shift
Of t'other Jonathan, viz. Swift,
But now St. Patrick's saucy dean,
With silver verge and surplice clean,
Of Oxford, or of Ormond's grace,
In looser rhyme to beg a place.
A place he got, yclept a stall,
And eke a thousand pound withal;
And, were he a less witty writer,
He might as well have got a mitre.
  Thus I, the Jonathan of Clogher,
In humble lays, my thanks to offer,
Approach your grace with grateful heart;
My thanks and verse both void of art,
Content with what your bounty gave,
No larger income do I crave:

Rejoicing that, in better times,
Grafton requires my loyal lines.
Proud! while my patron is polite,
I likewise to the patriot write!
Proud! that at once I can commend
King George's and the Muses' friend!
Endear'd to Britain; and to thee
(Disjoin'd, Hibernia, by the sea)
Endear'd by twice three anxious years,
Employ'd in guardian toils and cares;
By love, by wisdom, and by skill;
For he has sav'd thee 'gainst thy will.
But where shall Smedley make his nest,
And lay his wandering head to rest?
Where shall he find a decent house,
To treat his friends, and cheer his spouse:
O! tack, my lord, some pretty cure;
In wholesome soil, and ether pure;
The garden stor'd with artless flowers,
In either angle shady bowers.
No gay parterre, with costly green,
Within the ambient hedge be seen:
Let Nature freely take her course,
Nor fear from me ungrateful force;
No sheers shall check her sprouting vigour;
Nor shape the yews to antic figure:
A limpid brook shall trout supply,
In May, to take the mimic fly;
Round a small orchard may it run,
Whose apples redden to the sun.
Let all be snug, and warm, and neat:
For fifty turn'd a safe retreat,
A little Euston* may it be,
Euston I'll carve on every tree.

* The name of the duke's seat, in Suffolk. N.

But then, to keep it in repair,
My lord—twice fifty pounds a year
Will barely do; but if your grace
Could make them hundreds—charming place!
Thou then wouldst show another face.
  Clogher! far north, my lord, it lies,
'Midst snowy hills, inclement skies;
One shivers with the arctic wind,
One hears the polar axis grind.
Good John* indeed, with beef and claret,
Makes the place warm that one may bear it.
He has a purse to keep a table,
And eke a soul as hospitable.
My heart is good; but assets fail,
To fight with storms of snow and hail.
Besides, the country's thin of people,
Who seldom meet but at the steeple:
The strapping dean, that's gone to Down,
Ne'er nam'd the thing without a frown,
When, much fatigu'd with sermon study,
He felt his brain grow dull and muddy;
No fit companion could be found,
To push the lazy bottle round:
Sure then, for want of better folks
To pledge, his clerk was orthodox.
  Ah! how unlike to Gerard street,
Where beaux and belles in parties meet;
Where gilded chairs and coaches throng,
And jostle as they troll along;
Where tea and coffee hourly flow,
And gapeseed does in plenty grow;
And Griz (no clock more certain) cries,
Exact at seven, "Hot mutton-pies!"

* Bishop Sterne. H.

There Lady Luna in her sphere
Once shone, when Paunceforth was not near;
But now she wanes, and, as 'tis said,
Keeps sober hours, and goes to bed.
There—but 'tis endless to write down
All the amusements of the town;
And spouse will think herself quite undone,
To trudge to Connor* from sweet London;
And care we must our wives to please,
Or else—we shall be ill at ease.
You see, my lord, what 'tis I lack,
'Tis only some convenient tack,
Some parsonage house, with garden sweet,
To be my late, my last retreat;
A decent church, close by its side,
There, preaching, praying, to reside;
And, as my time securely rolls,
To save my own and other souls.

THE DUKE'S ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT.

Dear Smed, I read thy brilliant lines,
Where wit in all its glories shines;
Where compliments, with all their pride,
Are by their numbers dignified:
I hope, to make you yet as clean
As that same Viz, St. Patrick's dean.
I'll give thee surplice, verge, and stall,
And may be something else withal;

* The bishoprick of Connor is united to that of Down: but there two deans. F.

And, were you not so good a writer,
I should present you with a mitre.
Write worse, then, if you can—be wise—
Believe me, 'tis the way to rise.
Talk not of making of thy nest:
Ah! never lay thy head to rest!
That head so well with wisdom fraught,
That writes without the toil of thought!
While others rack their busy brains,
You are not in the least at pains.
Down to your dean'ry new repair,
And build a castle in the air.
I'm sure a man of your fine sense
Can do it with a small expense.
There your dear spouse and you together
May breathe your bellies full of ether.
When lady Luna is your neighbour,
She'll help your wife when she's in labour;
Well skill'd in midwife artifices,
For she herself oft falls in pieces.
There you shall see a rareeshow
Will make you scorn this world below,
When you behold the milky way,
As white as snow, as bright as day;
The glittering constellations roll
About the grinding arctic pole;
The lovely tingling in your ears,
Wrought by the music of the spheres—
Your spouse shall then no longer hector,
You need not fear a curtain-lecture;
Nor shall she think that she is undone
For quitting her beloved London.
When she's exalted in the skies,
She'll never think of mutton pies;

When you're advanc'd above dean Viz
You'll never think of goody Griz.
But ever, ever, live at ease,
And strive, and strive, your wife to please;
In her you'll centre all your joys,
And get ten thousand girls and boys:
Ten thousand girls and boys you'll get,
And they like stars shall rise and set.
While you and spouse, transform'd, shall soon
Be a new sun and a new moon:
Nor shall you strive your horns to hide,
For then your horns shall be your pride.

VERSES BY STELLA.*

If it be true, celestial powers,
That you have form'd me fair,
And yet, in all my vainest hours.
My mind has been my care:
Then, in return, I beg this grace,
As you were ever kind,
What envious Time takes from my face,
Bestow upon my mind!

DR. DELANY'S VILLA.†

Would you that Delville I describe?
Believe me, sir, I will not gibe:

* See another poem by Stella, intitled "Jealousy," in Mr. Sheridan's Life of Swift. N.

† This was not Swift's, but written by Dr. Sheridan. S.

For who would be satirical
Upon a thing so very small?
  You scarce upon the borders enter,
Before you're at the very centre.
A single crow can make it night,
When o'er your farms she takes her flight:
Yet, in this narrow compass, we
Observe a vast variety;
Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
Windows and doors, and rooms and stairs,
And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
And hay, and grass, and corn, it yields;
All to your haggard, brought so cheap in,
Without the mowing or the reaping:
A razor, though to say't I'm loath,
Would shave you and your meadows both.
  Though small's the farm, yet here's a house
Full large to entertain a mouse;
But where a rat is dreaded more
Than savage Caledonian boar;
For, if it's enter'd by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.
  A little rivulet seems to steal
Down through a thing you call a vale,
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of leek:
And this you call your sweet meander,
Which might be suck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To scoop the channel of the rill.
For sure you'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city gutter.
  Next come I to your kitchen garden,
Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in;

And round this garden is a walk,
No longer than a tailor's chalk;
Thus I compare what space is in it,
A snail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze
Up through a tuft you call your trees:
And, once a year, a single rose
Peeps from the bud, but never blows;
In vain then you expect its bloom!
It cannot blow for want of room.
In short, in all your boasted seat,
There's nothing but yourself that's GREAT.

ON ONE OF THE WINDOWS AT DEL-VILLE.

A BARD, grown desirous of saving his pelf,
Built a house he was sure would hold none but himself.
This enrag'd god Apollo, who Mercury sent,
And bid him go ask what his votary meant?
"Some foe to my empire has been his adviser:
'Tis of dreadful portent when a poet turns miser!
Tell him, Hermes, from me, tell that subject of mine,
I have sworn by the Styx, to defeat his design;
For wherever he lives, the Muses shall reign;
And the Muses, he knows, have a numerous train."

CARBERIÆ RUPES.

IN COMITATU CORGAGENSI. 1723.

ECCE ingens fragmen scopuli, quod vertice summo
Desuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum

Decidit in fluctus: maria undique et undique saxa
Horrisono stridore tonant, et ad æthera murmur
Erigitur; trepidatque suis Neptunus in undis.
Nam, longâ venti rabie, atque aspergine crebrâ
Æquorei laticis, specus imâ rupe cavatur:
Jam fultura ruit, jam summa cacumina nutant;
Jam cadit in præceps moles, et verberat undas.
Attonitus credas, hinc dejecisse Tonantem
Montibus impositos montes, et Pelion altum
In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculâsse gigantum.
  Sæpe etiam spelunca immani aperitur hiatu
Exesa è scopulis, et utrinque foramina pandit,
Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo.
Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti
Formantur; moles olim ruitura supernè.
Fornice sublimi nidos posuere palumbes,
Inque imo stagni posuere cubilia phocæ.
  Sed, cum sævit hyems, et venti, carcere rupto,
Immensos volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis;
Non obsessæ arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
Missa Jovis, quoties inimicas sævit in urbes,
Exæquant sonitum undarum, veniente procellâ:
Littora littoribus reboant; vicinia latè,
Gens assueta mari, et pedibus percurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, et longè fugit, arva relinquens.
  Gramina dum carpunt pendentes rupe capellæ,
Vi salientis aquæ de summo præcipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo sub gurgite linquunt.
  Piscator terrâ non audet vellere funem;
Sed latet in portu tremebundus, et aëra sudum
Haud sperans, Nereum precibus votisque fatigat.

CARBERY ROCKS.

TRANSLATED BY DR. DUNKIN.

Lo! from the top of yonder cliff, that shrouds
Its airy head amid the azure clouds,
Hangs a huge fragment; destitute of props,
Prone on the wave the rocky ruin drops;
With hoarse rebuff the swelling seas rebound;
From shore to shore the rocks return the sound;
The dreadful murmurs Heaven's high convex cleaves;
And Neptune shrinks beneath his subject waves;
For, long the whirling winds and beating tides
Had scoop'd a vault into its nether sides.
Now yields the base, the summits nod, now urge
Their headlong course, and lash the sounding surge.
Not louder noise could shake the guilty world,
When Jove heap'd mountains upon mountains hurl'd;
Retorting Pelion from his dread abode,
To crush Earth's rebel sons beneath the load.
  Oft too with hideous yawn the cavern wide
Presents an orifice on either side,
A dismal orifice, from sea to sea
Extended, pervious to the God of Day:
Uncouthly join'd, the rocks stupendous form
An arch, the ruin of a future storm:
High on the cliff their nests the woodquests make,
And seacalves stable in the oozy lake.
  But when bleak Winter with his sullen train
Awakes the winds to vex the watery plain;
When o'er the craggy steep without control,
Big with the blast, the raging billows roll;

Not towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming brand,
Darted from Heaven by Jove's avenging hand,
Oft as on impious men his wrath he pours,
Humbles their pride, and blasts their gilded towers,
Equal the tumult of this wild uproar:
Waves rush o'er waves, rebellows shore to shore.
The neighbouring race, though wont to brave the shocks
Of angry seas, and run along the rocks,
Now pale with terror, while the ocean foams,
Fly far and wide, nor trust their native homes.
  The goats, while pendent from the mountain top,
The wither'd herb improvident they crop,
Wash'd down the precipice with sudden sweep,
Leave their sweet lives beneath th' unfathom'd deep.
  The frighted fisher, with desponding eyes,
Though safe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,
Nor hoping to behold the skies serene,
Wearies with vows the monarch of the main.

UPON THE HORRID PLOT DISCOVERED BY HARLEQUIN, THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER'S FRENCH DOG.*

IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A WHIG AND A TORY.
1723.

I Ask'd a whig the other night,
How came this wicked plot to light?
He answer'd, that a dog of late
Inform'd a minister of state.

* See Bishop Atterbury's Epistolary Correspondence, 1799. Vol. IV. p. 406. N.

Said I, from thence I nothing know;
For are not all informers so?
A villain who his friend betrays,
We style him by no other phrase;
And so a perjur'd dog denotes
Porter, and Pendergast, and Oates,
And forty others I could name.

WHIG. But you must know, this dog was lame.

TORY. A weighty argument indeed!
Your evidence was lame:—proceed:
Come, help your lame dog o'er the stile.

WHIG. Sir, you mistake me all this while:
I mean a dog (without a joke)
Can howl, and bark, but never spoke.

TORY. I'm still to seek, which dog you mean;
Whether our Plunkett, or whelp Skean,
An English or an Irish hound;
Or 't'other puppy, that was drown'd;
Or Mason, that abandon'd bitch:
Then pray be free, and tell me which:
For every stander by was marking
That all the noise they made was barking.
You pay them well, the dogs have got
Their dogs-heads in a porridge pot:
And 'twas but just; for wise men say,
That every dog must have his day.
Dog Walpole laid a quart of nog on't,
He'd either make a hog or dog on't;
And look'd, since he has got his wish,
As if he had thrown down a dish.
Yet this I dare foretel you from it,
He'll soon return to his own vomit.

WHIG. Besides, this horrid plot was found
By Neynoe, after he was drown'd.

TORY. Why then the proverb is not right,
Since you can teach dead dogs to bite.
WHIG. I prov'd my proposition full:
But jacobites are strangely dull.
Now, let me tell you plainly, sir,
Our witness is a real cur,
A dog of spirit for his years,
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears;
His name is Harlequin, I wot,
And that's a name in every plot:
Resolv'd to save the British nation,
Though French by birth and education,
His correspondence plainly dated
Was all decipher'd and translated:
His answers were exceeding pretty
Before the secret wise committee;
Confest as plain as he could bark:
Then with his forefoot set his mark.
TORY. Then all this while have I been bubbled.
I thought it was a dog in doublet:
The matter now no longer sticks;
For statesmen never want dog tricks.
But since it was a real cur,
And not a dog in metaphor,
I give you joy of the report,
That he's to have a place at court.
WHIG. Yes, and a place he will grow rich in;
A turnspit in the royal kitchen.
Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,
We had occasion for a plot?
And when we found the dog begin it,
We guess'd the bishop's foot was in it.
TORY. I own it was a dangerous project;
And you have prov'd it by dog-logic.

Sure such intelligence between
A dog and bishop ne'er was seen,
Till you began to change the breed;
Your bishops all are dogs indeed!

STELLA AT WOOD PARK,

A HOUSE OF CHARLES FORD, ESQ. NEAR DUBLIN. 1723.

" —Cuicumque nocere volebat,
Vestimenta debat pretiosa."

Don Carlos, in a merry spite,
Did Stella to his house invite:
He entertain'd her half a year
With generous wines and costly cheer,
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That she might o'er the servants hector.
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the highest price:
Now at the table head she sits,
Presented with the nicest bits:
She look' on partridges with scorn,
Except they tasted of the corn:
A haunch of venison made her sweat,
Unless it had the right *fumette*.
Don Carlos earnestly would beg,
" Dear madam, try this pigeon's leg;"
Was happy, when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Through candlelight she view'd the wine
To see that every glass was fine.
At last, grown prouder than the devil
With feeding high and treatment civil,

Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work as he design'd.
The winter sky began to frown;
Poor Stella must pack off to town:
From purling streams and fountains bubbling,
To Liffy's stinking tide at Dublin;
From wholesome exercise and air,
To tossing in an easy chair:
From stomach sharp, and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a lady breeding:
From ruling there the household singly,
To be directed here by Dingley:*
From every day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint, and God be thanked;
From every meal Pontack in plenty,
To half a pint one day in twenty:
From Ford attending at her call,
To visits of — — —
From Ford, who thinks of nothing mean,
To the poor doings of the Dean:
From growing richer with good cheer,
To running out by starving here.
But now arrives the dismal day;
She must return to Ormond Quay.†
The coachman stopt; she look'd, and swore
The rascal had mistook the door:
At coming in, you saw her stoop;
The entry brush'd against her hoop:
Each moment rising in her airs,
She curst the narrow winding stairs:
Began a thousand faults to spy;
The ceiling hardly six feet high;

* The constant companion of Stella. F.
† Where the two ladies lodged. F.

The smutty wainscoat full of cracks;
And half the chairs with broken backs:
Her quarter's out at Ladyday;
She vows she will no longer stay
In lodgings like a poor Grizette,
While there are houses to be let.
  Howe'er, to keep her spirits up,
She sent for company to sup:
When all the while you might remark,
She strove in vain to ape Wood Park.
Two bottles call'd for (half her store
The cupboard could contain but four)
A supper worthy of herself,
Five nothings in five plates of delf.
  Thus for a week the farce went on;
When, all her country savings gone,
She fell into her former scene,
Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.
  Thus far in jest: though now, I fear,
You think my jesting too severe;
But poets, when a hint is new,
Regard not whether false or true:
Yet raillery gives no offence,
Where truth has not the least pretence;
Nor can be more securely plac'd
Than on a nymph of Stella's taste.
I must confess your wine and vittle
I was too hard upon a little:
Your table neat, your linen fine;
And though in miniature, you shine:
Yet, when you sigh to leave Wood Park,
The scene, the welcome, and the spark,
To languish in this odious town,
And pull your haughty stomach down;

We think you quite mistake the case,
The virtue lies not in the place:
For, though my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood Park with you.

COPY OF THE BIRTHDAY VERSES ON MR. FORD.*

Come, be content, since out it must,
For Stella has betray'd her trust;
And, whispering, charg'd me not to say
That Mr. Ford was born to day;
Or, if at last I needs must blab it,
According to my usual habit,
She bid me, with a serious face,
Be sure conceal the time and place;
And not my compliment to spoil,
By calling this your native soil:
Or vex the ladies when they knew
That you are turning forty-two:
But, if these topics shall appear
Strong arguments to keep you here,
I think, though you judge hardly of it,
Good manners must give place to profit.
The nymphs, with whom you first began,
Are each become a harridan;
And Montague so far decay'd,
Her lovers now must all be paid;

* Dr. Swift had been used to celebrate the birthday of his friend *Charles Ford*, Esq. which was on the first day of January. See also he preceding poem, "Stella at Wood Park."—Dr. Delany mentions also among the Dean's intimate friends, "*Matthew Ford*, Esq. a man of family and fortune, a fine gentleman, and the best lay scholar of is time and nation." N.

And every belle that since arose,
Has her contemporary beaux.
Your former comrades, once so bright,
With whom you toasted half the night,
Of rheumatism and pox complain,
And bid adieu to dear champaign.
Your great protectors, once in power,
Are now in exile or the Tower.
Your foes triumphant o'er the laws,
Who hate your person and your cause,
If once they get you on the spot,
You must be guilty of the plot:
For, true or false, they'll ne'er inquire,
But use you ten times worse than Prior.

In London! what would you do there?
Can you, my friend, with patience bear
(Nay, would it not your passion raise
Worse than a pun, or Irish phrase?)
To see a scoundrel strut and hector,
A footboy to some rogue director,
To look on vice triumphant round,
And virtue trampled on the ground?
Observe where bloody ***** stands
With torturing engines in his hands,
Hear him blaspheme, and swear, and rail,
Threatening the pillory and jail:
If this you think a pleasing scene,
To London straight return again;
Where, you have told us from experience,
Are swarms of bugs and presbyterians.

I thought my very spleen would burst,
When Fortune hither drove me first;
Was full as hard to please as you,
Nor persons names nor places knew;

But now I act as other folk,
Like pris'ners when their gall is broke.
If you have London still at heart,
We'll make a small one here by art;
The difference is not much between
St. James's Park and Stephen's Green:
And Dawson-street will serve as well
To lead you thither as Pall-Mall.
Nor want a passage through the palace,
To choque your sight, and raise your malice.
The Deanery-house may well be match'd,
Under correction, with the Thatch'd.*
Nor shall I, when you hither come,
Demand a crown a quart for stum.
Then, for a middle-aged charmer,
Stella may vie with your Monthermer;†
She's now as handsome every bit,
And has a thousand times her wit.
The Dean and Sheridan, I hope,
Will half supply a Gay and Pope.
Corbet,‡ though yet I know his worth not,
No doubt, will prove a good Arbuthnot.
I throw into the bargain Tim;
In London can you equal him?
What think you of my favourite clan,
Robin§ and Jack, and Jack and Dan;
Fellows of modest worth and parts,
With cheerful looks and honest hearts?
Can you on Dublin look with scorn?
Yet here were you and Ormond born.

* A famous tavern in St. James's-street. H.

† Mary, Dutchess of Montague, and marchioness of Monthermer, youngest daughter of John, Duke of Marlborough. H.

‡ Dr. Corbet, afterward dean of St. Patrick's. H.

§ R. and J. Grattan, and J. and D. Jackson. H.

O! were but you and I so wise,
To see with Robert Grattan's eyes!
Robin adores that spot of earth,
That literal spot which gave him birth;
And swears, "Belcamp is, to his taste,
"As fine as Hampton-court at least."
When to your friend you would enhance
The praise of Italy or France,
For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
We gladly hear you, and submit:
But then, to come and keep a clutter,
For this or that side of a gutter,
To live in this or t'other isle,
We cannot think it worth your while;
For, take it kindly or amiss,
The difference but amounts to this:
We bury on our side the channel
In linen; and on your's in flannel.
You for the news are ne'er to seek;
While we, perhaps, may wait a week:
You happy folks are sure to meet
A hundred whores in every street;
While we may trace all Dublin o'er
Before we find out half a score.
You see my arguments are strong,
I wonder you held out so long:
But, since you are convinc'd at last,
We'll pardon you for what is past.
So—let us now for whist prepare:
Twelve pence a corner, if you dare.

JOAN CUDGELS NED. 1723.

Joan cudgels Ned, yet Ned's a bully;
Will cudgels Bess, yet Will's a cully.
Die Ned and Bess; give Will to Joan,
She dares not say her life's her own.
Die Joan and Will; give Bess to Ned,
And every day she combs his head.

A QUIBBLING ELEGY ON JUDGE BOAT. 1723.

o mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
ince cru el fate has sunk our Justice Boat.
/hy should he sink, where nothing seem'd to press,
[is lading little, and his ballast less?
'ost iir the waves of this tempestuous world,
.t length, his anchor fix'd and canvas furl'd,
'o Lazy-hill* retiring from his court,
.t his Ring's end† he founders in the port.
Vith water‡ fill'd, he could no longer float,
'he common death of many a stronger boat.
A post so fill'd on nature's laws entrenches:
Benches on boats are plac'd, not boats on benches.
.nd yet our Boat (how shall I reconcile it?)
Vas both a Boat, and in one sense a pilot.
Vith every wind he sail'd, and well could tack:
Iad many pendants, but abhorr'd a Jack.§

* A street in Dublin, leading to the harbour. F.
† A village near the sea. F.
‡ It was said he died of a dropsy. F
§ A cant word for a Jacobite. F.

He's gone, although his friends began to hope,
That he might yet be lifted by a rope.
  Behold the awful bench, on which he sat!
He was as hard and ponderous wood as that:
Yet, when his sand was out, we find at last,
That death has overset him with a blast.
Our Boat is now sail'd to the Stygian ferry,
There to supply old Charon's leaky wherry:
Charon in him will ferry souls to Hell;
A trade our Boat* has practis'd here so well:
And Cerberus has ready in his paws
Both pitch and brimstone, to fill up his flaws.
Yet, spite of death and fate, I here maintain
We may place Boat in his old post again.
The way is thus; and well deserves your thanks:
Take the three strongest of his broken planks,
Fix them on high, conspicuous to be seen,
Form'd like the triple tree near Stephen's green;†
And, when we view it thus with thief at end on't,
We'll cry; Look, here's our Boat, and there's the pendant.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies Judge Boat within a coffin;
Pray, gentlefolks, forbear your scoffing.
A Boat a judge! yes; where's the blunder?
A wooden judge is no such wonder.
And in his robes, you must agree,
No boat was better deck'd than he.
'Tis needless to describe him fuller;
In short, he was an able sculler.

* In condemning malefactors, as a judge. F.
† Where the Dublin gallows stands. F.

PETHOX* THE GREAT. 1725.

From Venus born, thy beauty shows;
But who thy father, no man knows:
Nor can the skilful herald trace
The founder of thy ancient race;
Whether thy temper, full of fire,
Discovers Vulcan for thy sire,
The god who made Scamander boil,
And round his margin sing'd the soil;
(From whence, philosophers agree,
An equal power descends to thee)
Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
The high descent from whence you came,
And, as a proof, show numerous scars
By fierce encounters made in wars,
Those honourable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and all before,
And still the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent;
Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighbouring Gaul descend;
Or from Parthenope the proud,
Where numberless thy votaries crowd;
Whether thy great forefathers came
From realms that bear Vespucio's name,
For so conjectures would obtrude
And from thy painted skin conclude;
Whether, as Epicurus shows,
The world from justling seeds arose,

* This name is a filthy anagram. H:

Which, mingling with prolific strife
In chaos, kindled into life:
So your production was the same.
And from contending atoms came.
  Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
Thy head with sparkling rubies round:
Beneath thy decent steps the road
Is all with precious jewels strow'd.
The bird of Pallas knows his post,
Thee to attend, where'er thou goest.
  Byzantians boast, that on the clod
Where once their Sultan's horse hath trod
Grows neither grass, nor shrub, nor tree:
The same thy subjects boast of thee.
  The greatest lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,
In all the various colours seen
Of red and yellow, blue and green.
  With half a word, when you require,
The man of business must retire.
  The haughty minister of state,
With trembling must thy leisure wait;
And, while his fate is in thy hands,
The business of the nation stands.
  Thou dar'st the greatest prince attack;
Canst hourly set him on the rack;
And, as an instance of thy power,
Enclose him in a wooden tower,
With pungent pains on every side:
So Regulus in torments dy'd.
  From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to discern;
And well thy scholars are endued
With temperance and with fortitude;

With patience, which all ills supports;
And secrecy, the art of courts.
The glittering beau could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or spell;
But, having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a billet-doux.
With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in every noble race!
In whom thy features, shape, and mien,
Are to the life distinctly seen!
The Britons, once a savage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd,
Descendants to the barbarous Huns,
With limbs robust, and voice that stuns;
But you have moulded them afresh,
Remov'd the tough superfluous flesh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And speak without the help of lungs.
Proteus on you bestow'd the boon
To change your visage like the moon;
You sometimes half a face produce,
Keep t'other half for private use.
How fam'd thy conduct in the fight
With Hermes, son of Pleias bright!
Outnumber'd, half encompass'd round,
You strove for every inch of ground;
Then, by a soldierly retreat,
Retir'd to your imperial seat.
The victor, when your steps he trac'd,
Found all the realms before him waste
You, o'er the high triumphal arch
Pontific, made your glorious march;
The wondrous arch behind you fell,
And left a chasm profound as Hell:
You, in your capitol secur'd,
A siege as long as Troy endur'd.

MARY THE COOK MAID'S LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1723.

WELL, if ever I saw such another man since my mother bound my head!
You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder where you were bred.
I'm sure such words do not become a man of your cloth;
I would not give such language to a dog, faith and troth.
Yes, you call'd my master a knave: fie, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis a shame
For a parson, who should know better things, to come out with such a name.
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a shame and a sin;
And the Dean my master is an honester man than you and all your kin:
He has more goodness in his little finger than you have in your whole body:
My master is a parsonable man, and not a spindle shank'd hoddy doddy.
And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuse,
Because my master one day, in anger, call'd you goose:
Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four years since October,
And he never call'd me worse than sweetheart, drunk or sober:

Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out so late in your college.
You say you will eat grass on his grave: a christian eat grass!
Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose or an ass:
But that's as much as to say, that my master should die before ye;
Well, well, that's as God pleases; and I don't believe that's a true story:
And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my master; what care I?
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to Mary.
Every body knows that I love to tell truth, and shame the devil;
I am but a poor servant; but I think gentlefolks should be civil.
Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here;
I remember it was on a Tuesday of all days in the year.
And Saunders the man says you are always jesting and mocking:
Mary, said he, (one day as I was mending my master's stocking;)
My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school—
I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him a fool.
Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a dishclout to his tail.

And now I must go, and get Saunders to direct this letter;
For I write but a bad scrawl; but my sister Marget, she writes better.
Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my master comes from prayers;
And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming up stairs;
Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could write written hand:
And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to command,

MARY.

A NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT FOR BEC.* 1723-4.

RETURNING Janus now prepares,
For Bec, a new supply of cares,
Sent in a bag to doctor Swift,
Who thus displays the New-year's gift.
First, this large parcel brings you tidings
Of our good Dean's eternal chidings;
Of Nelly's pertness, Robin's leasings,
And Sheridan's perpetual teazings.
This box is cramm'd on every side
With Stella's magisterial pride.
Behold a cage with sparrows fill'd,
First to be fondled, then be kill'd.
Now to this hamper I invite you,
With six imagin'd cares to fright you.
Here in this bundle Janus sends
Concerns by thousands for your friends:

* *Mrs.* Rebecca Dingley, Stella's friend and companion. E.

And here's a pair of leathern pokes,
To hold your cares for other folks.
Here from this barrel you may broach
A peck of troubles for a coach.
This ball of wax your ears will darken,
Still to be curious, never hearken.
Lest you the town may have less trouble in,
Bring all your Quilca's* cares to Dublin,
For which he sends this empty sack;
And so take all upon your back.

DINGLEY AND BRENT.†

A SONG.

To the Tune of, "Ye Commons and Peers."

Dingley and Brent,
Wherever they went,
Ne'er minded a word that was spoken;
Whatever was said,
They ne'er troubled their head,
But laugh'd at their own silly joking.

Should Solomon wise
In majesty rise,
And show them his wit and his learning;
They never would hear,
But turn the deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in.

* Country house of Dr. Sheridan. F.
† Dr. Swift's housekeeper. F.

You tell a good jest,
And please all the rest;
Comes Dingly, and asks you, what was it?
And, curious to know,
Away she will go
To seek an old rag in the closet.

TO STELLA.

WRITTEN ON THE DAY OF HER BIRTH. MARCH 13, 1723—4

BUT NOT ON THE SUBJECT,

WHEN I WAS SICK IN BED.

TORMENTED with incessant pains,
Can I devise poetic strains?
Time was, when I could yearly pay
My verse on Stella's native day:
But now, unable grown to write,
I grieve she ever saw the light.
Ungrateful! since to her I owe
That I these pains can undergo.
She tends me like an humble slave;
And, when indecently I rave,
When out my brutish passions break,
With gall in every word I speak,
She, with soft speech, my anguish cheers,
Or melts my passions down with tears:
Although 'tis easy to descry
She wants assistance more than I;
Yet seems to feel my pains alone,
And is a stoic in her own.
When, among scholars, can we find
So soft, and yet so firm a mind?

All accidents of life conspire
To raise up Stella's virtue higher;
Or else to introduce the rest
Which had been latent in her breast.
Her firmness who could e'er have known,
Had she not evils of her own?
Her kindness who could ever guess,
Had not her friends been in distress?
Whatever base returns you find
From me, dear Stella, still be kind.
In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
Though I continue still a brute.
But, when I once am out of pain,
I promise to be good again:
Meantime, your other juster friends
Shall for my follies make amends:
So may we long continue thus,
Admiring you, you pitying us.

ON DREAMS.

AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS.

"Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris," &c.

Those dreams, that on the silent night intrude,
And with false flitting shades our minds delude,
Jove never sends us downward from the skies:
Nor can they from infernal mansions rise;
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools consult interpreters in vain.

For, when in bed we rest our weary limbs,
The mind unburden'd sports in various whims;

The busy head with mimic art runs o'er
The scenes and actions of the day before.

The drowsy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes some patriot's head.
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murderer dreams of all the blood he spilt.

The soldier smiling hears the widow's cries,
And stabs the son before the mother's eyes.
With like remorse his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The statesman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treason got.
Nor less Tom-t—d-man, of true statesman mould,
Collects the city filth in search of gold.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer sees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees.
His fellow pick-purse, watching for a job,
Fancies his finger's in the cully's fob.

The kind physician grants the husband's prayers,
Or gives relief to long expecting heirs.
The sleeping hangman ties the fatal noose,
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead men's shoes.

The grave divine, with knotty points perplext,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text:
While the sly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling senator of modern days
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauseous praise:

And Dick the scavenger with equal grace
Flirts from his cart the mud in *****'s face.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY WHITSHED'S* MOTTO ON HIS COACH. 1724.

Libertas et natale solum:
Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.
Could nothing but thy chief reproach
Serve for a motto on thy coach?
But let me now the words translate:
Natale solum, my estate;
My dear estate, how well I love it!
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it,
They swear I am so kind and good,
I hug them, till I squeeze their blood.
Libertas bears a large import:
First, how to swagger in a court;
And, secondly, to show my fury
Against an uncomplying jury;
And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention,
To favour Wood, and keep my pension;
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great seal, and turn out Broderick;
And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean)
To humble that vexatious Dean;
And, sixthly, for my soul, to barter it
For fifty times its worth to Carteret.†
Now, since your motto thus you construe,
I must confess you've spoken once true.
Libertas et natale solum:
You had good reason, when you stol'em.

* The chief justice who prosecuted the Drapier. H.
† Lord lieutenant of Ireland. H.

SENT BY DR. DELANY TO DR. SWIFT,

IN ORDER TO BE ADMITTED TO SPEAK TO HIM, WHEN HE WAS DEAF. 1724.

Dear sir, I think 'tis doubly hard,
Your ears and doors should both be barr'd.
Can any thing be more unkind?
Must I not see, 'cause you are blind?
Methinks a friend at night should cheer you,
A friend that loves to see and hear you.
Why am I robb'd of that delight,
When you can be no loser by't?
Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer?)
That, if you heard, you'd be no gainer?
For sure you are not yet to learn,
That hearing is not your concern.
Then be your doors no longer barr'd:
Your business, sir, is to be heard.

THE ANSWER.

The wise pretend to make it clear,
'Tis no great loss to lose an ear.
Why are we then so fond of two,
When by experience one would do?
'Tis true, say they, cut off the head,
And there's an end; the man is dead;
Because, among all human race,
None e'er was known to have a brace:
But confidently they maintain,
That where we find the members twain,

The loss of one is no such trouble,
Since t'other will in strength be double.
The limb surviving, you may swear,
Becomes his brother's lawful heir:
Thus, for a trial, let me beg of
Your reverence but to cut one leg off,
And you shall find, by this device,
The other will be stronger twice;
For every day you shall be gaining
New vigour to the leg remaining.
So, when an eye has lost its brother,
You see the better with the other.
Cut off your hand, and you may do
With t'other hand the work of two:
Because the soul her power contracts,
And on the brother limb reacts.

But yet the point is not so clear in
Another case, the sense of hearing:
For, though the place of either ear
Be distant, as one head can bear;
Yet Galen most acutely shows you,
(Consult his book *de partium usu*);
That from each ear, as he observes,
There creep two auditory nerves,
Not to be seen without a glass,
Which near the *os petrosum* pass;
Thence to the neck; and moving thorough there,
One goes to this, and one to t'other ear;
Which made my grandam always stuff her ears,
Both right and left, as fellow sufferers.
You see my learning; but, to shorten it,
When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,
To t'other ear I felt it coming on:
And thus I solve this hard phenomenon.

'Tis true, a glass will bring supplies
To weak, or old, or clouded eyes:
Your arms, though both your eyes were lost,
Would guard your nose against a post:
Without your legs, two legs of wood
Are stronger, and almost as good:
And as for hands, there have been those
Who, wanting both, have us'd their toes.*
But no contrivance yet appears
To furnish artificial ears.

A QUIET LIFE AND A GOOD NAME.

TO A FRIEND WHO MARRIED A SHREW. 1724.

NELL scolded in so loud a din,
That Will durst hardly venture in:
He mark'd the conjugal dispute;
Nell roar'd incessant, Dick sat mute:
But, when he saw his friend appear,
Cry'd bravely, Patience, good my dear!
At sight of Will, she bawl'd no more,
But hurry'd out, and clapt the door.
Why Dick! the Devil's in thy Nell,
(Quoth Will) thy house is worse than Hell:
Why what a peal the jade has rung!
D—n her, why don't you slit her tongue?
For nothing else will make it cease.
Dear Will, I suffer this for peace:
I never quarrel with my wife;
I bear it for a quiet life.

* There have been instances of a man's writing with his foot. H.

Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it;
Bids us to seek peace, and ensue it.
  Will went again to visit Dick;
And entering in the very nick,
He saw virago Nell belabour,
With Dick's own staff, his peaceful neighbour:
Poor Will, who needs must interpose,
Receiv'd a brace or two of blows.
But now, to make my story short,
Will drew out Dick to take a quart.
Why, Dick, thy wife has devilish whims;
Ods-buds! why don't you break her limbs;
If she were mine, and had such tricks,
I'd teach her how to handle sticks:
Z—ds! I would ship her to Jamaica,
Or truck the carrion for tobacco:
I'd send her far enough away—
Dear Will; but what would people say?
Lord! I should get so ill a name,
The neighbours round would cry out shame.
  Dick suffer'd for his peace and credit;
But who believ'd him when he said it?
Can he, who makes himself a slave,
Consult his peace, or credit save?
Dick found it by his ill success,
His quiet small, his credit less.
She serv'd him at the usual rate;
She stunn'd, and then she broke his pate:
And, what he thought the hardest case,
The parish jeer'd him to his face;
Those men, who wore the breeches least,
Call'd him a cuckold, fool, and beast.
At home he was pursu'd with noise;
Abroad was pester'd by the boys:

Within, his wife would break his bones;
Without, they pelted him with stones;
The 'prentices procur'd a riding,*
To act his patience, and her chiding.
False patience and mistaken pride!
There are ten thousand Dicks beside:
Slaves to their quiet and good name,
Are us'd like Dick, and bear the blame.

THE BIRTH OF MANLY VIRTUE.

INSCRIBED TO LORD CARTERET, 1724.

"Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore Virtus." VIRG.

ONCE on a time, a righteous sage,
Griev'd at the vices of the age,
Applied to Jove with fervent prayer:
"O Jove, if Virtue be so fair
As it was deem'd in former days,
By Plato and by Socrates,
Whose beauties mortal eyes escape,
Only for want of outward shape:
Make then its real excellence,
For once, the theme of human sense;
So shall the eye, by form confin'd,
Direct and fix the wandering mind;
And long deluded mortals see,
With rapture what they us'd to flee!"
Jove grants the prayer, gives Virtue birth,
And bids him bless and mend the earth.

* A well-known humorous cavalcade, in ridicule of a scolding wife and henpecked husband. H.

Behold him blooming fresh and fair,
Now made—ye gods—a son and heir:
An heir: and, stranger yet to hear,
An heir, an orphan of a peer;
But prodigies are wrought, to prove
Nothing impossible to Jove:
  Virtue was for this sex design'd,
In mild reproof to womankind;
In manly form to let them see,
The loveliness of modesty,
The thousand decencies that shone
With lessen'd lustre in their own;
Which few had learn'd enough to prize,
And some thought modish to despise.
  To make his merit more discern'd,
He goes to school—he reads—is learn'd;
Rais'd high, above his birth, by knowledge,
He shines distinguish'd in a college;
Resolv'd nor honour, nor estate,
Himself alone should make him great.
Here soon for every art renown'd,
His influence is diffus'd around;
Th' inferior youth, to learning led,
Less to be fam'd than to be fed,
Behold the glory he has won,
And blush to see themselves outdone;
And now, inflam'd with rival rage,
In scientific strife engage,
Engage; and, in the glorious strife,
The arts new kindle into life.
  Here would our hero ever dwell,
Fix'd in a lonely learned cell;
Contented to be truly great,
In Virtue's best belov'd retreat;

Contented he—but Fate ordains,
He now shall shine in nobler scenes,
Rais'd high, like some celestial fire,
To shine the more, still rising higher;
Completely form'd in every part,
To win the soul, and glad the heart.
The powerful voice, the graceful mien,
Lovely alike, or heard, or seen;
The outward form and inward vie,
His soul bright beaming from his eye,
Ennobling every act and air,
With just, and generous, and sincere.
  Accomplish'd thus, his next resort
Is to the council and the court,
Where virtue is in least repute,
And interest the one pursuit;
Where right and wrong are bought and sold,
Barter'd for beauty, and for gold;
Here Manly Virtue, even here,
Pleas'd in the person of a peer,
A peer; a scarcely bearded youth,
Who talk'd of justice and of truth,
Of innocence the surest guard,
Tales here forgot, or yet unheard;
That he alone deserv'd esteem,
Who was the man he wish'd to seem;
Call'd it unmanly and unwise,
To lurk behind a mean disguise;
(Give fraudful Vice the mask and screen,
'Tis Virtue's interest to be seen;)
Call'd want of shame a want of sense,
And found, in blushes, eloquence.
  Thus, acting what he taught so well,
He drew dumb Merit from her cell,
Led with amazing art along
The bashful dame, and loos'd her tongue;

And, while he made her value known,
Yet more display'd and rais'd his own.
  Thus young, thus proof to all temptations,
He rises to the highest stations;
For where high honour is the prize,
True Virtue has a right to rise:
Let courtly slaves low bend the knee
To Wealth and Vice in high degree:
Exalted Worth disdains to owe
Its grandeur to its greatest foe.
  Now rais'd on high, see Virtue shows
The godlike ends for which he rose;
For him, let proud Ambition know
The height of glory here below,
Grandeur, by goodness made complete:
To bless, is truly to be great!
He taught how men to honour rise,
Like gilded vapours to the skies,
Which, howsoever they display
Their glory from the god of day,
Their noblest use is to abate
His dangerous excess of heat,
To shield the infant fruits and flowers,
And bless the earth with genial showers.
  Now change the scene; a nobler care
Demands him in a higher sphere:*
Distress of nations calls him hence,
Permitted so by Providence;
For models, made to mend our kind,
To no one clime should be confin'd;
And Manly Virtue, like the sun,
His course of glorious toils should run;

* Lord Carteret had the honour of mediating peace for Sweden th Denmark and with the czar. H.

Alike diffusing in his flight
Congenial joy, and life, and light.
Pale Envy sickens, Error flies,
And Discord in his presence dies;
Oppression hides with guilty dread,
And Merit rears her drooping head;
The arts revive, the vallies sing,
And winter softens into spring:
The wondering world, where'er he moves,
With new delight looks up and loves;
One sex consenting to admire,
Nor less the other to desire;
While he, though seated on a throne,
Confines his love to one alone:
The rest condemn'd, with rival voice
Repining do applaud his choice.
  Fame now reports, the Western Isle
Is made his mansion for a while,
Whose anxious natives, night and day,
(Happy beneath his righteous sway)
Weary the gods with ceaseless prayer,
To bless him, and to keep him there;
And claim it as a debt from Fate,
Too lately found, to lose him late.

VERSES ON THE UPRIGHT JUDGE,

WHO CONDEMNED THE DRAPIER'S PRINTER.

  The church I hate, and have good reason;
For there my grandsire cut his weasand:
He cut his weasand at the altar;
I keep my gullet for the halter.

ON THE SAME.

In church your grandsire cut his throat:
To do the job, too long he tarried:
He should have had my hearty vote,
To cut his throat before he married.

ON THE SAME.

(THE JUDGE SPEAKS.)

I'm not the grandson of that ass *Quin;
Nor can you prove it, Mr. Pasquin.
My grand-dame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a 'prentice.
This when my grandsire knew, they tell us he
In Christ church cut his throat for jealousy.
And, since the alderman was mad you say,
Then I must be so too, *ex traduce.*

* An alderman. F.

RIDDLES.

BY DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS.

WRITTEN IN OR ABOUT THE YEAR 1724.

I. ON A PEN.

In youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white.
My person tall, and slender waist,
On either side with fringes grac'd;
Till me that tyrant man espi'd,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side:
No wonder now I look so thin;
The tyrant stripp'd me to the skin:
My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropp'd:
At head and foot my body lopp'd:
And then, with heart more hard than stone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To slit my tongue, and make me speak:
But, that which wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in trust
To please his malice or his lust.
From me no secret he can hide;
I see his vanity and pride:

And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.
  All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand.
Without my aid, the best divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer must forget his pleading;
The scholar could not show his reading.
  Nay; man my master is my slave;
I give command to kill or save,
Can grant ten thousand pounds a year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.
  But, while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on some dunghill left to rot.

II. ON GOLD.

All-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vilest slaves I owe my birth.
How is the greatest monarch blest,
When in my gawdy livery drest!
No haughty nymph has power to run
From me; or my embraces shun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My constancy is still the same.
The favourite messenger of Jove,
And Lemnian God, consulting strove

To make me glorious to the sight
Of mortals, and the God's delight,
Soon would their altars' flame expire
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

III.

By fate exalted high in place,
Lo, here I stand with double face;
Superior none on earth I find;
But see below me all mankind.
Yet, as it oft attends the great,
I almost sink with my own weight,
At every motion undertook,
The vulgar all consult my look.
I sometimes give advice in writing,
But never of my own inditing.
I am a courtier in my way;
For those who rais'd me, I betray;
And some give out that I entice
To lust, and luxury, and dice;
Who punishments on me inflict,
Because they find their pockets pick'd.
By riding post, I lose my health;
And only to get others wealth.

IV. ON THE POSTERIORS.

Because I am by nature blind,
I wisely choose to walk behind;
However, to avoid disgrace,
I let no creature see my face.

My words are few, but spoke with sense;
And yet my speaking gives offence:
Or, if to whisper I presume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am opprest;
And my oppression gives them rest.
  Through me, though sore against my will,
Instructors every art instil.
By thousands I am sold and bought,
Who neither get nor lose a groat;
For none, alas! by me can gain,
But those who give me greatest pain.
Shall man presume to be my master,
Who's but my caterer and taster?
Yet, though I always have my will,
I'm but a mere depender still:
An humble hanger-on at best;
Of whom all people make a jest.
  In me detractors seek to find
Two vices of a different kind:
I'm too profuse, some censurers cry,
And all I get, I let it fly:
While others give me many a curse,
Because too close I hold my purse.
But this I know, in either case
They dare not charge me to my face.
'Tis true, indeed, sometimes I save,
Sometimes run out of all I have;
But, when the year is at an end,
Computing what I get and spend,
My goings-out, and comings-in,
I cannot find I lose or win;
And therefore all that know me say,
I justly keep the middle way,

I'm always by my betters led;
I last get up, and first a-bed;
Though, if I rise before my time,
The learn'd in sciences sublime
Consult the stars, and thence foretell
Good luck to those with whom I dwell.

V. ON A HORN.

The joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domestic subject for disputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care!
I saw thee rais'd to high renown,
Supporting half the British crown;
And often have I seen thee grace
The chaste Diana's infant face;
And whensoe'er you please to shine,
Less useful is her light than thine:
Thy numerous fingers know their way,
And oft in Cælia's tresses play.
To place thee in another view,
I'll show the world strange things and true;
What lords and dames of high degree
May justly claim their birth from thee!
The soul of man with spleen you vex:
Of spleen you cure the female sex.
Thee for a gift the courtier sends
With pleasure to his special friends:
He gives, and with a generous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide;
Nor oft can the receiver know,
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unseen both day and night;

Conceal your form with various tricks;
And few know how or where you fix:
Yet some, who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast
That they to others give thee most.
Mean time, the wise a question start,
If thou a real being art;
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain?
But the sly giver better knows thee;
Who feels true joys when he bestows thee.

VI. ON A CORKSCREW.

THOUGH I, alas! a prisoner be,
My trade is prisoners to set free.
No slave his lord's commands obeys
With such insinuating ways.
My genius piercing, sharp, and bright,
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their ease,
And turn and wind me as they please.
A new and wond'rous art I show
Of raising spirits from below;
In scarlet some, and some in white;
They rise, walk round, yet never fright.
In at each mouth the spirits pass,
Distinctly seen as through a glass:
O'er head and body make a rout,
And drive at last all secrets out:
And still, the more I show my art,
The more they open every heart.
A greater chemist none than I,
Who, from materials hard and dry,

Have taught men to extract with skill
More precious juice than from a still.
  Although I'm often out of case,
I'm not asham'd to show my face.
Though at the tables of the great
I near the sideboard take my seat;
Yet the plain 'squire, when dinner's done,
Is never pleas'd till I make one:
He kindly bids me near him stand;
And often takes me by the hand.
  I twice a day a hunting go;
Nor ever fail to seize my foe;
And when I have him by the pole,
I drag him upward from his hole;
Though some are of so stubborn kind,
I'm forc'd to leave a limb behind.
  I hourly wait some fatal end;
For I can break, but scorn to bend.

VII. THE GULF OF ALL HUMAN POSSESSIONS

Come hither, and behold the fruits,
Vain man! of all thy vain pursuits.
Take wise advice, and look behind,
Bring all past actions to thy mind.
Here you may see as in a glass,
How soon all human pleasures pass.
How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true impartial side!
How will your eyes contain their tear
When all the sad reverse appears!
  This cave within its womb confines
The last result of all designs:

Here lie deposited the spoils
Of busy mortals' endless toils:
Here, with an easy search, we find
The foul corruptions of mankind.
The wretched purchase here behold
Of traitors, who their country sold.
  This gulf insatiate imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the statesman's bribes.
Here, in their proper shape and mien,
Fraud, perjury, and guilt are seen.
  Necessity, the tyrant's law,
All human race must hither draw;
All prompted by the same desire,
The vigorous youth, and aged sire.
Behold, the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble slave,
Physician, lawyer, and divine,
All make oblations at this shrine.
Some enter boldly, some by stealth,
And leave behind their fruitless wealth.
For, while the bashful sylvan maid,
As half asham'd, and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt so near her heart;
The courtly dame, unmov'd by fear,
Profusely pours her offerings here.
  A treasure here of learning lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works:
Labours of many an ancient sage,
And millions of the present age.
  In at this gulf all offerings pass,
And lie an undistinguish'd mass.
Deucalion, to restore mankind,
Was bid to throw the stones behind,

So those who here their gifts convey
Are forc'd to look another way;
For few, a chosen few, must know
The mysteries that lie below.
  Sad charnelhouse! a dismal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home!
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here bury'd in one common grave!
Where each supply of dead renews
Unwholesome damps, offensive dews:
And lo! the writing on the walls
Points out where each new victim falls;
The food of worms and beasts obscene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.
  See where those mangled corpses lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die;
A comely dame, once clad in white,
Lies there consign'd to endless night;
By cruel hands her blood was spilt,
And yet her wealth was all her guilt.
  And here six virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft in the train of Venus seen,
As fair and lovely as their queen:
In royal garments each was drest,
Each with a gold and purple vest;
I saw them of their garments stripp'd,
Their throats were cut, their bellies ripp'd,
Twice were they bury'd, twice were born,
Twice from their sepulchres were torn;
But now dismember'd here are cast,
And find a resting-place at last.
  Here oft the curious traveller finds
The combat of opposing winds:

And seeks to learn the secret cause,
Which alien seems from nature's laws;
Why at this cave's tremendous mouth,
He feels at once both north and south:
Whether the winds, in caverns pent,
Through clefts oppugnant force a vent:
Or whether, opening all his stores,
Fierce Æolus in tempest roars.
  Yet, from this mingled mass of things,
In time a new creation springs.
These crude materials once shall rise
To fill the earth, and air, and skies:
In various forms appear again,
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounc'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

VIII. LOUISA* TO STREPHON.

  Ah! Strephon, how can you despise
Her, who without thy pity dies?
To Strephon I have still been true,
And of as noble blood as you;
Fair issue of the genial bed,
A virgin in thy bosom bred;
Embrac'd thee closer than a wife:
When thee I leave, I leave my life.
Why should my shepherd take amiss,
That oft I wake thee with a kiss?
Yet you of every kiss complain;
Ah! is not love a pleasing pain?
A pain which every happy night
You cure with ease and with delight;

* This riddle is solved by an anagram. H.

With pleasure, as the poet sings,
Too great for mortals less than kings.
  Chloe, when on thy breast I lie,
Observes me with revengeful eye:
If Chloe o'er thy heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her desperate nails;
And with relentless hands destroy
The tender pledges of our joy.
Nor have I bred a spurious race;
They all were born from thy embrace.
  Consider, Strephon, what you do;
For, should I die for love of you,
I'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodless ghost;
And all my kin (a numerous host,
Who down direct our lineage bring
From victors o'er the Memphian king;
Renown'd in sieges and campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody plains;
Who in tempestuous seas can sport,
And scorn the pleasures of a court;
From whom great Sylla found his doom,
Who scourg'd to death that scourge of Rome)
Shall on thee take a vengeance dire;
Thou, like Alcides, shalt expire,
When his envenom'd shirt he wore,
And skin and flesh in pieces tore.
Nor less that shirt, my rival's gift,
Cut from the piece that made her shift,
Shall in thy dearest blood be dy'd,
And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

IX.

Deprivʼd of root, and branch, and rind,
Yet flowers I bear of every kind;
And such is my prolific power,
They bloom in less than half an hour;
Yet standers by may plainly see
They get no nourishment from me:
My head with giddiness goes round;
And yet I firmly stand my ground;
All over naked I am seen,
And painted like an Indian queen.
No couple-beggar in the land
E'er join'd such numbers hand in hand;
I join'd them fairly with a ring;
Nor can our parson blame the thing:
And, though no marriage words are spoke,
They part not till the ring is broke;
Yet hypocrite fanatics cry,
I'm but an idol rais'd on high:
And once a weaver in our town,
A damn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down.
I lay a prisoner twenty years,
And then the jovial cavaliers
To their old post restor'd all three,
I mean the church, the king, and me:

X. ON THE MOON.

I with borrow'd silver shine,
What you see is none of mine.

First I show you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar;
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.
And, what will raise your admiration,
I am not one of God's creation,
But sprung (and I this truth maintain)
Like Pallas from my father's brain.
And, after all, I chiefly owe
My beauty to the shades below.
Most wondrous forms you see me wear,
A man, a woman, lion, bear,
A fish, a fowl, a cloud, a field,
All figures Heaven or earth can yield;
Like Daphne sometimes in a tree;
Yet am not one of all you see.

XI. ON A CIRCLE.

I'm up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out,
Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.
I'm found almost in every garden,
Nay in the compass of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch except I will.

XII. ON INK.

I AM jet black, as you may see,
  The son of pitch, and gloomy night:
Yet all that know me will agree,
  I'm dead except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyric high,
  Like lofty Pindar, I can soar:
And raise a virgin to the sky,
  Or sink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very sweet,
  To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk, 'tis cry'd about the street,
  And so apply'd to different use.

Most wondrous is my magic power:
  For with one colour I can paint;
I'll make the devil a saint this hour,
  Next make a devil of a saint.

Through distant regions I can fly,
  Provide me but with paper wings;
And fairly show a reason why
  There should be quarrels among kings.

And, after all, you'll think it odd,
  When learned doctors will dispute,
That I should point the word of God,
  And show where they can best confute.

—

Let lawyers bawl and strain their throats
  'Tis I that must the lands convey,
And strip their clients to their coats;
  Nay, give their very souls away.

XIII. ON THE FIVE SENSES.

All of us in one you'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind:
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other;
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits, and takes them in the dark.
He's the register of all
In our ken, both great and small;
By us forms his laws and rules,
He's our master; we his tools;
Yet we can with greatest ease
Turn and wind him where we please.
  One of us alone can sleep,
Yet no watch the rest will keep,
But the moment that he closes,
Every brother else reposes.
  If wine's bought, or victuals drest,
One enjoys them for the rest,
  Pierce us all with wounding steel,
One for all of us will feel.
  Though ten thousand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thousand more,

Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful sound.
  Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can smell.

XIV. FONTINELLA TO FLORINDA.

When on my bosom thy bright eyes,
  Florinda, dart their heavenly beams,
I feel not the least love surprise,
  Yet endless tears flow down in streams;
There's nought so beautiful in thee,
But you may find the same in me.

The lilies of thy skin compare;
  In me you see them full as white:
The roses of your cheeks, I dare
  Affirm, can't glow to more delight.
Then, since I show as fine a face,
Can you refuse a soft embrace?

Ah! lovely nymph, thou'rt in thy prime!
  And so am I while thou art here;
But soon will come the fatal time,
  When all we see shall disappear.
'Tis mine to make a just reflection,
And yours to follow my direction.

Then catch admirers while you may;
  Treat not your lovers with disdain;
For time with beauty flies away,
  And there is no return again.
To you the sad account I bring,
Life's autumn has no second spring.

XV. ON AN ECHO.

Never sleeping, still awake.
Pleasing most when most I speak;
The delight of old and young,
Though I speak without a tongue.
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
Like the labourers of Babel.
Now I am a dog, or cow,
I can bark, or I can low,
I can bleat, or I can sing,
Like the warblers of the spring.
Let the lovesick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy swain rejoice,
And I join my helping voice:
Both are welcome, grief or joy,
I with either sport and toy.
Though a lady, I am stout,
Drums and trumpets bring me out:
Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,
Join in all the din of battle.
Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
When I'm vext, can't keep me under;
Yet so tender is my ear,
That the lowest voice I hear;
Much I dread the courtier's fate,
When his merit's out of date,
For I hate a silent breath.
And a whisper is my death.

XVI. ON A SHADOW IN A GLASS.

By something form'd, I nothing am,
Yet every thing that you can name;
In no place have I ever been,
Yet every where I may be seen;
In all things false, yet always true,
I'm still the same—but never new.
Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear,
Can show a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,
Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear.
All shapes and features I can boast,
No flesh, no bones, no blood—no ghost;
All colours, without paint, put on,
And change like the cameleon.
Swiftly I come, and enter there,
Where not a chink lets in the air;
Like thought, I'm in a moment gone,
Nor can I ever be alone;
All things on earth I imitate
Faster than nature can create;
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
Anon in beggar's rags appear;
A giant now, and straight an elf,
I'm every one, but ne'er myself;
Ne'er sad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice,
I move my lips, but want a voice;
I ne'er was born, nor ne'er can die,
Then prithee tell me what am I?

XVII.

Most things by me do rise and fall,
And as I please they're great and small;
Invading foes without resistance,
With ease I make to keep their distance;
Again, as I'm dispos'd, the foe
Will come, though not a foot they go.
Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
And gamesome goats, and fleecy flocks,
And lowing herds, and piping swains,
Come dancing to me o'er the plains.
The greatest whale that swims the sea
Does instantly my power obey.
In vain from me the sailor flies,
The quickest ship I can surprise,
And turn it as I have a mind,
And move it against tide and wind.
Nay, bring me here the tallest man,
I'll squeeze him to a little span;
Or bring a tender child and pliant,
You'll see me stretch him to a giant.
Nor shall they in the least complain,
Because my magic gives no pain.

XVIII. ON TIME.

Ever eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all destroying,
Never finding full repast,
Till I eat the world at last.

XIX. ON THE GALLOWS.

THERE is a gate, we know full well,
That stands 'twixt Heaven, and Earth, and Hell,
Where many for a passage venture,
Yet very few are fond to enter:
Although 'tis open night and day,
They for that reason shun this way:
Both dukes and lords abhor its wood,
They can't come near it for their blood.
What other way they take to go,
Another time I'll let you know.
Yet commoners with greatest ease
Can find an entrance when they please.
The poorest hither march in state
(Or they can never pass the gate)
Like Roman generals triumphant,
And then they take a turn and jump on't.
If gravest parsons here advance,
They cannot pass before they dance;
There's not a soul that does resort here,
But strips himself to pay the porter.

XX. ON THE VOWELS.

WE are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features.
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet.
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within:

If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

XXI. ON SNOW.

From Heaven I fall, though from earth I begin,
No lady alive can show such a skin.
I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark, when you squeeze me together.
Though candour and truth in my aspect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to ensnare.
Though so much of Heaven appears in my make,
The foulest impressions I easily take.
My parent and I produce one another.
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

XXII. ON A CANNON.

Begotten, and born, and dying with noise,
The terror of women, and pleasure of boys,
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confin'd.
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead;
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a spark;
The moment I get one, my soul's all a fire,
And I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

XXIII. ON A PAIR OF DICE.

We are little brethren twain,
Arbiters of loss and gain,
Many to our counters run,
Some are made, and some undone:
But men find it to their cost,
Few are made, but numbers lost.
Though we play them tricks for ever,
Yet they always hope our favour.

XXIV. ON A CANDLE.

TO LADY CARTERET.

Of all inhabitants on earth,
To man alone I owe my birth,
And yet the cow, the sheep, the bee,
Are all my parents more than he:
I, a virtue, strange and rare,
Make the fairest look more fair;
And myself, which yet is rarer,
Growing old, grow still the fairer.
Like sots, alone I'm dull enough,
When dos'd with smoke, and smear'd with snuff;
But, in the midst of mirth and wine,
I with double lustre shine.
Emblem of the Fair am I,
Polish'd neck, and radiant eye;
In my eye my greatest grace,
Emblem of the Cyclops' race,

Metals I like them subdue,
Slave like them to Vulcan top.
Emblem of a monarch old,
Wise, and glorious to behold;
Wasted he appears, and pale,
Watching for the public weal:
Emblem of the bashful dame,
That in secret feeds her flame,
Often aiding to impart
All the secrets of her heart:
Various is my bulk and hue,
Big like Bess, and small like Sue:
Now brown and burnish'd like a nut,
At other times a very slut;
Often fair, and soft, and tender,
Taper, tall, and smooth, and slender;
Like Flora, deck'd with fairest flowers,
Like Phœbus, guardian of the hours:
But, whatever be my dress,
Greater be my size or less,
Swelling be my shape or small,
Like thyself I shine in all.
Clouded if my face is seen,
My complexion wan and green
Languid like a lovesick maid,
Steel affords me present aid.
Soon or late, my date is done,
As my thread of life is spun;
Yet to cut the fatal thread
Oft revives my drooping head;
Yet I perish in my prime,
Seldom by the death of time;
Die like lovers as they gaze,
Die for those I live to please;

Pine unpitied to my urn,
Nor warm the fair for whom I burn;
Unpitied, unlamented too,
Die like all that look on you.

XXV. TO LADY CARTERET.

BY DR. DELANY.

I Reach all things near me, and far off to boot,
Without stretching a finger, or stirring a foot;
I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,
Though many and various, and large and asunder.
Without jostling or crowding they pass side by side,
Through a wonderful wicket, not half an inch wide:
Then I lodge them at ease in a very large store,
Of no breadth or length, with a thousand things more.
All this I can do without witchcraft or charm,
Though sometimes, they say, I bewitch and do harm;
Though cold, I inflame; and though quiet, invade;
And nothing can shield from my spell but a shade.
A thief that has robb'd you, or done you disgrace,
In magical mirror, I'll show you his face:
Nay, if you'll believe what the poets have said,
They'll tell you I kill, and can call back the dead.
Like conjurers safe in my circle I dwell,
I love to look black too, it heightens my spell;
Though my magic is mighty in every hue,
Who see all my power must see it in You.

ANSWERED BY DR. SWIFT.

WITH half an eye your riddle I spy,
I observe your wicket hemm'd in by a thicket,
And whatever passes is strained through glasses
You say it is quiet: I flatly deny it.
It wanders about, without stirring out;
No passion so weak but gives it a tweak;
Love, joy, and devotion, set it always in motion.
And as for the tragic effects of its magic,
When you say it can kill, or revive at its will,
The dead are all sound, and the live above ground:
After all you have writ, it cannot be wit;
Which plainly does follow, since it flies from Apollo.
Its cowardice such it cries at a touch;
'Tis a perfect milksop, grows drunk with a drop.
Another great fault, it cannot bear salt:
And a hair can disarm it of every charm.

XXVI TO LADY CARTERET.

BY DR. SWIFT.*

FROM India's burning clime I'm brought,
With cooling gales like zephyrs fraught.
Nor Iris, when she paints the sky,
Can show more different hues than I;
Nor can she change her form so fast,
I'm now a sail, and now a mast.
I here am red, and there am green,
A beggar there, and here a queen.

* This and the following Riddle were originally communicated by Swift to Oldisworth, who published them in the Muse's Mercury. N.

I sometimes live in house of hair,
And oft in hand of lady fair.
I please the young, I grace the old,
And am at once both hot and cold.
Say what I am then, if you can,
And find the rhyme, and you're the man.

ANSWERED BY DR. SHERIDAN.

Your house of hair, and lady's hand
At first did put me to a stand.
I have it now—'tis plain enough—
Your hairy business is a muff.
Your engine fraught with cooling gales,
At once so like your masts and sails;
And for the rhyme to you're the man,
What fits it better than a fan?

A RIDDLE.

I'm wealthy and poor,
  I'm empty and full,
I'm humble and proud,
  I'm witty and dull.
I'm foul, and yet fair;
  I'm old, and yet young;
I lie with Moll Kerr,
  And toast Mrs. Long.

ANSWER, BY MR. F—R.

In rigging he's rich, though in pocket he's poor;
He cringes to courtiers, and cocks to the cits;
Like twenty he dresses, but looks like threescore;
He's a wit to the fools, and a fool to the wits.
Of wisdom he's empty, but full of conceit;
He paints and perfumes, while he rots with the scab;
'Tis a beau you may swear by his sense and his gait;
He boasts of a beauty, and lies with a drab.

END OF THE TENTH VOLUME.